

PHOTOPLAY

MOVIE MIRROR

combined with

15¢

MARCH



LANA TURNER
BY PAUL HESSE

FEATURING IN THIS ISSUE 8 MOVIE STARS IN FULL COLOR

LANA TURNER'S BABY—*Exclusive Story!*

She picked him right out of the Air— thanks to the **CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!**



Follow the Beauty Treatment of Charming Brides!



Mildness counts! Work Camay's rich lather over your face—especially over nose and chin. Feel—*how mild it is!* Gentle on sensitive skin! Rinse warm—and if your skin is oily, splash cold for 30 seconds.



Day-by-day shows results! Be brisk with your morning Camay cleansing—and see your skin glow! Follow this routine twice daily. Day-by-day gives you the full benefits of Camay's greater mildness.

*Tonight—go on the Camay
Mild-Soap Diet!*

WHY NOT WIN thrilling new beauty for yourself? You can, so easily—on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Skin specialists say that you now—even without knowing it—may be cleansing your skin improperly. Or you may be using a soap not mild enough for your skin.

These same specialists advise—*regular cleansing with a fine mild soap.* And Camay is milder than dozens of other beauty soaps. That's why we say, "Start the Camay Mild-Soap Diet tonight." Do this and soon your mirror will likely tell you—a thrilling story of new loveliness!

T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Smile, Plain Girl, Smile..

**A radiant smile
is a key to hearts!**



Your smile can hold the key to happiness. Help keep it sparkling and lovely—with Ipana and Massage.

TAKE A BOW, plain girl, it's your world, too. You don't need beauty to fill your date book, to win your share of fun and attention. *No, not if your smile is right.*

For a sparkling smile can light up even the plainest face—can take a man's eye and hold his heart.

So smile—but remember, sparkling

teeth and your smile of beauty depend largely upon firm, healthy gums.

"Pink tooth brush"—a warning!

For bright, sparkling teeth, remember: *Gums must retain their healthy firmness.*

If your tooth brush "shows pink," see your dentist! He may say your gums are tender—robbed of exercise by today's creamy foods. And, like so many dentists, he may suggest Ipana and massage. For Ipana not only cleans teeth but, with massage, helps the health of your gums.

Just massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. That invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in the gum tissues—helping gums to new firmness.

Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling and attractive.



Product of
Bristol-Myers

Start today with

IPANA and MASSAGE



Who steals the limelight—who but the girl with a lovely smile? Help keep yours bright with Ipana and Massage!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

When "Cabin In The Sky" was playing Broadway a couple of years ago, we went to the Martin Beck three or four times to hear the cello-voiced Ethel Waters singing "Taking a Chance on Love" and all the other melodies by Vernon Duke.

Here was a musical play with a real plot, a touch of poetry, too. What a film it will make, we said to ourselves, lion to lion.

And now Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is getting set to release "Cabin", happy in the knowledge that preview reports have branded it "a honey", "a dream" and just plain "excellent."

M-G-M rules the raves.



The trio of star entertainers heading the cast are Ethel Waters, Eddie "Rochester" Anderson and Lena Horne.

Lena is a find. She is destined to become another Florence Mills.

Nor must we fail to tell about Louis Armstrong, Rex Ingram, Duke Ellington and his orchestra, The Hall Johnson choir. They're all there in "Cabin In The Sky".

It's another excellent musical production by Arthur Freed. The screenplay is by Joseph Schrank. It is the first film that has been directed by the talented artist Vincente Minnelli and he is to be congratulated.

A few additional numbers appear in the film by Harold Arlen and E. Y. Harburg. One in particular is entitled "Happiness is a Thing Called Joe."

No more paragraphs on "Cabin" for the moment. Turning to other films, we recommend emphatically the current Spencer Tracy-Katharine Hepburn "Keeper of The Flame".

If you liked "Mrs. Miniver" and "Random Harvest", you will recognize the same M-G-M touch in this adaptation of the novel by I. A. R. Wylie.

How are the New Year's resolutions coming?

Well, they were too tough at that.

—Lea



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MIRROR

MARCH, 1943

VOL. 22, NO. 4

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COVER: Lana Turner, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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SUCH MUSIC!

M-G-M'S HAPPY HIT FROM
THE SENSATIONAL
BROADWAY MUSICAL!

Look what's on the entertainment horizon! Broadway's big fun-jammed musical show is on the screen at last! Crowded with stars—and songs—and spectacle—in the famed M-G-M manner!

WHAT A SHOW!

CABIN IN THE SKY



Ethel

WATERS

famed singer of torch songs!

starring
EDDIE (ROCHESTER)

at his funniest yet

with LOUIS ARMSTRONG • REX INGRAM
DUKE ELLINGTON AND HIS ORCHESTRA
THE HALL JOHNSON CHOIR

Screen Play by Joseph Schrank • Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI
Associate Producer ALBERT LEWIS • Produced by ARTHUR FREED • An M-G-M Picture



Lena

HORNE

screen's new gorgeous song bird!



**DUKE ELLINGTON
AND HIS FAMOUS ORCHESTRA
MAKE THE SCREEN
SHAKE WITH RHYTHM!**

**HEAVENLY MUSIC
TO LIFT YOU TO THE SKIES!**

"Cabin in the Sky", "Taking a Chance on Love", "Happiness is a Thing Called Joe", "Life's Full O' Consequence", "Li'l Black Sheep", "Honey in the Honeycomb", and more honeys



What a thrill as BING
sings "Old Glory"



FRED,
LYNNE,
RAY and
FRANCHOT—
The Glamor
Boys!



BOB HOPE in hot water—
will have you in stitches!



PAULETTE—
a sweater
DOTTY—
a sarong
VERONICA—
a peek-a-boo
B-A-N-G!



DICK and MARY
"Hit The Road
To Dreamland!"



ZORINA—a vision
in white steps out
to "Black Magic!"



ALAN LADD—
when he shoots
to kill—he'll
slay you!



ROCHESTER
in a suit
that's zoot...
with a beaut
to boot!



HUTTON
is struttin'!
BRACKEN is
wise-crackin'!
VIC is
slick!

A Paramount Picture with William Bendix ★ Jerry Colonna ★ Walter Abel ★ Marjorie Reynolds
Betty Rhodes ★ Dona Drake ★ Lynne Overman ★ Gary Crosby ★ Johnnie Johnston ★ Golden Gate
Quartette ★ and Cecil B. DeMille ★ Preston Sturges ★ Ralph Murphy and many others of your favorites!



*It'll
Never Be
Topped!*

THE PARAMOUNT MUSICAL
COMEDY OF THE YEAR!

*Star
Spangled
Rhythm*

Starring

BING CROSBY

BOB HOPE

FRED MacMURRAY

FRANCHOT TONE

RAY MILLAND

VICTOR MOORE

DOROTHY LAMOUR

PAULETTE GODDARD

VERA ZORINA

MARY MARTIN

DICK POWELL

BETTY HUTTON

EDDIE BRACKEN

VERONICA LAKE

ALAN LADD

ROCHESTER

Directed by **GEORGE MARSHALL**
Original Screen Play by **Harry Tugend**

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

Look Your
Loveliest
with
GLAMOROUS HAIR



Linda Darnell, glamorous 20th Century-Fox star in "Loves of Edgar Allen Poe," uses GLOVER'S to condition scalp and hair.

Lovely Linda Darnell is one of many movie stars who keep their hair charming and refreshed with GLOVER'S famous MEDICINAL treatment, so popular with millions of men and women! GLOVER'S is a medicinal application recommended, with massage, for Dandruff, Itchy Scalp and excessive Falling Hair. TRY it today—you'll feel the exhilarating effect, instantly! Ask for GLOVER'S at any Drug Store.

For your convenience we offer this Complete Trial Application of GLOVER'S famous Mange Medicine and the new GLO-VER Beauty Soap Shampoo, in hermetically sealed bottles, so that you can try the Glover's Medicinal Treatment and test it yourself! Complete instructions and booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair," included FREE! Send the Coupon today!

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with massage, for
DANDRUFF, ITCHY SCALP
and Excessive **FALLING HAIR**



GLOVER'S

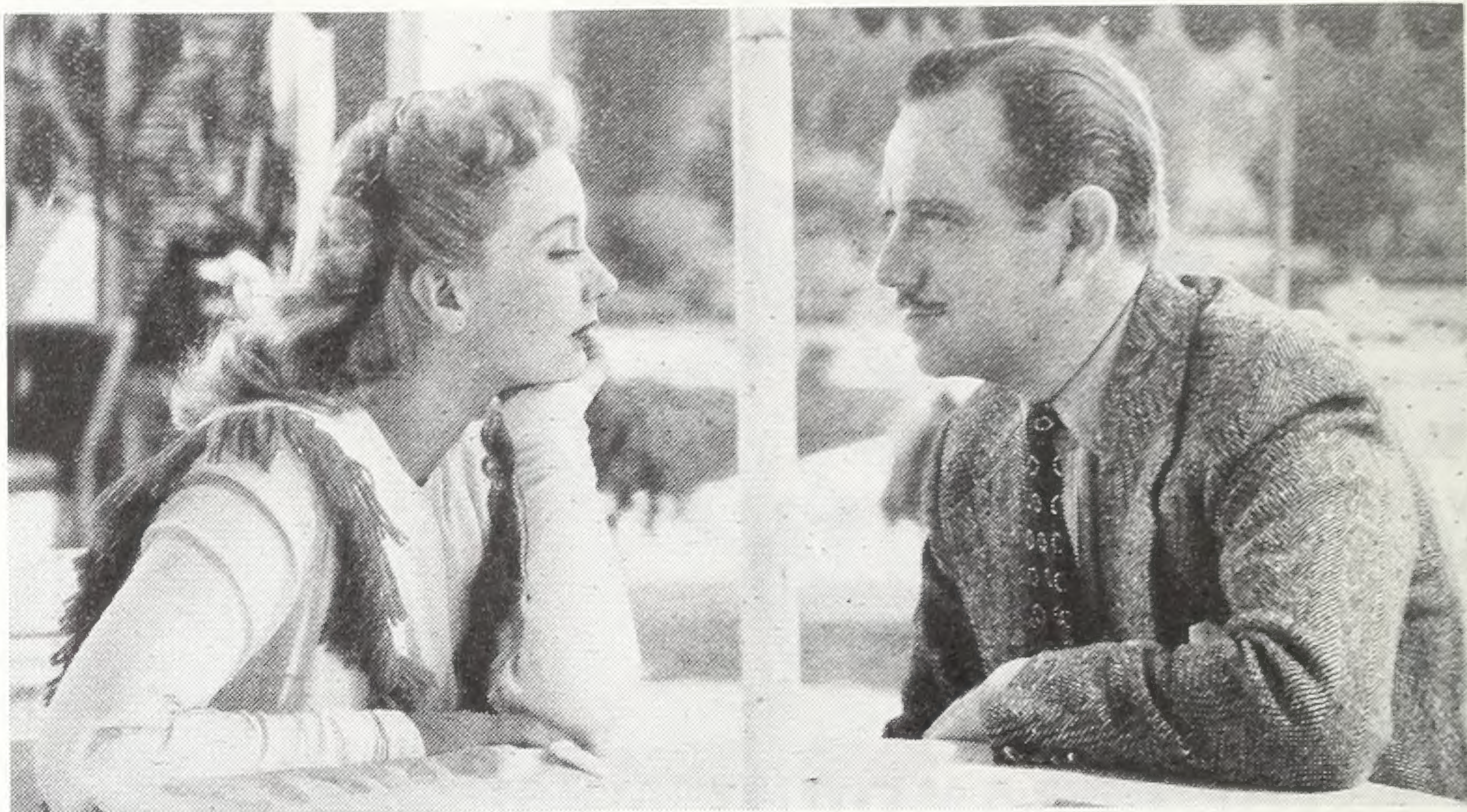
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Dept. 553, New York City
Send Trial Package, Glover's Mange Medicine and
GLO-VER SHAMPOO, in hermetically-sealed bottles,
and informative booklet. I enclose 25c.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

BRIEF REVIEWS

✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED



Warning! Don't laugh too hard at Ann Sothorn and Melvyn Douglas getting all mixed up about marriage in M-G-M's "Three Cheers For Julia"

ARMY SURGEON—RKO-Radio: Jimmy Ellison is a young surgeon in service during World War I, whose courage and devotion to duty is stressed to show the splendid work done by our doctors in war time. There's the usual tangle between Ellison and aviator Kent Taylor for the love of doctor-nurse Jane Wyatt. Depressing for real entertainment. (Feb.)

ATLANTIC CONVOY—Columbia: This story of a Marine base off the Island coast is a timely little number. A mysterious weather man, John Bell, is suspected of being the tip-off agent to Nazi submarines interfering with our convoys. Virginia Field plays a rescued nurse and Bruce Bennett is the Marine commanding officer. (Dec.)

✓✓ **BLACK SWAN, THE**—20th Century-Fox: Tyrone Power scores mightily as the reformed pirate who casts his lot with Laird Cregar and with the aid of Thomas Mitchell sets out to clear the sea of pirates, including George Sanders. Enamored of beautiful Maureen O'Hara who spurns him, Tyrone kidnaps her on his way to the sea. It's colorful, rowdy and romantic. (Jan.)

CAREFUL, SOFT SHOULDERS—20th Century-Fox: Everything happens to everybody and little of it makes sense. Lovely Virginia Bruce, a Washington socialite scatterbrain, gets involved with Nazi agents under the impression that they're our own Secret Service men. Jimmy Ellison is the strong-armed boy friend and Sheila Ryan and Aubrey Mather stand out clearly. (Dec.)

✓✓ **CASABLANCA**—Warner Brothers: Excitement plus when Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman, who have had a romance in Paris, meet again in Casablanca. Ingrid's married to Paul Henreid, influential enemy of the Nazis, and Bogart turns out to be the only man who can save Henreid from Nazi captain Conrad Veidt. All performances are superb, and it's a must see. (Feb.)

CAT PEOPLE—RKO-Radio: Simone Simon succumbs to an inherited ability to turn into an evil cat destroying those around her. Kent Smith, her groom, Tom Conway, a psychiatrist who pays dearly for his help, and Jane Randolph who sympathizes with Kent, all suffer at the hands of Simone. (Feb.)

CITY OF SILENT MEN—P.R.C.: When a small-town mayor turns over a local cannery to a group of ex-convicts as a rehabilitation experiment, the town folk grumble and eventually flare into rebellion when a murder is committed. Frank Albertson, June Lang, Jan Wiley and Emmett Lynn head the cast, but the picture's strictly small-time. (Dec.)

✓ **DR. GILLESPIE'S NEW ASSISTANT**—M-G-M: Surprisingly good entertainment when Lionel Barrymore as Dr. Gillespie acquires three new assistants, Keye Luke, Richard Quine and Van Johnson, to help solve the mystery of an amnesia victim, Susan Peters, a bride who runs out on her marriage to Horace McNally. (Feb.)

DR. RENAULT'S SECRET—20th Century-Fox: Strange things occur in this little opus, what with men turning into animals, which is just what happens to J. Carrol Naish under the hands of scientist George Zucco who has a secret formula. John Shepherd and Lynne Roberts have the romantic leads. (Feb.)

DRUMS OF THE CONGO—Universal: It seems we need a certain meteoric mineral for our defense industries, so Don Terry of the Army Intelligence is dispatched to the African jungle to get it, but he finds that foreign agents are also after it. Ona Munson is the brave woman doctor, Peggy Moran a girl spy, but Stuart Erwin as the jungle guide steals the show. (Dec.)

EYES IN THE NIGHT—M-G-M: Ann Harding comes back to the screen as a stepmother who must break up the romance of her daughter, Donna Reed.

SHADOW STAGE

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with John Emery. There's also a plot to steal millionaire Reginald Denny's invention. It's blind man Edward Arnold who, with the aid of his dog, discovers the plot and brings our enemies to justice. (Dec.)

FALCON'S BROTHER, THE—RKO-Radio: George Sanders bows out of this series and his real-life brother, Tom Conway, takes over, but this latest of the series is only fair. The plot, involving spies and intrigue, has to do with a tip-off advertisement to the Pearl Harbor disaster in a national magazine. Jane Randolph, Don Barclay and Keye Luke roam around. (Jan.)

FLYING FORTRESS—Warners: You'll see Richard Greene in this English-made film, in which he plays an American playboy who joins the Ferry Command, falls in love with an American newspaperwoman and joins the R.A.F. The air-raid scenes in the American-made bomber are thrilling, but the English interpretations of Americans are most unconvincing. (Dec.)

✓✓ **FLYING TIGERS**—Republic: A thrilling, heart-stirring film based on the adventures of the volunteer American flyers who fought and died for China's cause. John Wayne, the squadron leader; John Carroll, the braggadocio; Edmund MacDonald, Paul Kelly and Gordon Jones give us a page of American history that should make every American proud of his race. (Dec.)

FOREIGN AGENT—Monogram: Another spying story, but this time the baddies wend their way after the usual secret invention in and out of studios and Los Angeles environs. John Shelton and Gale Storm are the romantic leads and Ivan Lebedeff and George Travell stir things up a bit. There's plenty of action. (Dec.)

✓ **FOREST RANGERS**—Paramount: Fred MacMurray is the handsome ranger who meets and marries Paulette Goddard, to the jealous chagrin of Susan Hayward, who tried to get him away. More important than the fine cast, which also includes Albert Dekker, Eugene Pallette and Lynne Overman, is the succession of tremendous fire scenes, magnificently photographed in Technicolor. (Dec.)

✓✓ **FOR ME AND MY GAL**—M-G-M: A musical knockout, with George Murphy losing his vaudeville partner, Judy Garland, to Gene Kelly. Judy falls in love with Gene, almost breaks her heart when he's attracted to Marta Eggerth, then suddenly Gene discovers he loves Judy. But then comes World War I and Gene pays dearly for his unpatriotism. You're bound to love this picture. (Dec.)

GALLANT LADY—P.R.C.: Rose Hobart, a woman doctor, is sent to prison on charges of a mercy killing and is forced to participate in a jail break. When she joins a country doctor, Sidney Blackmer, and then decides to marry him, her past is disclosed and much unhappiness ensues. (Jan.)

✓ **GENTLEMAN JIM**—Warners: For those who enjoy screened prize-fighting, this story of egotistical Jim Corbett who knocked out John L. Sullivan has plenty of entertainment. Alexis Smith is very good as the daughter of a rich San Franciscan. Errol Flynn makes a believable Corbett, and Ward Bond as Sullivan is outstanding. With Jack Carson, Alan Hale and John Loder. (Feb.)

✓✓ **GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE**—Warners: Even Washington himself would have laughed at the trials and tribulations of Jack Benny and Ann Sheridan when they find themselves in a dilapidated country house long on tradition and short on bathrooms. Complications pile on when Jack becomes jealous of neighbor Harvey Stephens and rascally young Douglas Croft descends upon them. It's a howl. (Dec.)

✓ **GIVE OUT SISTERS**—Universal: It's corny, it's funny, it's lively and abloom with music and singing. Grace McDonald plays a young heiress gone jitterbug mad, and Dan Dailey Jr., is her handleader beau. The Andrews Sisters introduce four new songs and the Jivin' Jacks 'n' Jills dance new steps. (Dec.)

✓✓ **GLASS KEY, THE**—Paramount: Alan Ladd scores again as the pal of political boss Brian Donlevy, who finds himself suspected of murder. Veronica Lake strolls through with a monotonous performance, but William Bendix, Bonita Granville and Joseph Calleia give swell performances. (Dec.)

GREAT GILDERSLEEVE, THE—RKO-Radio: Radio's comic, Hal Peary, the *Great Gildersleeve*, finds himself forced to choose between a pursuing female, Mary Field, or the loss of his two wards, Freddie Mercer and Nancy Gates. There's a lot of gags and laughs and comic situations in between his troubles until they all work out well. (Feb.)

HALFWAY TO SHANGHAI—Universal: Passengers aboard a train bound for Rangoon become involved in a murder mystery when a man escaping with plans of defense in China is killed. American engineer Kent Taylor, Irene Hervey, Nazi sympathizer Charlotte Wynters and George Zucco are among the passengers. (Dec.)

✓✓ **HAPPY GO LUCKY**—Paramount: Light-hearted and gay is this swell little movie with Mary Martin as a phony heiress in the West Indies using a love potion on millionaire Rudy Vallee which works so well she almost marries him. Dick Powell

(Continued on page 110)

...and now from
WARNER BROS.
comes as exciting
and timely a
motion picture as
ever you've seen!

You can
tell by the cast
it's Important!
Gripping! Big!

HUMPHREY BOGART INGRID BERGMAN PAUL HENREID

THEY HAD A DATE WITH FATE
IN

CASABLANCA

with CLAUDE RAINS • CONRAD VEIDT
SYDNEY GREENSTREET • PETER LOWE

A HAL B. WALLIS PROD'N

It's playing NOW...

—or will be soon...Why
not call your theatre?

Directed by **MICHAEL CURTIZ**

SCREEN PLAY BY JULIUS J. & PHILIP G.
EPSTEIN AND HOWARD KOCH • FROM A
PLAY BY MURRAY BURNETT AND JOAN ALISON • MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

Inside Stuff

CAL YORK'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMIE FINK

CHATTERBOX Roundup: Ava Gardner Rooney planed east to spend Christmas with her family in South Carolina leaving her husband, Mickey, alone over the holidays. Trouble? Don't ask us—but if you did, we've said yes. We said it once before.

Insomnia is now blamed for Judy Garland's ill health. Strange for one so young to be so afflicted. Lucky, though, that Judy's husband is stationed at Culver City and can be at home every evening.

Friends are saying good-by to eighteen-year-old Freddie Bartholomew who enlisted in the Air Forces. Incidentally, Freddie is the youngest Hollywood actor to enlist.

Madeleine Carroll has up and sued our own United States Government on back income tax, claiming her fifty-one French orphans should permit her to detract fifty-one times \$400 from her yearly tax returns.

On the other hand, Gloria Vanderbilt and Pat Di Cicco left a Kansas camp town owing \$8,000, it is reported, and had to have their goods attached in payment—and Gloria's soooo rich!

Lou Costello spoke up so loudly for partner Bud Abbott in court he almost got in the hoosegow himself. Lou's new baby boy (they have two girls) was christened Lou Jr.

(Continued on page 10)



Can you tie it! Bette Davis bundles up Spencer Tracy at the Hollywood Canteen, uses a bit of waist effort, enlists the Tracy talents as service men's chief cook and dishwasher

The gag corner at the Mocambo, featuring George Montgomery making himself into a mustachioed villain for Dinah Shore, the little singer whose voice is bringing big returns



**WET FEET?
TIRED?
EXPOSED TO GERMS?
LOOK OUT FOR A COLD**

AND SORE THROAT!

GARGLE WITH **Listerine-Quick!**

Anything that lowers your body resistance such as wet or cold feet, extreme fatigue, drafts, sudden temperature changes, may make you easy prey to the germs associated with colds and sore throat due to colds.

Doctors often call such germs the "secondary invaders." Despite their ugly names, they may live harmlessly in the throat until resistance is lowered when they may invade the tissue and help to set up or aggravate infection.

Combat Those Germs

At such times what a wonderful first-aid Listerine Antiseptic is . . . gives Nature a helping hand in fighting off a "mass invasion" of threatening bacteria.

In tests, reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces were noted ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after gargling.

Fewer Colds In Tests

It is this marked ability to kill germs which accounts, we believe, for Listerine's impressive record made in tests over a period of 11 years. These tests showed that regular twice-a-day Listerine users had fewer colds and fewer sore throats than non-garglers.

This does not mean to hint that Listerine is a specific for colds and sore throats. We know of no such thing. We do believe, however, that Listerine's test record in combating colds makes it a distinctly worthwhile precaution and first-aid treatment.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

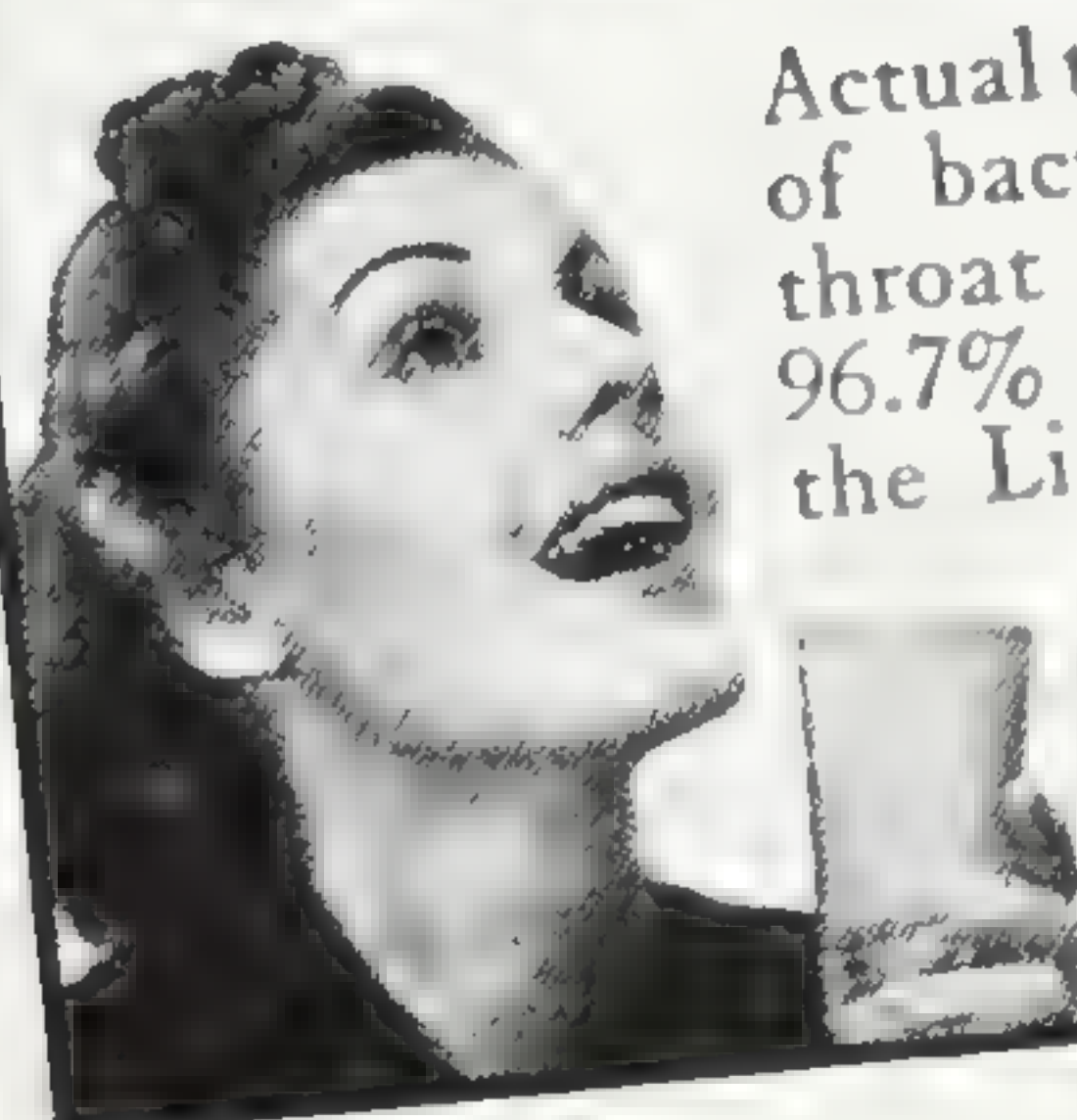


TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus Viridans, Friedlander's Bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus Hemolyticus, Bacillus Influenzae, Micrococcus Catarrhalis, Staphylococcus Aureus.

The "Secondary Invaders"

Above are some types of "secondary invaders", millions of which may exist on the mouth and throat surfaces. They may cause no harm until body resistance is lowered when they may invade the tissue and set up or aggravate the troublesome aspects of the infection you call a cold. You can see how important it is to attack them before they get the upper hand.

Note How Listerine Reduced Germs



Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after the Listerine gargle.

Irresistible

AS HE DREAMED OF
FINDING YOU!



THAT Irresistible
SOMETHING IS
IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

It's like the magic of moonlight, only it's more lasting! It's a pulse-stirring, heart-catching, unforgettable fragrance because it was blended with youth in mind. Wear Irresistible Perfume tonight! You owe it to him if he's in love with you... and to yourself if you want him to be! Enchanting valentine package.

10c at 5 and 10c stores everywhere



USE IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK

Brilliant new reds and ruby tones. The lipstick that's WHIP-TEXT to stay on longer... s-m-o-o-t-h-e-r... 10c

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Handiwork at the Charity Fashion Show, demonstrating the male and female stamp of approval. Dorothy Lamour gives a pretty high sign; Herbert Marshall, his fingertip okay

Corner confidential at the Mocambo has Ann Sothern talking hard and fast to best-friend escort Cesar Romero, a pinch-hitter for absent Bob Sterling



(Continued from page 8)

Trend of Times: Hollywood no sooner learned the A B C's of gas rationing than it turned to the problem of food and how to get it. Long since the famous and busy people of the screen had learned to get along without cooks, but how to get along without food to be cooked was a toughie. And as usual Hollywood took it all in its stride without mumblings or grumblings even when meat counters all over Hollywood became barer than old Mother Hubbard's cupboard. Hostesses telephoning in orders were met with "Lady, we ain't seen a lamb chop since old home week." So dinner parties all over town took on the good old aroma of fish fries, if one could get the fish.

In one market we ran into Basil Rathbone searching feverishly among the cans and boxes for a box of tea that just might have got itself mislaid. He didn't find it.

We discovered our own butcher, who had been definitely on the coolish side since the day we innocently asked for a bit of bacon, ready to dissolve in tears as he stood over his empty counter. "She came in herself," he moaned. "That's what I can't get over." We finally extracted, bit by bit, the information that Jeanette MacDonald, his favorite star, had walked in not five minutes before and humbly asked for a lamb chop.

"Mister, I'd cut off my right arm for that girl," he groaned, "and all she asked for was one chop and I couldn't—"

It was too much. Flinging his apron over his head he dove into the icebox. Come to think of it, we haven't seen him since.

The day after Reggie Gardiner married the lovely Nadia Petrova, the doorbell of their modest five-room bungalow rang. Reggie accepted the beautifully wrapped gift with thanks. Carefully untying the ribbons, Reggie and his bride gazed with awe at the magnificent contents and then tore like two maniacs to the toaster.

The gift was a half-pound of butter.

Oleomargarine is getting first billings on the menus of some of our swankiest hostesses. And last Sunday Fred MacMurray excitedly telephoned Ann Sothern and Cesar Romero to come over at once and see what they had.

"Is it a baby?" Ann demanded as she plunged into the room. "No," said Fred. "but it's almost as wonderful." On the coffee table stood a can of tuna.

Several Beverly Hills drugstore lunch counters have faded from view and those California drive-ins, famous the world over, are quietly folding one by one. The larger ones are so packed with hungry, eager customers the hamburgers become nonexistent before one can order.

Servantless stars do their own shopping these days and the famed Farmer's Market looks like a Who's Who in Film-land. One morning recently Hedy Lamarr was prowling among the sky-high vegetables when a man from a near-by stall

beckoned mysteriously. Pushing her market basket ahead of her Miss Lamarr raised inquisitive eyebrows at the poultry man. "Hist, open your bag quickly, Miss Lamarr," he whispered melodramatically, and Hedy, fascinated out of her wits, obeyed.

Carefully he slipped something into it. Consumed with curiosity Hedy waited until she was safely in her car before peeking. And then she let out a squeal of joy.

Inside her bag was a lovely pearl-white EGG.

We Bid Four Hearts: Up until almost the very day of Macoco's (wealthy South American) arrival in Hollywood, Kay Williams was seen everywhere and constantly with George Montgomery. After the break-up with Hedy Lamarr, Kay and George were inseparable. Then came whispers and rumors that grew into facts that Hedy was back with George as a once-in-a-while, but Kay was still ace high in his affections.

That's where Senor Macoco comes in. And not only does he make an entrance, but ups and marries Kay, making her the wife of a fabulously wealthy man. Then Hollywood waited for Hedy and George to be reunited in earnest. But no, George discovers Dinah Shore, who is supposed to be Lt. Jimmy Stewart's girl friend and suddenly there is Montgomery pacing the sidewalk in front of NBC waiting for Dinah to finish her chores. But wait. When it came time for Macoco to return to New York, his bride didn't leave with him and rumor has it she won't be leaving at all.

Now you take it up from there. Who loves Mr. Montgomery, whom does Mr. Montgomery love, and who pays and who wins?

It's all just too much for Cal.

Close Ups and Long Shots: No one can say quite when it happened. No one can point to a particular instance or happening or a specific case and say—there, that was the turning point—the incident that brought on the bloodless revolution in Hollywood. But the fact that power and dictatorship have changed hands in filmdom cannot be denied. The day the powers-that-be dictated policies to the stars that involve their private and public lives is over. The day demands of clamorous fans were reverently adhered

Lynn Bari celebrates a divorce from Walter Kane by dinner at the Players with constant suitor Sid Luft



**"Just to be polite—
you'd think they'd
ask me to lunch!"**



Edna: "There goes the office lunch club again—but when I suggest lunch they have dates! What makes those girls so stuck-up, Miss Brown... or what's wrong with me?"

Miss Brown: "Our girls aren't *really* snooty—you'd like them if you knew them! I've been in business a long time, Edna, so perhaps you won't mind if I give you a tip?"



Edna: "But how can I offend with underarm odor? I start each day with a bath!"

Miss Brown: "That morning rush can wilt a bath. So most of our girls *also* use Mum!"



"I'm making Mum my business partner now. After this, every day it's a bath for *past* perspiration and Mum to prevent risk of underarm odor in the hours *to come!*"



WE'RE TRYING A NEW PLACE FOR LUNCH TODAY, EDNA... YOU MUST COME TOO!

(TO HERSELF)
I DON'T FEEL LIKE A STRANGER NOW, SINCE MUM MADE ME ONE OF THE GANG!

So many popular girls praise Mum for its—

Speed—Only half a minute to apply!

Safety—No worries with gentle Mum! It won't irritate sensitive skin. Mum won't harm fine fabrics, says the American Institute of Laundering.

Certainty—Mum prevents risk of underarm odor without stopping perspiration—charm is safe all day or evening with Mum!

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is so safe, so gentle, so dependable! Thousands of women use Mum this way, too.



CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



From the list of eligibles in the glamour girls' date books disappeared the name of Reginald Gardiner when he marched up the aisle with Nadia Petrova. Left: At the church—best man Director Robert Stevenson, matron of honor Ida Lupino, Reggie and the new Mrs. Gardiner

Right: The reception had Greer Garson and Anna Lee on the receiving end of Walter Pidgeon's compliments

Old marrieds and new marrieds come to drink a toast: Mrs. Basil Rathbone, Martin Arrouge, new wife Norma Shearer, Basil Rathbone



kept secret or at least played down by studio bosses in Hollywood? Who remembers when no star in her heyday would dream of having a baby? Who remembers when divorces were hush-hushed and romances kept a dark secret?

Today the star tells the bosses and the public where to get off. Rita Hayworth follows Victor Mature to New York and Columbia can yelp its head off if it wants to. So what happens? Columbia says all right, all right, and pays her expenses East.

Lana Turner, the biggest glamour bet on the screen, marries twice and announces she will have a baby, all in the space of three short years and in the midst of a popularity never equaled since Clara Bow.

M-G-M can only sit and hope against hope.

Fans, through thousands of letters, begged Tyrone Power to stay single. He married a French girl older than himself and let the fans adjust their dreams to his wife as best they could, if they could.

No longer do stars consult or even listen to those with whom they have contractual obligations, when they feel a duty coming on.

Clark Gable says good-by fellows and hikes off to the Army. Tyrone Power and Henry Fonda consult no one when they enlist and all the persuasive powers of Twentieth Century-Fox were unable to deter Jean Gabin when he left his next picture "Tampico" sky high and set off

to is past and gone. Startling as it may seem, the actor is boss today and salary ceilings have only cinched the fact financially. Actually it has been in motion some time. Regardless of what you or I or the executives think, actors and actresses marry whom and when they please, they divorce when they please, they have babies at the height of their popularity, they love whom they please and they do as they please and to heck with the consequences.

Robert Taylor at the height of his career was warned of the drop in popularity that would come with his marriage to Barbara Stanwyck.

But he defied all warnings, ignored

the howls of protesting fans and did as he pleased and today Bob Taylor is a happy man.

Deanna Durbin broke a million hearts and sent her bosses into temporary confinement when she brushed aside all obstacles to marry Vaughn Paul. Judy Garland stepped out of little-girl roles to marry a man in his thirties regardless of the fact M-G-M had several years of juvenile roles ahead for her. Kathryn Grayson let nothing stand in the way of her marriage to John Shelton even before the studio (after a year of patient training) had been able to launch her properly in pictures.

Who remembers when marriages were

THERE'S A FIGHTING MAN IN YOUR THOUGHTS TODAY!

Here is what's in his heart!

The heroic epic of those valiants
who smashed Rommel in Africa!
... And even more, the stirring
story of the human emotions and
passions that flamed in their
blood as they fought on to Victory!

HENRY
FONDA
MAUREEN
O'HARA

in JOHN BROPHY'S immortal war romance

IMMORTAL SERGEANT

with
THOMAS MITCHELL

ALLYN JOSLYN • REGINALD GARDINER • MELVILLE COOPER
BRAMWELL FLETCHER • MORTON LOWRY

Directed by JOHN STAHL

Produced and Written for the Screen by Lamar Trotti

20th
CENTURY-FOX
PICTURE

They're All
BIG PICTURES



THE BEST OF THE **AUTRYS** ARE COMING BACK

Gene's doing his stuff as a sergeant in Uncle Sam's Air Corps these days — but his best musical Westerns are being re-issued — one a month, every month. Watch for them!

HERE
THEY
ARE...

Gene Autry
in

- ★ BOOTS AND SADDLES
- ★ THE OLD BARN DANCE
- ★ TUMBLING TUMBLEWEEDS
- ★ MEXICALI ROSE
- ★ IN OLD MONTEREY
- ★ SOUTH OF THE BORDER
- ★ GAUCHO SERENADE
- ★ RIDE, TENDERFOOT, RIDE
- ★ SMILEY BURNETTE

Brings you hilarious comedy in every one o' these hits!

BUY WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS



They're All
REPUBLIC PICTURES



CAL YORK'S *Inside Stuff*

Oh boy! Lou Costello turns a fond-father glance on the first boy in his family, while partner Bud Abbott kibitzes. Mrs. Costello holds newcomer Lou Costello Jr.

to join the Free French.

It's not that they shouldn't take such steps, remember, but it's the fact they do so on their own initiative, regardless of who likes it, that's significant.

Even the good old romance edicts that emanated from "front offices" and read "Thou Shalt Be Seen Only With Mamie Big Name" are finally getting the raspberry.

Richard Travis, handsome young discovery of Bette Davis, steadfastly refused all studio-dictated romances and married nonprofessional Ann Berkey, Beverly Hills socialite, the girl he loved. "I'll leave motion pictures first," a beauty recently told her bosses when it was suggested she date a young man the studio was anxious to build.

"Sorry, I'll be with my husband over the holidays," stars inform confused bosses with other ideas. On the other hand, long hard hours are given to their jobs when they are at work; many times stars risk their future health to keep schedules going. There is no more conscientious group of workers anywhere than motion-picture performers, but no longer are they dictated to when those hours are over.

And so what? We'll tell you what. There have never been finer, braver, more honest people in the world than these present-day stars who dare to live their own lives as they see fit, who exercise the God-given privilege of making their own mistakes and rectifying those errors when it becomes necessary.

And Hollywood bosses can yell themselves hoarse and movie fans can weep out their eyes if they're so inclined. Hollywood stars will go right on being themselves if it kills them; and sometimes it almost does. So let's get used to it and say no more.

The revolution has come and is over and brother, we know who won.

Puppy Love: It's love, it's young and it's important to Donald O'Connor, Universal's seventeen-year-old starlet. In fact, Donald has been smitten with fifteen-year-old Gloria Jean since the day he walked onto the set of "Get Hep To

Love," the picture they made together.

When that shooting was over Donald and Gloria spent every free moment from school and studio chores having sodas in the commissary. Everything was rosy in the 'teen world.

And then the green-eyed monster came creeping in. Gloria was cast with Alan Curtis for the third sequence of Boyer's "Flesh And Fantasy" and Donald's happiness faded as Gloria raved over the handsome Mr. Curtis.

No difference that Alan was twice Gloria's age, that he was desolate over the separation from his wife, Ilona Massey, and looked upon Gloria as a child actress, Donald was still jealous.

Finally, on some pretense, he stole into the office of a friend on the studio lot and obliquely began his questioning. Was Mr. Curtis going back to his wife? Did Mr. Curtis think brunettes were prettier than blondes? Were there any real hot love scenes in the picture?

Hiding his amusement, the friend listened and at length answered, "Donald, would you like to read the script?"

Clutching it like mad, the young actor went off by himself and read.

An hour later he was back, all smiles and sunshine.

"Not even a kiss in the picture," he beamed. "Gee, that Curtis is a swell fellow!"

All is well again between Donald and Alan.

Strictly Stag: Ian Hunter is off to England to give aid to his country. Ian will see active service in the British Royal Navy.

Privates Brod Crawford and Big Boy Williams have been shipped off to Atlantic City.

Alan Ladd, who was rejected by the draft and classified 4-F, may get a new drafting any day.

After all the excitement of Melvyn Douglas's exodus to Washington, D. C., last year, he came back home to enlist as an Army private and is now in Arkansas.

Private Lew Ayres, of the Army Medical Corps, is said to be the best teacher of first aid at Dodd Field, Texas. Makes

his lessons interesting and knows how to talk. Besides, the boys think Lew's tops.

Hollywood's Meanest: Straight from the counting rooms of the Hollywood's Women's Press Club comes the results of this year's voting on the most co-operative and unco-operative performers in the business.

Here's how they rate with women of the Hollywood press, fans, and if ever a group should know, it's this one that comes into daily contact with the stars.

Most unco-operative actress—Jean Arthur with Ginger Rogers and Marlene Dietrich as runners-up.

Miss Rogers was last year's winner as the most unco-operative star.

Most unco-operative actor—George Sanders, with Bing Crosby and Franchot Tone as runners-up.

Most co-operative actress—Rosalind Russell, with Barbara Stanwyck and Gene Tierney in second and third place.

Most co-operative actor—Cary Grant, with Bob Hope and Victor Mature trailing.

The award to the woman star winner is a golden apple lapel pin and the most co-operative actor gets a script holder with a golden apple on top of it.

Farewell To a Veteran: They brought Buck Jones back to Hollywood and buried him in the town that brought him fame and fortune; a man who left behind hundreds of friends and thousands of fans.

Twenty-five years ago Buck came to Hollywood as an extra and rose to be one of the greatest cowboy stars of his day. He was one Western star who never made a display of himself or strutted about in elaborate cowboy outfits. Handsome, clean-cut, broad of shoulder, Buck Jones wore grey or blue business suits off screen and approached his work as any successful businessman. A member of the Shriners and a loyal citizen, Buck Jones was a man among men, respected and admired.

When the stories of the burning of the Cocoanut Grove in Boston came pouring in, it was learned Buck Jones could have lived if he hadn't returned to the burning building three times to help others.

Hollywood will miss this quiet gentleman of the films and never forget him.

Long Live the King: Dethroned—King Mickey Rooney. Crowned—The Court's Jesters, Abbott and Costello.

Yep, when the Motion Picture Box

Interlude: Tony Martin takes a Hollywood moment off at Mike Romanoff's with Virginia Hawks, with a Navy job behind him, an Army one in the near future



Don't waste PEPSODENT

It takes only a little to make your smile brighter

● Nearly one-fourth of all the Pepsodent we make goes to men in uniform... they want it... they deserve it.

● At the same time, we are trying to supply the biggest number of civilian customers in Pepsodent history.

● But, wartime restrictions limit the amount of Pepsodent we can make.

● So... we urge you: Don't waste Pepsodent. Use it sparingly. If you will help save enough for others... there will be enough for you.



Lucky for all...

dental science knows no more effective, safe ingredients than those which make up Pepsodent's patented formula. That's why Pepsodent is so good, so effective, so safe that only a little is needed to make teeth brighter, make smiles more sparkling.



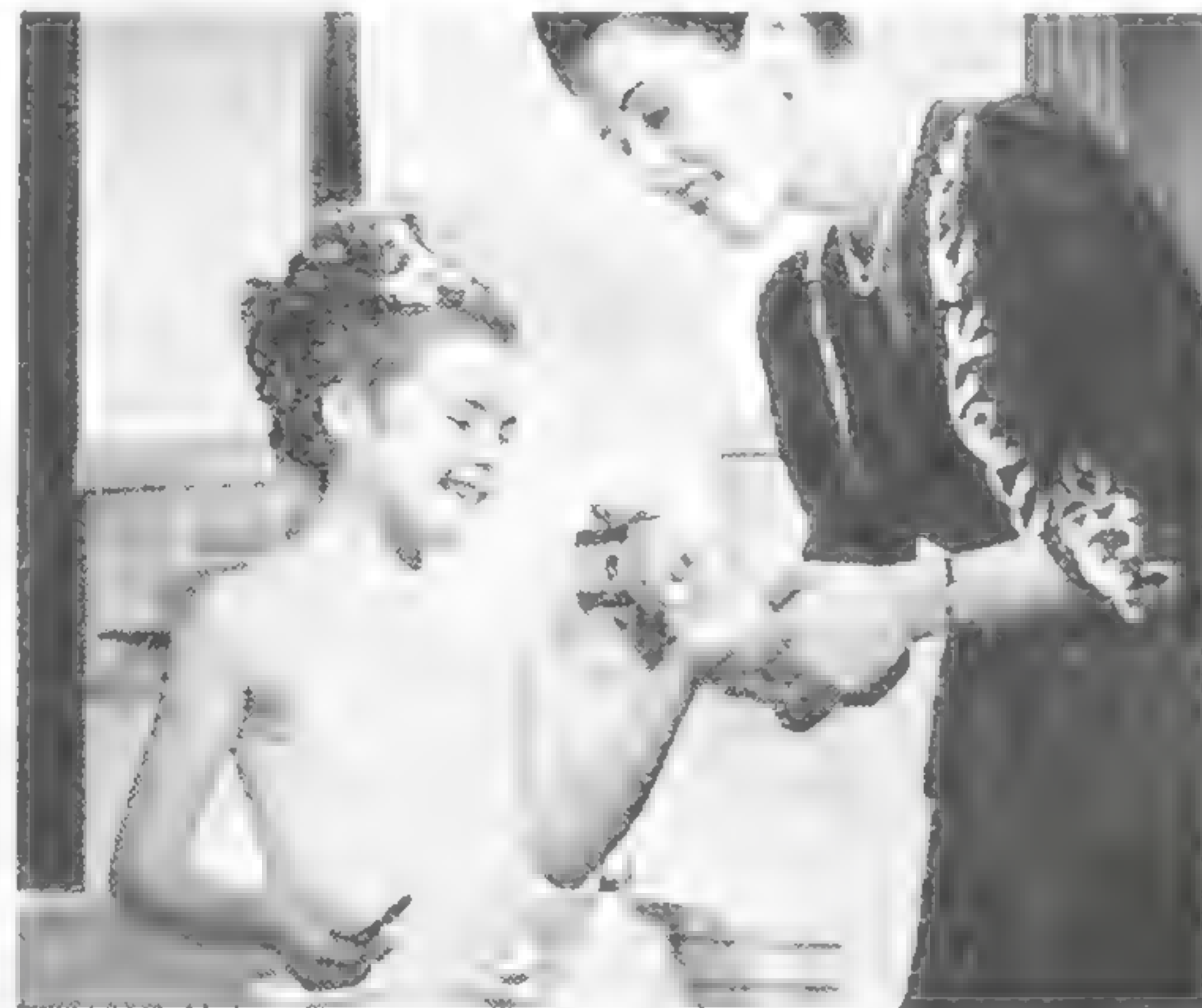
1. MOISTEN your brush before applying paste. If you apply Pepsodent before wetting brush, it may wash down the drain. Finish brushing before rinsing brush.



2. MEASURE out only as much paste as you need. About three-quarters of an inch is enough. Always squeeze and roll tube evenly from the bottom. Replace cap.



3. POUR Pepsodent Powder into the cupped palm of your hand—enough powder to cover a 5¢ piece is plenty. *Do not* sprinkle it on the brush—this is wasteful.



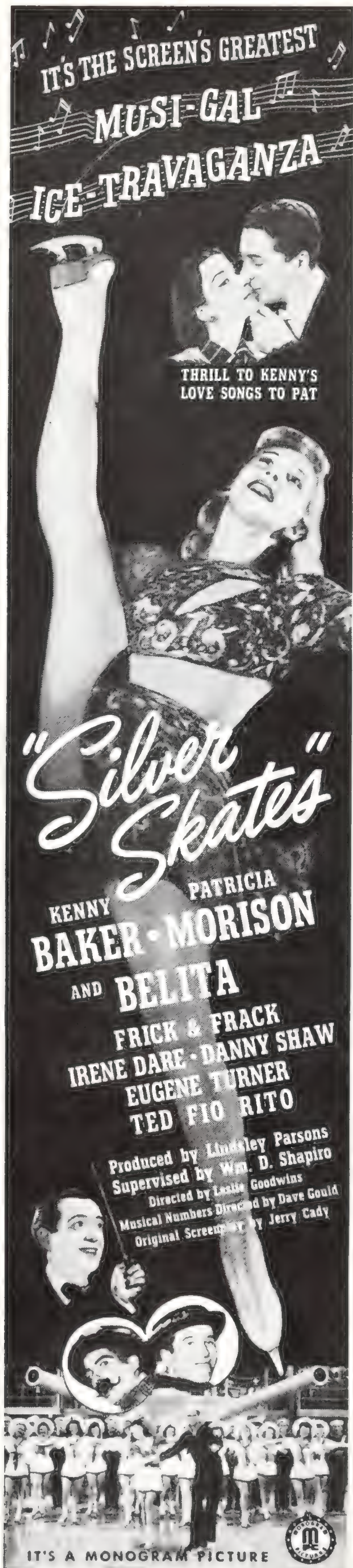
4. SHOW children how to dab—not rub—moist brush in powder to pick it up. Measure out the right amount for small children and teach them the proper way to brush teeth.



5. HANG your tooth brush up to dry after you use it. Bristles will stay firmer and last longer this way. Soggy, worn, wilted tooth brushes are inefficient, wasteful.



6. YOUR DRUGGIST is trying his best to serve everyone. Don't blame him if his Pepsodent stock is low and he has to disappoint you. Try again in a few days.



CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Mr. Robert Hope, exhibiting how to have an eye for the ball and an eye for a pretty gal at the Golf Tournament. Pretty gal is Paulette Goddard; grinning guy, H. Bogart

Sidelines scene: Linda Darnell, Randy Scott, Marjorie Reynolds, Marguerite Chapman



Office poll was taken for 1942, it was discovered Mickey Rooney no longer held first place, a spot he'd held since the year Shirley Temple faded into the eclipse.

And now Rooney, in a hectic year of marriage—separation and reunion—is no longer Number One Box Office Attraction of the Country. That honor goes to the Clown Boys of Universal, proving that above all people want to laugh. And these boys know how to provide them with giggles.

Cal's "Song of Bernadette": The search is over, the actress found and the chapter on "Find A Bernadette" closed. Jennifer Jones, a young woman under contract to David Selznick, who has had comparatively little professional experience, has been chosen and more hearts are left to ache in silence than ached over the *Scarlet O'Hara* role.

For weeks Anne Baxter, a fine little actress, hoped, despaired and prayed for the coveted role.

Linda Darnell who has had a noticeable brush off from her studio lately, finally found courage to plead with the executives for just one chance.

Instead of Linda, however, Jennifer

Jones of Tulsa, Oklahoma, was tested and signed pronto. Miss Jones was educated at the Monte Cassino Junior College, played with the Richard Mansfield Dickenson players in tent shows, won a radio contest sponsored by the University of Oklahoma, joined the Ted North players, attended for one year the American Academy of Dramatic Art in New York and later studied drama at Northwestern University in Illinois. David Selznick signed her when he walked into his New York office one day and heard Jennifer explaining to his New York partner, Katherine Bush, that she and she alone should play "Claudia."

Mr. Selznick, who admired her vitality and spirit, signed her but never used her on the screen. She appeared in several Santa Barbara plays without attracting special notice.

They tell us her tests are terrific and Miss Jones is Bernadette. There is only one thing, or maybe two or three things, that puzzles Hollywood. Miss Jones is not youthful, being in her twenties; she is not beautiful, but her olive skin, dark eyes, light-brown hair and rather large mouth lend her attractiveness. She is the wife of actor Bob Wallace and the mother of two children, which hitherto seemed



Stack up for inspection at the Mocambo: Bob, a Navy ensign, leave-dates with Anne Shirley

seemed to eliminate so many of the candidates.

However, since marriage and motherhood have never been considered exactly blights or even handicaps, we keep our minds open to the results.

And somehow we feel they will be good.

From the Navy to the Army: He wore an old grey sweater, a borrowed leatherette jacket, dark glasses and no hat. No one seemed to recognize him as he boarded the high bus at Oakland that in the dim-out began its long slow crawl of seventeen hours down the coast.

At Los Angeles he transferred to a Beverly Hills bus and walked straight to his draft board.

Tony Martin had come back to Hollywood, back where he started from and with less than he had in the beginning. Gone were his expensive limousine, his tailored clothes, his radio show, his fame, his glory. Almost all Tony had to show for those months in between was a discharge as Chief Specialist in the Navy for being "unfit" for that service; dismissed after eleven months and after a court trial involving a Navy officer that resulted in the dismissal of that officer.

Behind him were success and memories of his former wife Alice Faye, and his sweetheart Lana Turner: of a million fans and fawning friends. Back to Hollywood alone came Tony and *by bus*.

We remember the first time we ever saw Tony Martin. It was after the preview of "Sing, Baby, Sing" at Grauman's Chinese Theater six years ago. A dark-eyed young man had stepped out on the screen to sing his first song and the audience listened eagerly.

After the preview we heard Adolphe Menjou call to the newcomer, "Nice work, Tony." The boy beamed his thanks.

Then began his slow climb upward, his marriage to Alice Faye, his terrific success as a night-club singer who demanded and got a four-figured salary surpassing even that of the screen star who had divorced him. Beauties and debutantes swarmed around him. Tony was the man of the hour.

There are some who claim Martin had it coming to him. That his conceit was inexcusable. There are others who claim Tony was always a sweet person underneath and success was bound to affect him.

At any rate he's in our Army now or about to be and deserves the same high tribute and high regard with which we hold all our soldier boys. So let's forget the past and look to the future with Tony.



"MRS. MINIVER ROSE"...

beautiful, of course. Probably the loveliest nail enamel and lipstick color ever

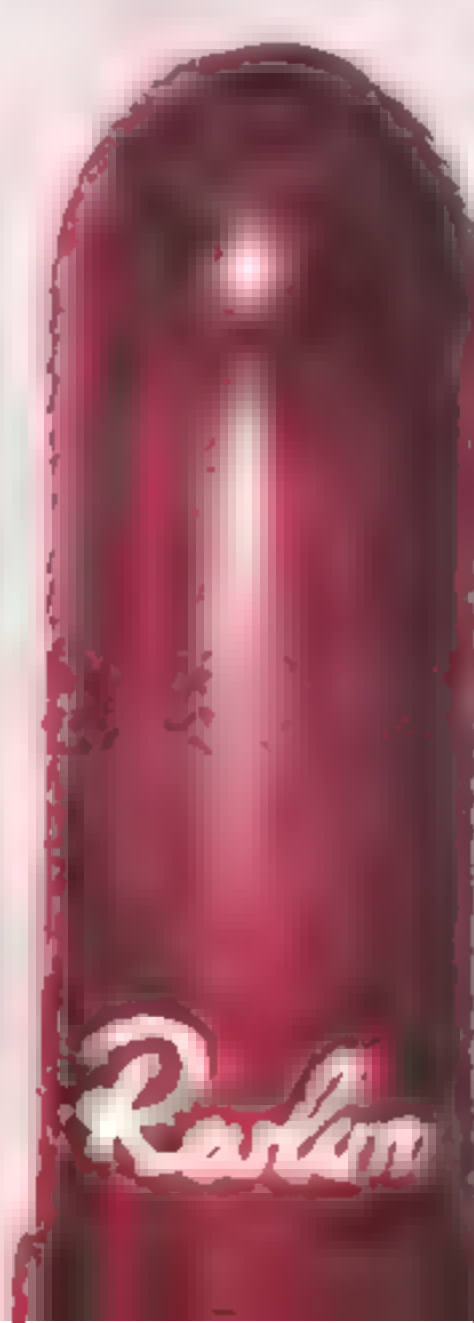
created by Revlon... or by anyone else.

But, beauty alone is not enough these days.

It's quality that counts, now, in everything you buy. And, it's the superb lasting quality behind beautiful colors that makes



Only Revlon is previewed your assurance of quality Nail Enamel, 60c Lipstick, 60c also \$1 (1) size



Revlon

the world's most famous name in nail enamel... and lipstick, too!

EXCITING NEW
"MAKE-UP" BRINGS
Color-Bright Beauty
to Any Shade of Hair!



Don't waste time trying to wash out the lovely and glamorous. With just a little time—right at home—you can bring your own hair to life...make it sparkle with radiant light and youthful color!

It's all so easy, too, with Marchand's exciting new "Make-Up" Hair Rinse! After your shampoo, dissolve the delicately tinted Rinse in warm water and brush it through your hair. Then...prepare for a surprise! All trace of soap-film has disappeared. Your hair is thrillingly alive—color-bright again!

So safe!... Can't harm your hair!

Marchand's "Make-Up" Rinse is not a *bleach*! Not a *permanent dye*! It goes on and washes off as easily as your facial make-up. Made with Government-approved colors, Marchand's Rinse is as safe to use as lemon or vinegar. And it does so much *more* for your hair.

Marchand's "Make-Up" Rinse comes in 12 different tints for every color hair. Many stunning effects can be had by employing a "warmer" or "cooler" tint than the shade which matches your hair... Try it today!

Marchand's "Make-Up" HAIR RINSE

6 Rinses—25c
2 Rinses—10c

At all Drug Counters



MADE BY THE MAKERS OF GOLDEN HAIR WASH

Free HOLLYWOOD ENLARGEMENT
OF YOUR FAVORITE PHOTO

Just to get acquainted, we will make you a FREE a beautiful PROFESSIONAL enlargement of any snapshot, photo, or picture (print or negative) 3 1/2 x 5 in. or smaller. Color of your hair, and cutting for perfect framing on a natural background. Enlargement in a FREE FRAME, to sit on the table or dresser. Your original returned with FREE enlargement. Please send 10c for return mailing. Act Quick. Offer limited to U.S.

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS
7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Dept. 660, Hollywood, Calif.



Stars and 'stripes and everything nice at The Players. Left: Rosemary Lane, Navy wife, and her sailor husband, Bud Westmore...

...and Lieutenant and Jack Reynolds of the U. S. Army with his star wife, Marjorie



CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Babies, Babies Everywhere. It's mother's day in Hollywood with famous stars scheduled to croon future lullabies.

Rumor has beauteous Madeleine Carroll about to become a mama, and papato-be Stirling Hayden never happier. Michele Morgan, who married the tall, blond and handsome Bill Marshall, now in the Army, is another rumored mother-to-be.

Kathryn Grayson coyly denies rumors of her forthcoming motherhood but adds she wishes it were true.

Rosalind Russell, of course, has retired from the screen until baby Brisson arrives and Lana Turner is scheduled to make one more picture before she retires to become mama Crane.

Joan Crawford, who recently experienced a heartache over the loss of her adopted little boy who was returned to his parents, will adopt another baby boy shortly. Actor Cornel Wilde is walking in his sleep over their expected child and the two daughters of beauteous Joan Bennett are eagerly awaiting the arrival of their baby brother. The most desolate of all women is Maureen O'Hara, wife of Will Pine, who unfortunately lost the child she expected. The baby that is rating the greatest fan interest, however, is the one due at Alan Ladd's home. In fact, the consensus of names suggested by thousands of fans has him Alan Jr. if a boy and Sue Alan if a girl.

Hope that's okay with Alan's wife, Sue Carol.

Yes, they're calling it Storkville these days—and no wonder! But with the male

stars in the Army and the glamour girls out for motherhood, who's going to make movies, we wonder.

Hearts Abloom: George Brent is furious over his printed confession of adoration for Ilona Massey. With Ilona now divorced from Alan Curtis and George from Ann Sheridan, why shouldn't he openly and even in print admire the beauteous Ilona, now in New York for the Ziegfeld show?

Carole Landis, who went to Europe to entertain our American boys, returns betrothed to Capt. Thomas S. Wallace, U. S. Army Air Corps, whose home is in near-by Pasadena. This will be Carole's third marriage. Hollywood, who has great admiration for Carole, wishes them well.

Ann Rutherford strolled through the May Company department store bent on a bit of shopping. In the midst of her buying Ann decided to stop by the executive's office and visit her friend David May, son and heir of the huge shop.

Five minutes later they were on a streetcar bound for the marriage-license bureau. Ann, who is as amazed as anyone, isn't sure when the wedding will take place. Maybe Annie is even now a bride.

Remember Dan Dailey Jr. of the films and now a lieutenant in the Signal Corps? Well, Dan Cupid has spiked Dan Dailey with his bow and in no time at all socialite Elizabeth Hofert will be his happy bride.

Last-Minute Flashes: From the day Carole Lombard died, over a year ago, Clark Gable never entered the M-G-M commissary to take his accustomed seat

at the director's table. But on his recent jaunt to Hollywood on Government business, when Lt. Gable entered the commissary with producer Eddie Mannix for lunch, everyone in the commissary rose to his feet in a single united urge to pay tribute to the man they love and respect.

And Lieutenant Gable sidled quietly to his chair.

Hearts will break all over the country when Alan Ladd, who was hitherto rejected, goes into the Army. Hear it may be very soon. Mickey Rooney has also passed his physical. Bruce Cabot is stationed in Florida. John Payne reported to the Air Corps in Phoenix in January. Jackie Cooper enlisted in the Naval Reserve and goes to school for two years to study navigation. And so the Hollywood list grows day by day.

Joan Bennett becomes a mother next June. Joan, now the wife of Producer Walter Wanger, has two daughters by former husbands.

'Tis said Bette Davis's continued laryngitis may be due to her efforts to get a word in edgewise on her newest picture "Old Acquaintances." Miriam Hopkins, who began her acting stint with Bette in the film so very meek and subdued, is now up to her old tricks, we hear, trying to run the show. Wouldn't you think she'd learn someday?

Eyes are glued on the "So Proudly We Hail" set with the three feminine stars, Veronica Lake, Paulette Goddard and Claudette Colbert not so congenial as one might hope.

In fact, a controversy has already begun over who wears a flimsy black nightgown in one scene. We'll keep you posted on the latest developments.

Paramount has an aching heart these days over Bing Crosby's complete indifference to shooting schedules on "Dixie." Bing does what he pleases, when he pleases and the studio can jolly well hold the bag as far as Mr. Crosby goes. P.S.: The Studio is allergic to bag-holding.



Jane Darwell turns on the smile—and the coffee tap—for the khaki line-up at the Hollywood Canteen counter

"For Beauty in a Blackout try my*W.B.N.C."



Says Janet Blair:

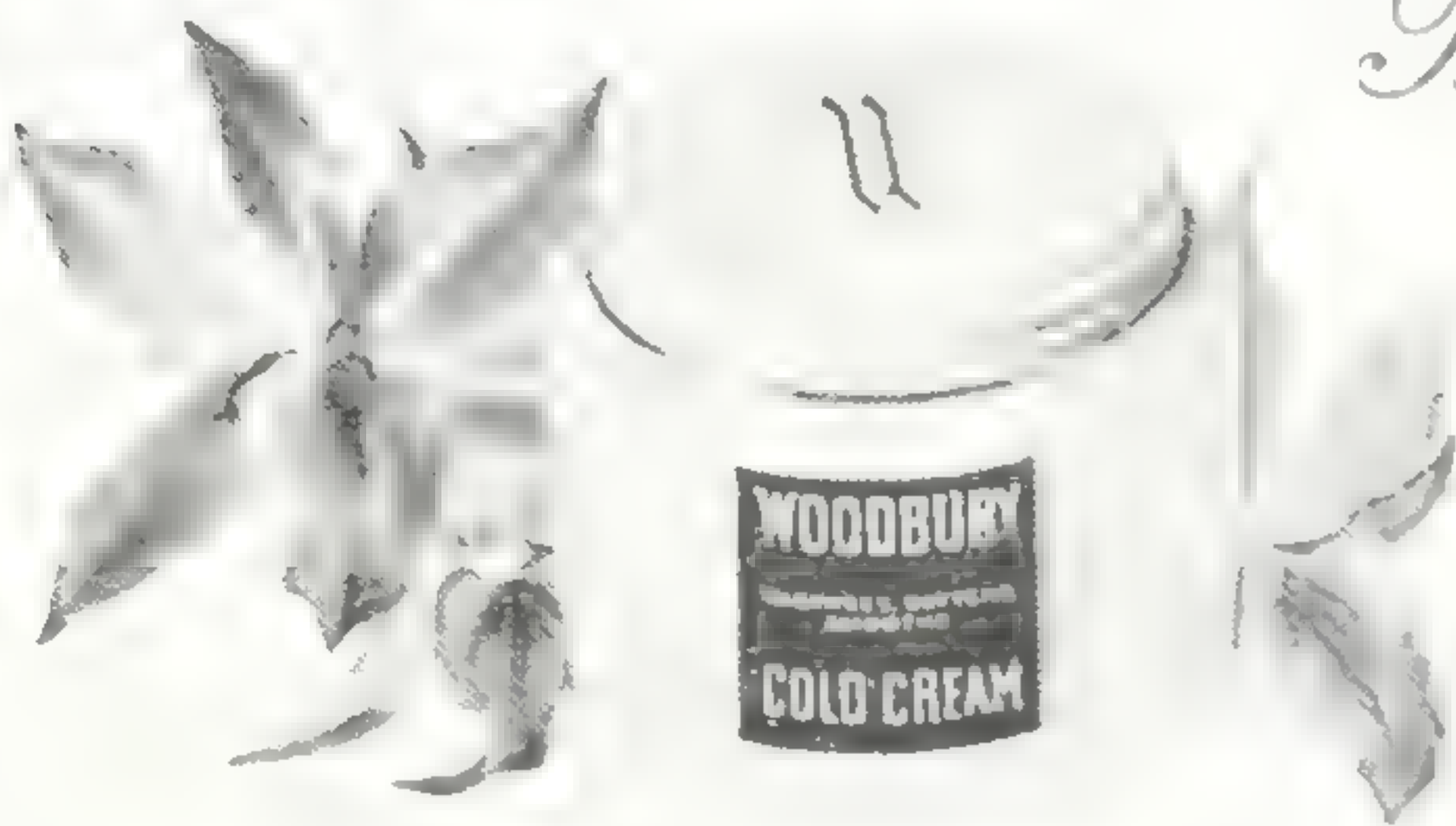
"You'll never sigh for popularity if you follow Hollywood in our bedtime beauty care. It helps make skin look simply dazzling. We call it W.B.N.C. That's our name for--

*Woodbury Beauty Night Cap."

Cleanse with silky Woodbury Cold Cream--wipe away. Pat on more--wipe again, leaving a trace for all-night magic. Its 4 special ingredients go to work, helping turn rough skin dewy soft, helping smooth tiny dry-skin lines. And an exclusive ingredient constantly acts to purify the cream right in the jar, helping guard against germs from dust and soiled fingers. Use Woodbury Cold Cream tonight--for a softer, smoother, lovelier look tomorrow.

WOODBURY COLD CREAM

Beauty Night Cap of the Stars



Get Woodbury Cold Cream today. Big economy jars, \$1.25, 75¢. Also generous sizes at 50¢, 25¢ and 10¢.



They're no weak sisters, these DeLong Bob Pins. Stronger, durable spring... *they last and last.*

Strong Grip

Won't Slip Out



Mebbe your curly-top isn't pure Hollywood... but it's sure 'nuff leading lady in one fighting man's heart. He'll remember the dream-baby perfection of your ringlets. Keep 'em in order with DeLongs.

DeLong

BOB PINS

Speak FOR YOURSELF

\$10.00 PRIZE
Wired for Victory

THE other day I was reading the article in your magazine called "Inside Stuff" by Cal York and I read of the very patriotic deed that Jack Oakie did when he took ten lonesome service men to his apartment and let each one call his home long-distance. Well, this gave me an idea, although I couldn't (on the salary I make) very well get ten boys, I could make a resolution to let at least one boy call his home and put it on my bill each month.

Well, today I had the first boy call his home. I live on the Coast and there are quite a number of sailors and Coast Guard here. The boy who called his home today was an eighteen-year-old Coast Guard and when I saw the expression on that boy's face when he said, "Hello Mom, is that you?" well—no words can express what I felt.

I'm very glad you published the great thing Jack Oakie (who, by the way, is a great favorite of mine) did, because if you hadn't I probably never would have thought of doing that myself.

Although I am a girl and cannot do any actual fighting, it makes me feel that I am doing my bit for my country.

Betty Holden,
Port Arthur, Tex.

\$5.00 PRIZE
The Widow's Mite

FOR Me And My Gal!" May the miracles that come out of Hollywood never cease. I watched this perfectly cast, appealing story unfold, marvelling at its excellent direction and photography, and thrilled to the masterly presentation of the war scenes. I listened to the melodies we sang so gaily just before that other war and thought "Why, it was only yesterday." Then nostalgia overwhelmed me and I wept openly and unashamed. It was not the longing of defeatists who yearn with frustration and impotence, resigned to permanent loss of beloved things, for I felt an upsurge of determination to personally bleed and die, if need be, to bring back those days of security, peace and happiness—this time to stay forever—so that the winsome Judy Garlands may continue to blossom and grow, scale the heights and joyously gladden the rest of the world.

My bit is somewhat analogous to the Widow's Mite, but such pictures spur me on to build that "mite" into a larger portion. Figuratively, I bestow an accolade and feel we should, as in one voice, acclaim: "Bless you Hollywood, you do more than your share!"

Mrs. C. Calongne,
Tulsa, Okla.

\$1.00 PRIZE
Regal Rating

THERE are many, many stories of movie-struck teeners, but here is one of a movie-struck adult. Yes, an adult



Reporter Cal York told Photoplay-Movie Mirror readers what Jack Oakie did, now a Texas girl tells how she acted on it

completely, hopelessly entangled by the miraculous charms of Paul Henreid.

In Hollywood there are hundreds of male stars, but none has ever made the impression that Mr. Henreid did in "Now Voyageur." None that can hold a candle next to him.

He is handsome—there is no doubt about that. A better ideal man for any girl could not be found. He is so real, natural and lifelike that I believe he is closer to the hearts of his public than any other star.

Of course he is just beginning, but he has succeeded from the start to hold us spellbound and speechless by his acting. Altogether, he's one grand actor. Warner Brothers could have made no better choice in selecting a mate for Miss Davis.

A toast to Miss Davis—Queen of the Movies; and to Mr. Henreid—the next King of Hollywood.

Venette Schooles,
New York, N. Y.

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: \$10 first prize; \$5 second prize; \$1 each for every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter is published in this department in good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Yes, We Do Think!

I'M not only speaking for myself but for the rest of the people in my home town who saw "My Sister Eileen." Who cared about Eileen?

It was Rosalind Russell who was discussed and "rediscussed" when the gang congregated in the local drugstore after the show. Yes, and they were still laughing at that dry humor she used throughout the picture—and those facial expressions.

What a gal! What a face! What an actress!

When a girl can wear the sober clothes she wore, play second fiddle to a "classy chassy" like Janet Blair (Eileen) and still go over with a wallop, she deserves a pat on the back. I'm darn sorry I can't do it personally.

The picture itself was positively super from beginning to end. Here's hoping for more like it with Roz Russell and her wit included. After so many war pictures a picture like "My Sister Eileen" is really appreciated.

After all, we've gotta laugh once in a while, don't you think?

Martha Brunson,
Elwood, Ind.

\$1.00 PRIZE

She Registers; You Vote

I'D like to register a protest . . . and it's against such pictures as "A Yank At Eton," a Mickey Rooney good-will deflater!

I can just hear our British friends say, with uplifted eyebrows, "These Americans!"

Such snobbishness as Mickey and his "sister" portrayed in Director Norman Taurog's extravaganza certainly will do little to cement British-American relationship at this time when friendship is so desperately needed.

It was a story with tremendous possibilities . . . chiefly because Mickey is a grand actor and Taurog a fine producer; but even their genius couldn't save it.

If only they had given it a breath of "Goodbye, Mr. Chips!"

Remember, Hollywood, the compliment Mr. Willkie paid you about your contribution to the international goodwill? Don't spoil that contribution by any more pictures like "A Yank At Eton!"

Mrs. Adele F. Loar,
Spokane, Wash.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Dumb and Dapper?

ACCORDING to the movies, I am an awful thing. That is, being a hotel clerk, by movie standards I am a foppish, simpering creature who practically "smirks" his way through life.

I do wish you'd rescue my prototype and place the real hotel clerk in the category to which he belongs: A hard-working, self-respecting, "regular" guy. Can we help it if it is our business to take the attitude that "the customer is always right?"

But we aren't (movie version) dumb, dapper dudes, timid and self-effacing, who fawn and fuss and really think the guest is always right.

Incidentally, I used to be a bookkeeper—until the movies made that vocation look silly.

Johnny Rogers,
Night Clerk,
Milwaukee, Wis.

(Continued on page 92)

"Other Wives...hear my story"



HOW A YOUNG WIFE OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT ROBS SO MANY MARRIAGES OF ROMANCE

1. **Slowly**, my husband's love and tenderness had changed to . . . a frozen strangeness. Then neglect. I spent long evenings alone. One grim night, driven to despair, I left my unhappy home . . .



2. My ticket back to Mother's was in my hand when I ran into an old school chum, a widow a little older than I. I couldn't bluff her. I had to tell. And bless her, she opened my eyes by saying, "So often, my dear, a loving husband can't overlook one neglect . . . carelessness of feminine hygiene (*intimate personal cleanliness*)."



3. "Many modern wives," she told me, "use a gentle yet thorough method of feminine hygiene—Lysol disinfectant." She explained how Lysol is so gentle it won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues. "Just follow the easy directions," she advised. "Lysol is a famous germicide. It cleanses thoroughly, deodorizes, leaves you feeling dainty."



4. Well, I tore up that ticket. And just as she said—I find Lysol disinfectant easy to use, so economical. Wives, don't let "one neglect" dim your happiness!

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful germicide, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions spread and thus virtually search out germs in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol
Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE



Copr., 1942, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet P.M.M.-343. Address: Lehn & Fink, Bloomfield, N. J.

Top-Notch Topknots

A hair-raising history of the crowning glory—with some hints to you on how to make your hair look strictly 1943

BY GLORIA MACK



Starting Off With a Bang: Colleen Moore started all the bang business twenty years ago; Anne Gwynne, her 1943 prototype, models a modern adaptation. The hair is set in a smooth sleek pompadour, then the roll is broken up into a cluster of curls to fall over the forehead. Try it on your own hairline, especially if you have a high forehead. Basic hair-beauty note: Always section your hair to comb it; never try to comb through it en masse or you'll have that frowsy-lady look.



Going Up: Beverly Bayne started the pompadour to startle her 1900 admirers with big-wig beauty; Bonita Granville is the smooth and sleek example of today's classic hair-do. The pompadour is now a sophisticated hair fashion, especially for a round-faced gal, especially, too, for the tiny Dresden-type miss who adds inches to her height and yards to her dignity when she brushes her hair up. A "must remember" note: Use a hair brush and use it again; keep your brushes and combs clean as the proverbial whistle; shampoo your hair as often as it needs it—and be sure to use enough shampoo to break down the oil and dirt accumulation.



A Bad Case Of Shingles was Blanche Sweet way back when; chic, smart and easy to wear is the 1943 adaptation of the shingle, the feather cut, as worn by Bette Davis. The hair's cut to a three-inch length all over; kept in order by careful nightly brushing. Post-script: Never wear too heavy a cap at night; it keeps the air away from the scalp and healthy hair is hair that breathes. Keep your hair thinned out and shaped about every six weeks; bushy hair will never look well-groomed and is one of the reasons why a set won't last.

Patent-leather Finish: The shiny glory of yesterday's Gloria Swanson with a spit-curl finish goes back into the book of bad memories where it belongs when it stacks up against Alexis Smith's modern version. The hair is swept up, given an extra-heavy coating of wave set to make it sleek and shiny. Result: A coiffure for a sophisticated woman. Beauty incidental: Always oil your hair before a shampoo, always have a few treatments before your permanent because if your hair is not in shape, a permanent, no matter how expensive, will never turn out well.



Roll Your Own: Mary Pickford did back in 1914; Brenda Marshall does today—but with a difference. Stiff curls are out; soft rolls are in; wavy rolls above a slightly bulging forehead are more flattering. Brenda's rolls are brushed up from the temples and brow; the back roll drops low over the neck. Good for a tall girl, a long-necked girl, a girl with a too-narrow face. Your hair is what you make it; pay attention to it and it will draw attention to you.





*"Her lovely, shining hair
It did my heart ensnare!"*

**No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous
... and yet so easy to manage!***



HER GLEAMING LOCKS (shampooed with Special Drene) rival the glitter of her sequin gloves and dress! The smart simplicity of her lovely hair-do is accentuated by the tricky ornaments—satin bows with tassels of silken balls cut from ball fringe.

For glamorous hair, use Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added . . . the only shampoo that reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap, yet leaves hair so easy to arrange!

Nothing makes a girl so alluring to men as shining, lustrous hair! So, if *you* want this thrilling beauty advantage, don't let soaps or soap shampoos rob your hair of lustre!

Instead, use Special Drene! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo . . . how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far more glamorous . . . silkier, smoother and easier to arrange, right after shampooing! Easier to comb into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't

tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

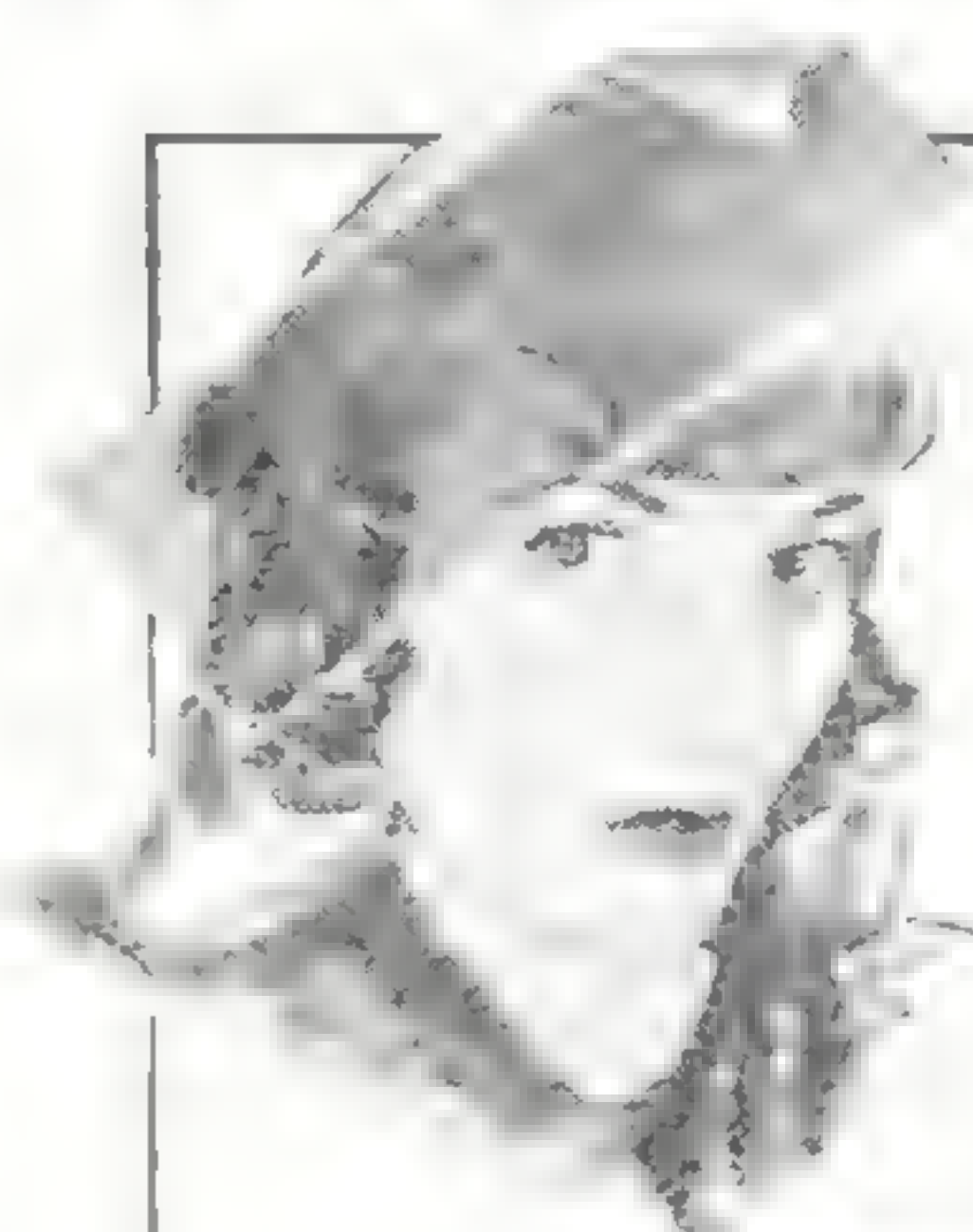
You'll be thrilled, too, by Special Drene's super-cleansing action. For it even removes all embarrassing, flaky dandruff the first time you use it . . . and the film left by previous soapings!

So, before you wash your hair again, get a bottle of Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added! Or ask your beauty shop to use it. Let this amazing improved shampoo glorify your hair!



*PROCTER & GAMBLE, after careful tests of all types of shampoos, found no other which leaves hair so lustrous and yet so easy to manage as Special Drene.

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



*Soap film dulls lustre—
robs hair of glamour!*

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene! It never leaves any dulling film, as soaps and soap shampoos always do.

That's why Special Drene Shampoo reveals up to 33% more lustre!



Special Drene
with
Hair Conditioner

THE Shadow Stage

REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, outstanding



Unusual: Brian Donlevy, Robert Taylor in "Stand By For Action"



Gay: Eddie Bracken and Betty Hutton in "Star Spangled Rhythm"



Powerful: Paul Muni, Anna Lee in "Commandos Strike At Dawn"

✓✓ Stand By For Action (M-G-M)

It's About: The experiences of an American destroyer.

THIS is good war stuff, off the beaten path, ably directed and more than capably acted.

The story tells how four men take over a destroyer used in World War I. At sea they pick up an odd cargo of babies afloat in a lifeboat (an incident that furnishes some comical moments) and eventually meet with a Jap battleship, a meeting that ends in thrilling and exciting combat.

The men are Charles Laughton, who plays the Admiral with a clever blending of lightness and sternness, Robert Taylor, a cocky Harvard grad now a naval lieutenant, Brian Donlevy, the Commander, and Walter Brennan, the veteran yeoman.

With a cast such as that and a pip of a story you can't afford to miss it

Your Reviewer Says: A goodie.

✓✓ Star Spangled Rhythm (Paramount)

It's About: A girl, a sailor and a gorgeous revue.

BETTY HUTTON loves a sailor (Eddie Bracken). How she loves him! Betty is a telephone operator at the Paramount Studios. Her sailor's pop (Victor Moore) is a policeman at the studio gate.

When Betty's sailor and his shipmates come to Hollywood Betty gets Pop to pretend he has become a big-shot producer. There are shenanigans. The sailors disrupt pictures in the making and catch a projection-room showing of Dick Powell and Mary Martin in a moonlit musical number. Carried away by his role of big shot, Pop promises the Paramount stars will put on a special show for the boys. It's Betty, by hook and crook and her own madhouse comedy, who gets Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour, Sterling Holloway, Veronica Lake, Walter Catlett, Paulette Goddard, Arthur Treacher, Bing Crosby—need we go on?—to play hookey from the studios and make good Pop's promise.

Their revue for the boys is something plus. Paulette and Dorothy and Veronica burlesque themselves with a song "A Sweater And A Sarong And A Peek-A-Boo Bob." Bing Crosby singing "Old Glory" as a finale makes that old lump-in-the-throat work overtime. And talking about musical numbers it's worth the price of admission to hear Betty Hutton—bouncing around in a jeep full of sailors—sing, "I'm Doin' It For Defense."

Your Reviewer Says: None of it makes sense but all of it makes laughs.

✓✓ Commandos Strike At Dawn (Columbia)

It's About: Revolt among Nazi-controlled Norwegians.

OF ALL the powerful war documents yet to reach the screen this easily takes its place among the very best.

A Commando raid, the type of warfare that has so intrigued the public, highlights a gripping story that is so realistically told the audience completely forgets the fact that this is but a screen record and lives every moment with the actors.

Paul Muni, subdued in performance and stripped of his screen mannerisms, gives a socko performance, his best since "Zola."

As the Norwegian fisherman who first submits to, then finally actively revolts against the cruelties of the invading Germans, Muni comes back to the screen in triumph.

With him in the struggle (we still can't think of it as a picture) are Anna Lee, the British girl he loves; Lillian Gish, his neighbor; Sir Cedric Hardwicke, a British admiral; Robert Coote, borrowed from active duty with British forces in Canada; Ray Collins, a sufferer at Nazi hands. Louis Jean Heydt, a Quisling; and Rosemary DeCamp, the wife who betrays him. Each and every one deserves praise. Even little Ann Carter, who plays Muni's motherless daughter, lends an air of reality to the story which owes much of its strength and authenticity, too, to the fact that it was directed by Johnny Farrow, who has had firsthand knowledge of British naval affairs, and that the film was made in British Columbia with several British officers playing themselves.

Your Reviewer Says: Excellent.

(Continued on page 93)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 94

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 114

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 6

"You bet I know my groceries!"

...if any customer complains about not getting her favorite flavor of Karo Syrup, you know what I tell her?

I say, first: "Don't you know that the Army and Navy are buying tons of Karo Syrup?"

Then I say: "Every housewife in the land is buying more Karo than ever before—'cuz Karo is the kind of food that gives energy to hard-working Americans."

Last, but not least, I tell her this: "The makers of Karo won't let down on quality just to step up quantity. No Ma'am—not with millions of us babies, our mothers and our doctors too, depending on Karo for our feeding formulas."

As a clincher—I suggest: "If you can't get one flavor of Karo (the shortage is only temporary)—just try another flavor. They're all delicious—all nutritious—all rich in Dextrose...food-energy sugar."

See what I mean?

Corn Products Refining Company, 17 Battery Place, New York, N. Y.



IMPORTANT—Karo's packed in tin and in glass. Regardless of type of package, when you see the name KARO on the label, it is your guarantee of purity and quality.



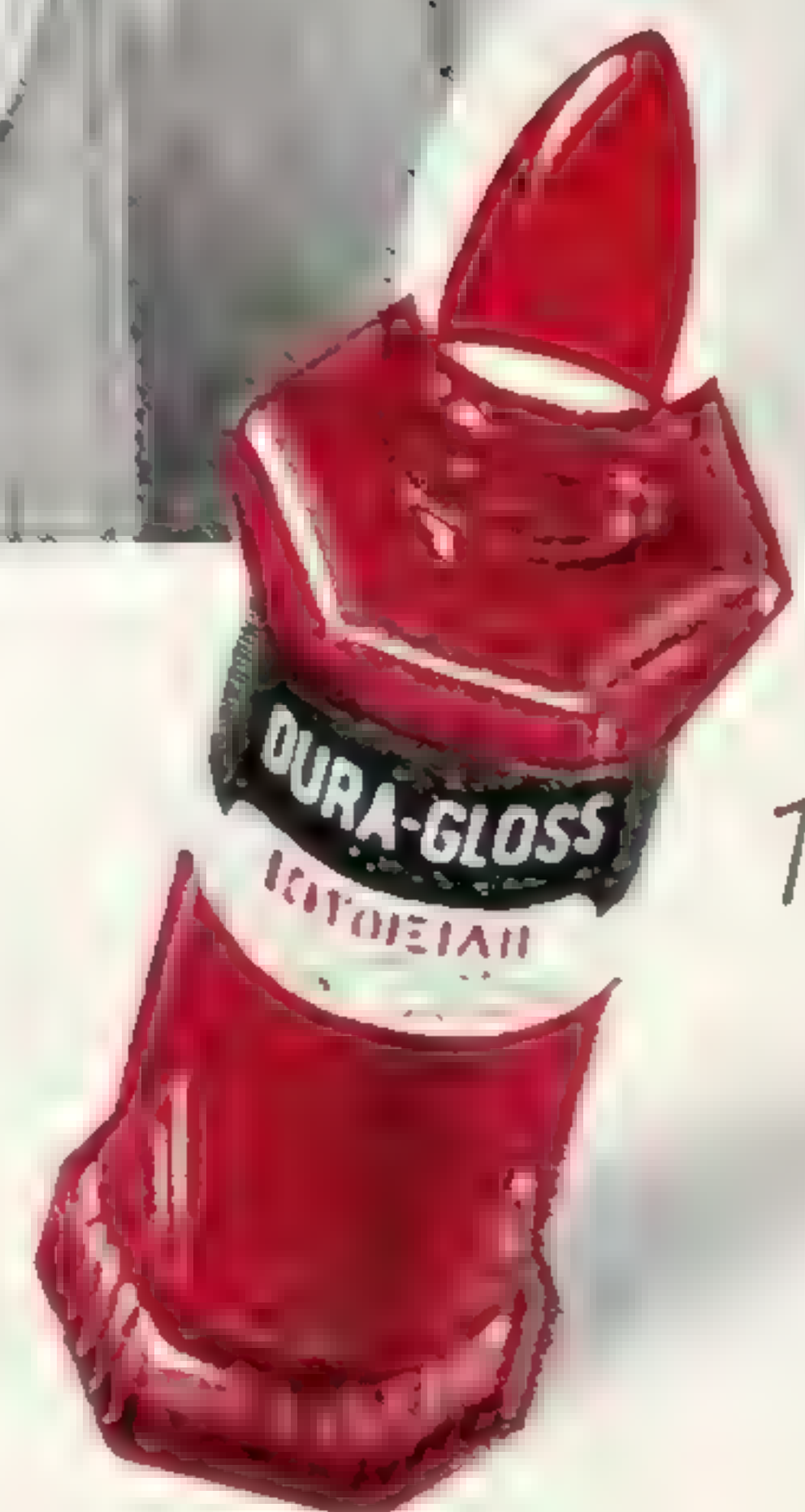
FOR VICTORY
Buy U. S. War
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BECAUSE THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR QUALITY, THERE NEVER CAN BE A "SUBSTITUTE" FOR KARO

Dura-Gloss picks you up . . .



You must be busy — who isn't, with all the extra war-work there is to do? Well, when you're feeling all worn out, try this: sit down and do your nails with Dura-Gloss. Do it slowly. Observe Dura-Gloss' steady, even flow. Look at its lovely radiance and sparkle. Your nails will look more beautiful than ever before. Chances are, you'll feel refreshed, ready for anything. Get DURA-GLOSS now. At cosmetic counters everywhere.



10¢ PLUS TAX

DURA-GLOSS *nail polish*

Cuticle Lotion
Polish Remover
Dura-Coat



The Stories Behind This Month's Stories

BEHIND the lovely Lana Turner cover gracing this issue of Photoplay-Movie Mirror is a story. . . .

Some of the most observant of you may have seen in the preceding issue a notice promising Gene Tierney as your cover girl for this month. Until a week before going to press, the editors had every intention of holding to this promise. The cover of Gene by Paul Hess was ready for the presses, when we had confirmation that Lana Turner—barring any misfortune—was really to have a baby, followed by the shocking announcement that she was filing suit for the annulment of her marriage.

With this news came editorial inspiration: Have Sara Hamilton tell readers of Photoplay-Movie Mirror the dramatic story behind this news and feature as our cover the color portrait of Lana which we knew already had been taken in the Hesse studios and which would reach these editorial offices any hour by air express.

Step one: Determining the cost of delaying the presses while new engraving plates were made. Step two: Obtaining final approval of the treasurer who eventually must pay the bill. Step three: Persuading the engraver to hire a special crew of skilled artisans to work the entire week end at double pay. Step four: Checking the actual color portrait on its arrival to make certain it was free of all flaws. Step five: Receiving from Mrs. Hamilton the exciting story you will read when you turn this page.

P.S. Here is a promise that will be kept . . . the next issue of Photoplay-Movie Mirror features on its cover the color portrait of charming Gene Tierney

BEHIND the vivid color portrait of Vic Mature in his Coast Guard uniform featured on page 46 of this issue is a story. . . .

It was Saturday night. The telephone rang determinedly as though it well knew how futile it would be to deny anything to the person making the call. "This is Victor Mature," a healthy voice boomed. "I'm in town on a forty-eight-hour furlough. I'd like to see you."

He did, while all the editorial wheels shuddered to a halt, for Mature in the role of host plays his part with as much physical onslaught as he tackles everything else in life.

Second editorial inspiration: Would Coxswain Mature

pose if Photoplay-Movie Mirror's photographer came to the hotel suite? A telephone call and presently the hotel room was assuming the look of a photographer's studio. In thirty minutes the raw negative of a kodachrome color portrait of the sailor had been exposed and was in the mails being rushed to Eastman for development.

Wednesday the film was back, developed and as exciting to the editors to see as it is now, ready for your inspection a few pages farther back, coupled with the revealing story about two star-crossed lovers, this same Mature and a certain exquisite lady, Rita Hayworth.

BEHIND the witty and refreshingly frank exposé of Humphrey and Mayo Bogart, three pages distant, is a story.

"Get Thornton Delehanty to write for Photoplay," a well-wisher advised, and arranged a meeting from which came the seeds of a new friendship, nurtured in tall tales of fabulous friends whose exploits were worthy of reporting. And as the hour grew later, there came the realization that the tallest tales about the most fabulous friend seemed strangely to center on a guy named Bogie.

Third editorial inspiration: Why not tell, for the benefit of Photoplay-Movie Mirror's readers, the best of these gay stories about a gay and happy couple? So, the editors present: "The Battling Bogarts," on pages 30 and 31 of this issue.

BEHIND the inspiring report by "Fearless" on page 67 is a story.

It has happened all too often recently that the editors of Photoplay have encountered a hostile sentiment expressed toward Hollywood. "What are the stars doing about the war except complain because they can earn only \$67,500 a year?" is the challenge hurled with the jab of a forefinger.

For the benefit of those who would like ammunition in the form of concrete facts to fire back, "Fearless" tells the truth about some Hollywood personalities, truth that makes pleasant listening.

Behind every page in this and every issue of Photoplay is a story—of editors, of photographers, of writers, of printers doing their sincere best to bring you a magazine that will inform, amuse, surprise and please you.

Fred Sammis

Lana Turner's



Lana surprised Hollywood by eloping with Stephen Crane; who could have foreseen the amazing aftermath?

Exclusive! Photoplay-Movie Mirror brings you the poignant story of a broken dream and a girl faced with tragedy

BY SARA HAMILTON

PERHAPS the most poignantly spectacular heartbreak that has happened to a Hollywood star in years of headline tragedies has come to Lana Turner Crane, she of the electric beauty, of laughter, of gaiety. At the greatest moment of her life, when she has been preparing for the coming of her baby, shocking news has blasted the months of happy marriage behind her, the glowing anticipation of the future.

She learned that she was not the legal wife of the man she married; that she could not say "husband" to the father of her child-to-be—not as matters stood that January afternoon

when America's front pages carried the first scattered facts of the story.

And she has had to do the only thing that could be done: Go into the courts and ask for an annulment of the marriage that had never been a marriage. . . .

It was a bright July morning, the California air heavy with the perfume of flowering orange blossoms, when Lana and Stephen Crane started out on their flight to the desert town of Las Vegas to say "I do" to each other. It was a somber win-

ter's day when Lana's attorneys went into a Los Angeles court to announce: "We are filing suit for the annulment of the marriage of Julie Jean Crane to Stephen Crane."

Yet great as was this blow to her hopes of building the happy married life Hollywood had said she could never have, Lana's greatest heartbreak was for the child she wanted so much. Hollywood has looked upon Lana as the darling of the night clubs, the hey-hey kid with the unquenchable zest for life. It hasn't bothered to know the real woman who was born Julie Jean Turner, later called Lana. It never really believed the

Baby



things she said she wanted from life. Yet they were so simple. Let's look back to a day seven years ago. . . .

It was the end of a four hours' wait in the Selznick studio casting office. The kid with the auburn hair, slender legs and mobile face turned to the determinedly cheerful young man beside her. "Gee, this is funny, isn't it?" she sighed. "I mean my waiting here like this, when all I really want out of life is a home and children."

The young Hollywood agent gazed thoughtfully at his client. Could it be that he was wrong when he sensed in her a potential screen personality? She was young—fifteen to be exact. But beyond the freshness of her that contrived to make even the simple sweater and skirt she wore exciting, there was something that promised of a rich maturity that would be box-office dynamite. But here she was saying, "What I really want is a home and children."

They got the job—a day's work in "A Star Is Born."

And it was true; a star was born. As astral matters go there wasn't much time lost between the moment when Mervyn LeRoy signed up Judy Turner, as she was then called, at Warner Brothers as a contract player until she became the glamorous Lana Turner, co-star of Clark Gable.

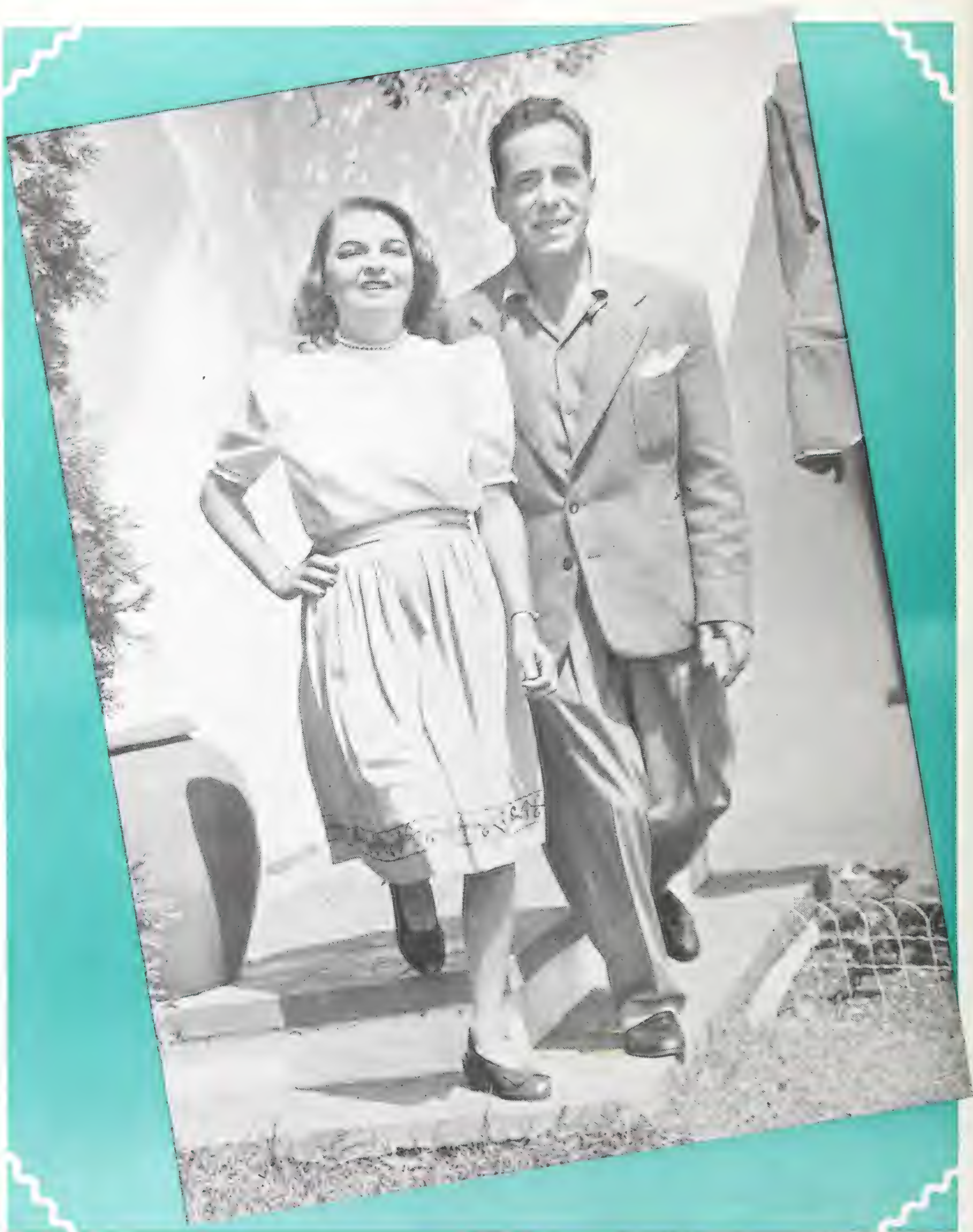
But what of the kid who said, "What I really want is a home and children?"

First, you saw her crash the news with a simple statement of her impending maternity: "Lana Turner to become a mother." Then came the later alarming word of her serious physical condition that might mean the loss of her baby at any time. And a few short weeks afterwards came the third fateful announcement: Lana and Steve had never legally been man and wife, for, on the day of their marriage, the (Continued on page 105)



After announcing the coming of her baby, Lana was at her happiest. Then, just a few weeks later, came that other fateful announcement

The Battling Bogarts



A bang-up story of Mayo and Bogie in which you hear vases crashing and voices yelling, and see one of the happiest black-and-blue wedding pictures in Hollywood

THERE'S something unique about the Humphrey Bogarts. It's their philosophy of marriage contained in the words of no less an authority than the master of the household himself. "We fight to stay married," grins Bogie.

The one deducible rule about the conflicts for which they are generally noted is that the fights seldom take place when no one is around. The Bogarts are at their best in the presence of an audience, though this statement should not infer that the engagements are faked in any way. It's just that spectators spur the contestants to greater effort, producing results which are cumulative in vehemence and sincerity.

Occasionally a battle will begin in public and end in the privacy of the Bogart home. One celebrated engagement had its inception at Madison Square Garden in New York, was carried on spasmodically at the "21" Club and then went into a series of dog fights about town before it wound up in the Algonquin Hotel where the Bogarts were staying.

This battle originated with no ap-

BY THORNTON DELEHANTY

parent stimulus, as so many others have done, and even to this day the combatants have but the sketchiest notion as to why it started. From the fragmentary reports of eyewitnesses it appears an argument started backstage at the Strand Theater where Bogie and Mayo Methot (Mrs. Bogart) had been making a personal appearance. Bogie wanted to go to a prize fight at the Garden, Mayo wanted to go to the theater with friends. They called an armistice and each went his separate way, agreeing to meet later at a night club. Bogie went to the fight alone to root for one of the pugs who was an acquaintance of his. Afterwards he visited the pug's dressing room. The pug had been pretty badly beaten up and while Bogie sat watching him have his face patched up he got an idea. He remembered that Mayo would be waiting for him at the swank "21" Club with her friends, who were of the snooty type. It occurred to him it might be rather quaint to bring his friend along. The

more he looked at the pug's bashed-in face and cauliflower ears the more quaint his idea became.

So into "21" marched Bogie and pal. Spotting Mayo and friends Bogie took the pug by the arm and marched him blithely to the table. Perhaps a trifle too blithely. Mayo sensed that this was something repulsively close to a rib. She tried to turn her back on the intruders, but Bogie put on his most elegant manner and chirped pleasantly to Mayo's guests, explaining elaborately that his companion, who up to that time had confined his conversation to "pleester meetcha" and a few other samples of Brooklynese, was an old friend from Oxford now attached to the British Embassy in Washington. At that point Mayo rose in her dignity and, gathering up her friends, swept off to another table. No sooner had they got seated than Bogie and pal joined them, just as if nothing had happened. This performance was repeated several times, to the confusion of the headwaiter and the bafflement of the other guests. Finally Mayo swung at Bogie and (Continued on page 82)



Just for the record—Mayo and Bogie like music . . .

... like dogs, really love each other, despite their off-the-record workouts



Is it Roz Russell, famous for exotic getups, the girl whose clothes rate surprised looks?



Or is it Claudette Colbert, of the striking-simplicity school, wearer of fitted-type outfits?



... and what about Veronica Lake, who doesn't follow any style rules except her own?

Who is Hollywood's

A score of Hollywood stars covet the title; dynamite will explode when they

WHO is Hollywood's best dressed woman?

There's dynamite in that question. It holds a title to which every girl in Hollywood aspires and which ninety-nine percent, at least, are convinced they deserve.

How could Photoplay-Movie Mirror dare to walk in where angels feared to tread? Obviously we were not equipped to arrive at a just and fair decision on our own. But what could be more conclusive than the vote of a jury of experts in the fashion field?

So we talked to seven pre-eminent dressmakers and designers in Hollywood and in New York and tabulated their nominations with mathematical care. Every time one of our judges named a star she was given five credits. If she was a first choice she rated five additional credits, second

choice three additional credits, third choice two additional credits.

Now there may be those who feel this is not the time to get excited about anything as superficial as clothes. We disagree. In these days which try men's souls—girls' too—it's sabotage in a way to be deliberately dreary. Certainly there never was a woman who didn't have more courage when she knew she looked pretty or smart. And there never was a man whose spirits didn't rise and whose eyes didn't brighten at the sight of a smart or pretty woman. All of which adds up to morale, that good quality of which victories are made and wars are won.

So let us get on with the exciting business of discovering those in Hollywood who compete for this title and the one who actually wins it.

Irene, designer at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, who until recently had a salon in the fashionable Beverly Wilshire where her fashion shows were Hollywood red-letter days, thought immediately of Loretta Young.

"Loretta's so slim," she said. "So beautifully slim. And she walks so well!"

This brought Irene to her idea of what makes a woman smart.

"It's largely a matter of posture," she said. "Good posture under clothes that are simple and proper for the time and the place. In other words it's possible to every woman."

Thoughtfully she continued, "A good clothes figure helps too. Not a physical-culture figure but the 'shoulders up, derrière under' type. For actually a good clothes figure does not



There's Ann Sothorn, who the fashion judges admit knows clothes. But is that enough?



Loretta Young's the tall-girl type. In the experts' eyes, does that make a best dressed woman?



Ginger Rogers can wear most any type dress and look well—and that might be a winning point!

Best Dressed Woman?

discover whom the seven style-expert judges have chosen to wear the laurels

demand perfect proportions. Bosoms can be faked, shoulders can be added to, waistlines can be minimized and derrières can be hidden. Only large diaphragms, legs and arms are difficult to disguise. The bodies which are most beautiful in the nude often are rather bad in clothes and vice versa.

"Which brings us right back to the importance of a good carriage, since a good carriage will minimize most physical defects very nicely!"

Claudette Colbert came next to mind as Irene considered those who have what she terms "a really great manner of wearing clothes."

"Because Claudette has exquisite taste, never overdresses and has wonderful hips!"

Rosalind Russell rated third "because she has such a definite assurance that she can carry anything—

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

even unto a flowerpot on her head—and make it important."

Marlene Dietrich "because she's always so courageously the glamorous Dietrich."

Constance Bennett "because she too carries herself wonderfully and, besides, has an innate knowledge of clothes."

Joan Crawford "because she has an exceptional ability to make what she wears right for Crawford."

Dolores Del Rio "because she is that rare combination—a great beauty and well-groomed."

Irene paused. "It isn't possible," she said slowly, "to think about the screen's smart women and not remember Carole Lombard. Not that

any of us ever have forgotten her. To all who knew her, personally or on the screen, she's still vivid. Carole was outstandingly chic because she knew so well the beauty of stark simplicity."

EDITH HEAD, designer, at Paramount and an important contributor to the glory of stars like Claudette Colbert and Paulette Goddard, among others, spoke first of the one hundred percent way in which the stars are rallying to war restrictions in clothes as well as other things.

"You couldn't get the girls I know to wear any mode that isn't strictly in accord with the War Production Board's requirements," she said. "And I must say that not one of them, by adjusting and co-operating with the Government, has sacrificed any part

Below: Travis Banton, N. Y. Hollywood



Below: Irene, designer for M-G-M stars



Below: Mrs. Leslie Morris of RKO



Below: Valentina, N. Y. style expert



Above: Lily Dache, creator of hats



Above: Howard Greer, debs' favorite



Above: Edith Head, Paramount stylist



Presenting the Judges in Photoplay-Movie Mirror's Fashion Race

of her attractive grooming."

Edith Head is convinced any girl can be outstandingly smart—if she'll take the trouble. "For what is chic, after all," she asked, "but a matter of making sure a gown or a suit or a coat is right for your chassis and the occasion—then putting it on and forgetting it?"

"Women who're conscious of their clothes or of their bodies in their clothes subtract from their smartness immeasurably," she insisted. "A woman isn't well groomed when any sense of the flesh gets through."

Claudette came first on her list.

"Claudette," she said, "is one of the most beautifully groomed women I've ever seen. She plans her clothes meticulously. She requires them to fit perfectly. So, always confident her clothes are everything they should be, she comes—quite naturally—into that calm assurance with which a woman dramatizes whatever she wears."

BARBARA STANWYCK won second place. "Once Barbara didn't spend nearly enough time or thought upon her appearance," Edith Head said. "Unlike most women she became clothes-conscious *after marriage*. Her recent strides in grooming prove, of course, that this is something which can be acquired."

Veronica Lake was her next choice. She believes Veronica will be outstanding for her grooming before very long. "She knows what to wear and how to wear it," she says. "She doesn't try to be six other people, but chooses clothes to suit her."

Margaret Hayes also went on her list. "Margaret was chosen by Vogue and Harper's—properly enough in my opinion—" she said, "as the girl with the best clothes figure and the greatest clothes flair to represent Los Angeles. She knows how to handle clothes, too."

Then Frances Farmer joined her line-up. "Frances has good clothes sense, wears clothes with authority and has good posture, too," she explained.

Howard Greer, the third expert we

talked to, very well might take himself seriously. He's designed clothes for the biggest studios. Screen and radio stars and social bright lights flock to his Beverly Hills salon. The New York press cover his showings with elaborate feature stories. However, preferring to be amusing, Howard Greer refers to himself and his kind as "sempstresses." Under any name his opinions are important and—in this case—refreshing.

He tackled our problem like this:

"1. There's Katie Hepburn. Because with her tiny waist and broad shoulders she's any dressmaker's dream girl. And because she carries—particularly in this militant age—her clothes with assurance.

"2. There's Gracie Allen (oh, yes, there is!) who should be a boon to all the little gals. Over the air she may be "cute," but in clothes she's smart. She isn't easy to dress. But once dressed she's a pleasure.

"3. There's Dorothy Lamour, because she gives clothes zest and sex and excitement. A dress, I always say, is only so good as the gal who wears it and I like the way Lamour wears clothes.

"4. There's Rita Hayworth because she's young, exquisitely beautiful and natural. She's still developing a clothes sense but she's well on the road to grabbing laurels.

"5. There's Lana Turner. Because she's young and quite definitely the very essence of these times in which we live. We must, after all, remember that clothes chic changes with clothes styles. What Gloria Swanson looked so well in fifteen years ago is a little dowdy today. Lana Turner represents the breeziness of youth, the agitation of a jitterbug. She's as modern as anything could be. She has a beautiful figure and she knows what to do with it. In terms of 'right now' I'd call her outstandingly smart."

WE next sought Valentina who, in New York, is the last word in the world of fashion. To the creme de la creme of the stage, the screen and the social world her word is law.

She designed the costumes Lily Pons wears in "Lucia," at the Metropolitan this season. Garbo and Lynn Fontanne and Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt are among the famous who visit her dove-grey salon in the East Seventies. It was Valentina whom Paramount brought to Hollywood to design the clothes Ginger Rogers wears as the best dressed (Continued on page 84)

COLOR PORTRAIT SERIES

- ★ *Veronica Lake:* Appearing in Paramount's "Star Spangled Rhythm" page 35
- ★ *Greer Garson:* Appearing in M-G-M's "Random Harvest" page 38
- ★ *Alice Faye:* Appearing in Twentieth Century-Fox's "Hello, Frisco, Hello" page 39
- ★ *Jane Wyman:* Appearing in Warners' "Princess O'Rourke" page 42
- ★ *Ronald Reagan:* Captain in the U. S. Army page 42
- ★ *Betty Grable:* Appearing in Twentieth Century-Fox's "Coney Island" page 43
- ★ *George Raft:* Appearing in Warners' "Background To Danger" page 43
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Veronica Lake



Dear Reader:

Adela Rogers St. Johns, famous

DEAR READER:

When I left New York for Hollywood last fall the inextinguishable reporter in me had an urge to see what effect almost a year of wartime had had upon the movie colony. I hadn't been home—it's funny that I still call California home, though these days I spend most of my time in Washington and New York—since December 7. Surely in that year A.P.H. (After Pearl Harbor), I told myself, there must be a vast, seething story of pictures and picture people waiting to be written.

I've tried very hard to write such a story—and somehow I can't quite do it. Maybe it's too big. Maybe it's too—different. But the start of a new year has always seemed to me a good time to write letters, to catch up with each other, to say a few of the things in our hearts that often we are too shy or too hurried or just too careless to say at any other season. And so I thought I'd like to write a letter about Hollywood in wartime to all the people who love motion pictures and are grateful for the happiness and surcease they bring in times of trouble.

For to tell you the truth, I am

It was from Betty Grable's close friend George Raft that the story about her came

Lana Turner has her picture taken dancing with a service man at the Hollywood Canteen; the world nods approval. But what of the service men's real feelings? They confided them to Adela St. Johns



Hollywood has changed!

reporter, writes you personally of the exciting new town that is being born out West

pretty proud of my home town and of the folks—movie stars and movie people—who make up its population.

You see, at first I wasn't.

Coming from New York, with its blackout and its gas rationing and its war-consciousness, from Washington where are gathered all the men and women who are actively directing this great and terrible and magnificent war, I was pretty upset about Hollywood—just at first. I had been away a year, the Japs had dived on Pearl Harbor, our sons and husbands and sweethearts were in uniform, American boys had been shot down from the skies and Wake Island was a glorious page now in our history but not so glorious as it must one day be when we have paid off those hordes of little brown beasts for their treachery and inhumanity.

Yet Hollywood didn't seem to have changed at all. Long glittering cars still flashed swiftly along the boulevards, the lights of Hollywood still shone brightly, the palm trees waved in the sunshine and just at first it didn't seem to me that anybody thought much about the war. It took me weeks to get it through my head

that Hollywood's bravery was to be as glittering and as glamorous as always, to provide escape and memory of times when all was well, to inspire others by their example.

I THINK the first time it hit me really hard was when I began to miss Clark Gable. A visit with the Big Moose was always part of my home-coming. A long gabfest to catch up with what had been going on in our lives and our minds.

I had talked with Clark on the phone in Washington just before he finally enlisted. I knew he was in uniform. I knew what a battle he'd had to put up to get into that uniform. I can tell you here and now that no man ever got into the Army over greater obstacles. It came over me then what a good hater Gable could be; hating the Japs and the Germans because but for them Carole would not have had to go out to sell War Bonds and die on that mountaintop—one of our first war victims.

So it seemed that his absence was more poignant in Hollywood than his presence had ever been and as you all know that presence was doggone

poignant. He was—and is—the best loved man in Hollywood. When they talk about him now, there's that love, but there's a certain grimness, too. I found a good deal of grimness under Hollywood's gallantly gay surface.

There isn't any use of going into the miles and miles that Hollywood stars have covered to go and entertain our soldiers and sailors and Marines. I think added up they circle the globe a good many times. I promise you that there is no hour of the day or night when these men and women and boys and girls cannot be told to grab the next train, even if it's a day coach, and head for some strange destination to do what they can to make our boys feel how they stand with us.

One night I happened to go up to a bridge club run by Mr. Langdon, the bridge expert. There again everything seemed about as usual—and I felt as though I'd had a cold shower. The Marx Brothers and their pretty wives in their long fur coats, a lot of the same faces and the same jokes and the same games. Then George Raft drifted in. He had a bad cold and he looked a little (Continued on page 86)

The presence of Gable, with Carole, in Hollywood, was poignant; his absence has even a greater effect



The town has changed; its people have changed too. Take that incident on Greer Garson's tour . . .



Greer Garson



Alice Faye



Wives



Ida Lupino makes the statement to Dorothy Haas; husband Hayward approves; the Mrs. Grundys start shaking their heads—until they catch on to this new wartime idea

WIVES whose husbands are away in service should have war dates," said Ida Lupino emphatically.

"You mean actual dates with other men? What about the Mrs. Grundys?" we asked, nearly upsetting our cup of good English tea which we were enjoying in the friendly playroom of the Lupino-Hayward home high on a Brentwood hill.

The room was bright with chintzes, cheered by a crackling log fire in the grate. Louis Hayward's pipes were still in racks, his favorite books scattered about, although he had been a lieutenant in the Marine Corps and away at "undisclosed destinations" for several months.

"Certainly I mean actual dates. Quite harmless ones, and the Mrs. Grundys have nothing to do with it," Ida answered. "It is a question 'to be decided entirely between husband and wife. Of course, if the husband objects, the wife should not do it. If he approves, she should ignore gossip, but I don't think there would be any."

"Don't misinterpret," Ida hastened to add. "I have a very definite plan for these war dates and there are certain rules to be considered. Nor do I suggest that a war wife should go flitting about on dates all the time her husband is away. But every now and then I believe she *should* have one!"

Ida, so full of restless energy that she puts a caged tiger to shame,

should have been tired. She had been entertaining service men the night before, had just finished two consecutive pictures—"Life Begins At Eight-thirty" at Twentieth Century and "The Hard Way" at Warners—and was about to leave on a Bond-selling tour. But there is no relaxing for Ida. She rose from her deep chair and paced the room as she talked.

"My championing war dates for wives is not entirely for the benefit of those wives, although directly it is. Indirectly, it's for their husbands," she said. "Bear with me through a little roundabout reasoning.

"I think we all agree that women need the company of men, their conversation and viewpoint, unless they

should have war dates

Ida Lupino's 6 Favorite War Dates

1. Monty Woolley, actor
2. Harry Mines, drama critic
3. Robert Coote, flying officer
4. The Army, Navy and Marine Corps
5. The Army, Navy and Marine Corps
6. The Army, Navy and Marine Corps



Preferred stock on Mrs. Hayward's wartime date list is Monty Woolley. He takes her to dinner at the Mocambo, pulls a typical Woolley trick

want to grow stuffy. Of course they should do all kinds of war work to fill spare time, but now and then a respectable social evening in the company of a man is advisable.

"The USO and other agencies are doing a magnificent job of entertaining men who are away from home, to keep up their morale. But what about their wives—or fiancées—back home? If they sit at home night after night, they worry! Nine times out of ten the worries for their men are groundless, but nevertheless they worry. And when the men get back on leave, they find their wives nervous, fidgety, irritable.

"That is no help to the men's morale. If those wives had a few harmless dates they would be less nervous, more interesting, have more things to talk about.

"There is another aspect of these dates helping morale of our fighting men. It is almost inevitable that the men the wife had her dates with are other service men or men about to

enter the armed forces. If she helps entertain them for a few hours, she is aiding directly in the morale-building we know is so vital. Surely she wants to think that her husband is enjoying the same sort of harmless fun wherever he may be. Then why shouldn't she help?

"I believe a wife should follow three very simple rules. Let's call our war wife Mrs. Smith. And by the way, let's vote out that horrible term 'war widow' for the duration.

"First, I think Mrs. Smith should have her husband's consent to go out with another man *before* she goes. She should have discussed it with him before he left, checking off a list of their mutual bachelor friends and asking if he approves of any of them. Or, if she has not done that, Mrs. Smith might write him something like this:

"I know you don't want me to stay home every night you are away, although I want to most of the time. You know you can trust me to go out

now and then. Here are the names of men, all of whom you know, who have invited me out or who might be suggested as dinner partners. If you say no, of course I won't accept. But if you approve I don't think there would be any harm in my going to a movie or to dinner."

"It is most important that the list should be men Mr. Smith *does* know; that gives him a chance to approve or disapprove. And they should not be men with reputations as 'wolves,' because even if their behavior is above reproach with our Mrs. Smith, the gossipy Mrs. Grundys might doubt it and there goes Mrs. Smith's reputation!

"If Mrs. Smith must write to her husband at some distant camp or overseas, she should wait for his answer before accepting a date. If the date can't be postponed until she has her husband's approval, then she shouldn't have the date!

"My second rule," Ida continued, "is whenever (*Continued on page 90*)





Remembrance in Color, by Hyman Fink: Duet Portraits of Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan, Betty Grable and George Raft

Who's News?

Four headliners who are making their own news
—and here are the private answers to the personal questions you are asking about them

BY SARA HAMILTON

SUSAN PETERS: If you're down Santa Monica way looking for a moderate-priced, inauspicious apartment, the attractive brown-haired, grey-eyed young lady who shows you around the building could very well be Susan Peters. M-G-M's newest star in "Random Harvest." Susan's mother is man-aging the apartment house and Susan does the odd chores when her mother is busy.

"Laps that touch liquor shall never touch mine," is the sincere slogan of the lady who looks upon the fact that touch liquor shall never touch mine. She'll have none of the lads who look upon the beverage when it's red or any other old color. In fact there's an Elsie Dinsmore quality about Susan, whose real name, incidentally, is Suzanne Carnahan.

She'll have no nonsense going on around her and let that be a lesson to everyone. She was born in Spokane, Washington, under Hollywood's favorite sign of Leo, but was brought by her mother to Hollywood when a mere babe. Her mother is Hollywood High School graduate. Sacred Heart and La Rue School for Girls preceded her growing about saw her. A Warner scout prowling about saw her, had her tested and signed. For two years she had already decided she'd give this movie business three years and if she hadn't clicked into stardom, she'd get out. She clicked with several months to spare. It happened after Warners fired her at the end of two years. She had gone to M-G-M for a small role in "Tish" when Mervyn LeRoy (Lana's discoverer) approached her. He'd seen her "Tish" test. "You're funny in 'Random Harvest,'" he told her. "Look, Mother," she cried, racing home like a mad thing. "I'm to play funny with Greer Garson and Ronald Colman." "Is that good, dear?" her mother asked and went on balancing books. Her mother still thinks this movie thing is merely an interlude in Susan's business career and one she'll get over. She got over Phil Terry, too, and has no serious heart interest.





VAN JOHNSON: His eyes, freckles and ears are all the same color—a lovely, delicate beige. His mop of red-blond hair tops his six-foot-two-inch height like a sunset over Mount Whitney. His feet are huge, his voice caressingly tense and his name—Van Johnson. He is an American-born Swede—Newport, Rhode Island, the place; the time, twenty-six years ago. He learned to dance and sing in high school and after graduation and a brief period in his father's real-estate office, he took those talents to Broadway and sold them in the show "New Faces." Then, from night-club floor shows, Van stepped into the Broadway successes "Too Many Girls" and "Pal Joey."

A Hollywood contract at Warners rendered him miserable. He made no pictures. One awful film, "Murder In The Big House," washed him out. Nobody wanted him. Nobody, until Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz pointed him out to M-G-M's casting director Billy Grady, and he was in.

When he was young he wanted with all his heart to be a trapeze artist. In high school he yearned to be a wolf. Now he wants to get married, but has no one in mind. He eats constantly and is crazy over Garbo. He's news because of his work in "The War Against Mrs. Hadley," the "Dr. Gillespie" series and "The Human Comedy."



MARY ASTOR: "Why, your hair's red," people always cry upon beholding Mary Astor in person. "I thought you were a brown-eyed brunette." Her newest picture, "Private Miss Jones," in Technicolor, will provide a glimpse for the first time of the red tresses of la Astor, who has the most alluring profile in Hollywood, the easiest, most natural manner, a sense of humor and intelligence deep enough to read everything written. She's gay, she's fun, she's people. She has two children, a daughter by ex-husband Dr. Franklin Thorpe, and a son by ex-husband Manuel Del Campo whom she is now divorcing.

Hogs she's wise to, owning a seventy-seven-acre ranch near Indio stocked with sows, cows and plows. It pays off, too. Her smart clipped hair-do is the envy of every woman. That job of piano playing in "The Great Lie" was partly her own. Warners merely polished it off in spots.

Mary Astor, the former Lucille Vasconcels Langhanks of Quincy, Illinois, has been in pictures twenty-two years and is still news. She's news because she's come through storms that would have laid low any other woman. She's news because she's signed an M-G-M contract after six years of free lancing. She's news because her work for the Civilian Patrol Division of Los Angeles is important to our Government. Incidentally, she's no relative to Mrs. Astor or her horse and she's prettier than both put together.



WILLIAM BENDIX: Because the nose belonging to one William Bendix makes a Commando raid over the greater portion of his face, he's a Who's News personality of the month. He wins by a nose. A distinctive feature, bashed in by a ball bat in his youth; a blow that later rendered him sufficiently pugnacious in appearance to play Aloysius Randall, the unforgettable Marine of "Wake Island."

Before movies, in Orange, New Jersey, William was in the grocery business; a business that fell flat on its face value, sending our hero to the job of master of ceremonies and playing in amateur shows. Finally he landed in the New Jersey Federal Theater Group at \$22 a week. Between Guild shows he tried Broadway in six plays that flopped exactly six times. Summer stock and odd jobs preceded his big hit in Saroyan's "Time Of Your Life." Later, M-G-M brought him to Hollywood to play the tavern-keeper in "Woman Of The Year." Roach studios grabbed him for a few shorts and Paramount clutched at him for "The Glass Key," "Wake Island" and "China."

His wife and twelve-year-old daughter share a modest Hollywood bungalow. Unused to security, he revels in the simple things they can now afford. Born on New York's East Side, he was bat boy for the Giants. He's Hollywood's bat boy now, hitting the home run of his life.

Victor Mabeus





In the midst of
their hello and
good-by week end:
Rita and Vic at
the Stork Club

When Rita Hayworth said good-by to Vic Mature

The story of forty-eight hours, a week-end farewell for
two people who parted with an uncertain present but
a bright and shining stake in the future

BY RICHARD ADDISON

AS a handicapper of love, Hollywood certainly can look silly at times. This time it's on account of a sailor and a lady.

How come? Well, you see the lady loves the sailor something terrible and the sailor loves the lady something awful. To prove it the pretty sweeting tripped 3,000 miles to see the sailor and the sailor jogged 300 miles to see the pretty sweeting, 300 miles being just about tops considering that the leave was only good for forty-eight hours and the sailor had better be back on time—or else.

This is the story of those forty-eight hours, how they were spent and how much they were enjoyed. It is also a story about the two star-crossed lovers who, according to Hollywood, weren't meant for each other, mostly on account of the nautical one who was, again quoting Hollywood, a wolf, a meanie who used beautiful girls solely for publicity purposes and, to top everything off, a "fresh-water" sailor who had managed to get himself stationed at San Pedro (forty-five minutes from the Brown Derby), where he spent his time double-talking admirals, sleeping in

the brig and wangling week-end passes for trips to Hollywood.

To get back to that forty-eight-hour leave in New York, it came as a total surprise to the sailor who is actually a member of the United States Coast Guard and entered on the pay roll (\$70 a month) as Coxswain Victor John Mature. Transferred at his own request and ordered to Boston (4,500 minutes from the Brown Derby), he was just getting the hang of things when he was handed a message reading, "Call Operator 8 at Los Angeles." He didn't dare to hope. He just picked up the phone, followed directions and waited for someone to answer. Someone did. It was Rita Hayworth.

"I'm coming to New York, Vic," Rita shrieked joyously.

"What?" the coxswain shouted.

"I'm leaving tomorrow," she sang, ignoring his consternation, "and arriving Saturday morning."

"What does the studio say about the trip?" he asked, his cigarette dropping out of his hand. (He was

referring to the oft-expressed advice that the quicker Rita Hayworth dropped Victor Mature, the better it would be for her career.)

"I didn't ask for any opinions. I just said I was going."

Silence for five seconds.

"What time do you arrive in New York?"

"Ten o'clock."

"I'll be there."

"Good night."

"Good night."

IT IS one of the ironies in this pastorate that when Coxswain Victor John Mature appeared before his commanding officer the next day to request a forty-eight-hour leave, it was the first leave he had requested in seven months. It was all put down in writing on the official document granting Coxswain Mature the leave in question along with the information that Coxswain Mature's record was without blemish, despite the countless times he was reported to have been tossed into the brig. Opposite the words "Purpose of visit" on this same official document the commanding (Continued on page 99)

Kiss me for luck

She was young and new to the ways of Hollywood.
So, when he asked his question, how could she know
that a kiss for luck can be a detour to danger, too?

Beginning this vivid new novel

By Henry and Sylvia Lieferant

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

PHIL JORDAN stood alone at the employees' entrance of the El Torador night club and watched his two brothers vanish down the Hollywood side street. Sleep held Hollywood in soft enchantment. Glamour had retired, exploitation was resting. All the vanity that human beings brought to the street by day had vanished and even the hills were mercifully smudged by the finger of night.

Suddenly the unfamiliar taste of loneliness was in Phil's mouth. Half the kick of having good news was sharing it with someone. Roy and Chet had rushed off to tell their girls, while he—

"Goodnight, Mr. Jordan Brothers," a pert little voice spoke out of the shadows.

"Oh, hello," Phil addressed the small figure moving away from the door. She was the kid, who sang a couple of numbers in the floor show. Then, suddenly, "Hey, Miss Bell, doing anything tonight?"

"Certainly am," smiled the girl. "I'm going home."

"Well—could you hold up your program long enough to take on some java and a hamburger?" There was a curious diffidence in the tone of Phil

Jordan, number one slapstick comedian of the three Jordans.

"Do you mind if I make mine crackers and milk?"

"That's swell," breathed Phil in pleased surprise and took her arm to steer her toward a lunch bar glimmering down the street. Everything was suddenly rosy. "You know," he burst out, "when a guy gets good news—especially in our business—he's got to have someone to tell it to."

The girl looked up at the tall muscular frame, the clever face with the straight eyes. "I'm an awfully good listening post," she said softly.

Presently Phil was telling Betsy Bell that he was as certain of it as that—that being a snap of the fingers. The Jordan Brothers would wow Philo Haney, the big Hollywood producer. He was coming down to catch their act tomorrow night. It was their big chance. They couldn't fail.

"Is it ever as simple as that?" she asked, snapping her fingers with an impudent mimicry which made him smile.

"Haney never sees an act except he's sure of signing it up!"

"How can he be sure until he sees you?"

"They say he smells his discoveries long-distance."

That was one of the Haney legends that sounded wacky to Betsy. But then the whole Hollywood business was wacky and she as looney as the rest for sticking around all this time. "Only you never hear about the ones he sees that he doesn't sign up. They don't talk. Look Phil, I'm not trying to discourage you—"

"We can't fail!" he repeated, gripping the diminutive elbow in his hand. "Roy and Chet have the looks. Roy has the voice, too, and when he gets to work on his accordion—you heard him now for three weeks. That accordion talks—it's like a fourth Jordan brother. And there's Chet's feet, too. He sings with 'em—words and rhythm. Ma used to say he had all his wit in his feet."

"And you, Phil? What have you got?" Her voice had a clear, singing quality, the eager joy of childhood which still hunts and expects surprises.

"I'm just the two-by-four upright the house leans on, though I'm telling you they don't need anybody to hold 'em up."

"That's not what the papers said about what you did when you were in



and the rest of it

He could have kissed her then, she looked so much like a small lost kid. Instead, "Smoke?" he asked coldly, his voice strained



Phil tilted Betsy's face upward. She didn't want him to kiss her; it was bad business getting too friendly with him

Springtime Is Swingtime.'"

"What do you know about that?"

"I read English," Betsy laughed. "I even went through High. Try me on any two-syllable word."

"Well, the papers were wrong," he said gruffly. "Anybody who says I'm better than the boys is talking hooley. It's all the Jordans together or none. The three Jordans—one for all and all for fun."

Betsy made no answer. There was nothing to say. She had watched Phil these three weeks and liked him, but she always had an uneasy feeling when she saw the three brothers together, presenting a united front to the world. They understood each other without speech, communicated by a lift of the eyebrow or a twist of the hand.

Privately she thought, too, that Phil was the best of the team. They were all crazy as fleas, but *he was the show*. He started all the ad libbing which was their special talent. He did the feeding, the mimicry, the pantomime.

He was the big-time stuff, and this time tomorrow night—maybe—

Abruptly she took a few skipping steps.

"Walking too fast, Betsy?"

"No, that's the way I do. I can't help it."

He thought her little skip had first attracted her to him; as if she were running to catch up with something and couldn't wait to get there. All at once, he didn't want to walk too fast, or reach the end of the evening too soon.

IN the all-night lunch bar, Phil and Betsy were the only customers. She was so small that her feet swung a foot clear of the stool and Phil thought she always looked like a twelve-year-old dressed for Sunday school. Skin pink and freshly bathed, blue eyes bright, curls fat and sleek as though they'd just come out of curl papers.

It struck him now that she was a performer, too, and here he'd been puffing on about his brothers with never a word for her work. She did a single, song and dance at El Toreador, but girls with less had gone further than Betsy Bell. And now that Phil and his brothers were on the way up, he hated the idea of a kid like Betsy being stuck in cheap night clubs.

"How'd you get to El Toreador?" he asked when the first round of food was gone.

"It's my speed," she laughed. "I'm only a lightweight. I'm glad to have thirty-five a week."

He'd never heard such talk. Even if you hadn't seen better days, your agent wouldn't let you say so. But her honesty matched the rest of her. "Maybe you need a partner. Ever worked duo?"

"Once with a man, then a girl. No go."

He thought that over. "That's funny. You ought to get along with people."

"Working together isn't just—getting along with people."

"How come?"

"It's like marriage—only harder. Sometimes, anyway."

"I never been married," Phil said.

"Me either," she answered, and they both smiled in unexplained embarrassment.

Out on the street, they walked again in brief silence. Then he said, "You're a wise kid, Betsy. I bet," he kidded, "you could work with me. No?"

"Yes," she corrected bluntly, "but you—you're set for life."

"For life," he agreed. "If one of us lights out—it's insurance or a hamburger stand for the others. Three Jordans—Roy and Chet and Phil—or nothing. . . ."

Her hotel was a small brick building in a side street. A bare bulb over the desk and two floor lamps were lit in the lobby.

"That you, Betsy?" drawled the clerk, peering into the gloom. "You're late. Where you been? Oh, excuse me, mister—"

"Do they check up on you?" Phil demanded. "Is it a girls' club?"

She put her hand on his sleeve, fearful of an argument. "Only a family hotel. The boss's wife is a sweet old thing and likes to know that everybody is safe. Sometimes—well, it makes you feel good to know that somebody cares whether you're in or out."

He put one finger under her chin and tilted her face upward. She was astonished that he wanted to kiss her. The Jordans didn't have a reputation for making passes at every girl and she didn't want him to kiss her. It was bad business getting too friendly with fellow performers in every place you worked. And anyway, now that he was going up—

Well, maybe before he climbed so high that she'd never see him again, she *did* want him to kiss her. Hello and good-by. All for one and all for fun. It would be nice working with somebody, somebody with a loose-limbed agile body, a square bony face, a sensitive (Continued on page 77)

I was self-conscious

For all shy maidens:

A trick for conversation that
will make them a sensation

BY

Claudette Colbert

WHEN I was in the theater there never was an opening night when I wasn't nervous. Since I have been in pictures there have been directors with reputations for temperament for whom I've worked with trepidation, previews of pictures at which I've quaked and scenes I've approached with icy hands. But never in my life have I known worse stage fright than I knew several years ago over a large party at the Trocadero.

Social stage fright used to be natural to me. I used to force myself to give parties and to attend parties exactly as I still force myself to make semi-annual visits to the dentist. In an effort to make parties less of an ordeal I used to plan in advance how I would act and what I would say. This never worked, of course. I invariably left parties with a mixture of relief and disappointment; relief that the party was over and disappointment that once again I had neither contributed to the evening nor had a good time.

Because I was in pictures I undoubtedly was more self-conscious than I would have been otherwise. When you're in pictures you're looked over from tip to toe. You also have to make an effort. For if you sit back quietly you're certain to be branded high-hat or dumb, or both. Usually both!

A famous social leader, a young wife firmly entrenched in film colony society, was to be a guest at that Trocadero party. I dreaded meeting her. Why I thought a young woman famed for social grace would act stupidly superior or glacial I now cannot imagine. But in the general distortion my social stage fright caused, that's exactly what I did think. I didn't stop there either. I tortured myself with the boredom this social leader would feel for what I had to say. Not that I blamed her! I bored myself



Author "C.C." of "No Time For Love," self-named social problem child

at parties. Since I was unable to relax long enough to think or talk naturally I resorted to "polite conversation." Is anything more deadly?

Arriving at that Trocadero party I went at once to the powder room. Anyone who suffers social stage fright will realize I sought this room as a sanctuary. The longer you linger in a powder room the longer you avoid the scene of which you're afraid.

A young woman in a simple black gown came in and sat down at the next dressing table.

From the instant she came through the swinging door I knew she didn't seek that room as any retreat. There

was nothing tense or hesitant about her.

She turned to me with a wide, warm smile. "You're Claudette Colbert," she said. "And I'm. . ."

I lost her name in the chatter of several women who came in just then.

"I understand," she said, "you're going to be married—very soon!"

She wasn't prying. She was interested in me, excited for me.

We began discussing desirable and available houses. We went on to salad gardens.

"When you put in your salad garden," she said, "you must let me tell you where to (Continued on page 91)

Portrait of

Looking candidly at Cary, now an American,



HE has an amazing memory for telephone numbers. He doesn't like champagne and has never aspired to climb a mountain.

He laments his inclination to "talk too much."

He always carries a thirty-eight-cent lighter which he bought in Mexico. He has no English accent and has contributed \$225,000 in salary to the U. S. O., American Red Cross and British War Relief.

He was born Archibald Alexander Leach.

He plays golf righthanded, tennis lefthanded, and confesses he has a "weak stomach" when it comes to reading publicity about himself. He is six feet, one inch tall.

He is a great admirer of hamburgers with onions but without pickles. He has never been attracted to fishing as a sport and does not believe sincerity to be a common virtue among people.

He was married on July 8, 1942, to Barbara von Haugwitz-Reventlow in a quiet ceremony at the Lake Arrowhead home of a friend. He doesn't like chicken, his parents were English, and he is constantly suffering stage fright.

He hates process cheese.

He never wears garters.

He sings a lusty baritone and awaits his adopted country's wishes in regard to his services which he proffered after Pearl Harbor, making himself available for either military, propaganda or anything Washington chooses. His hair is blue-black.

Cary hates cats, likes dogs, has two, Archibald and Cholmondeley; one, half Sealyham, half poodle, the other, all Sealyham



"U.S." Grant

guy right up the alley of his new Uncle Sam

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

His name is now legally Cary Grant.

He speaks no other languages.

He shaves with an ordinary drugstore-variety safety razor and devotes much time to the Hollywood Victory Committee, British War Relief Association (Hollywood Division) and the Screen Actors Guild, holding office with all three.

He is very fond of French sourdough bread. He is terrified at big functions and was born on January 18, 1904.

He becomes tongue-tied when asked for an impromptu speech, yet is personally a glib conversationalist. He became an American citizen on June 26, 1942, having applied for his final papers when the United States entered the war.

He is extremely tidy to a point of distraction. He doesn't like oatmeal.

He doesn't like fruit of any kind and invariably acts on impulse.

He has not tasted tea in ten years.

He rides horseback badly and recalls as his most vivid impression his first sight of the painting on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel in Rome. He has no hobbies.

He was born in Bristol, England, dislikes tinkering with machinery and was formerly married to Virginia Cherrill, now the Countess of Jersey. His eyes are brown.

He is very fond of candy, "too much for my own good." He doesn't like Hawaiian music and believes snobbery is an acquired characteristic rather (Continued on page 88)



Addenda on the Grant from memory: He likes to play Jerome Kern tunes on the piano; listen to classical music on the radio.



Cary and his wife, Barbara Hutton, at the races. He enjoys horse races, likes to bet—but never more than two dollars

I Wish

If you had your choice of being someone else, whom would you like to be? Careful! Psychiatrists say that choice reveals what kind of person you really are.

But these five Hollywood stars confess their secret longings to Helen Louise Walker, thereby giving themselves away!

Anne Shirley says: *I wish I were Marsha Hunt*



"Marsha has traits that I envy. The chief one, I guess, is her complete thoroughness. I think she gets twice the real experience out of a week of living that most of us do. She can get something vital and amusing and worth telling if she makes a trip to the grocery. But . . . I wouldn't have noticed it if I had been there!

"Marsha has such confidence in herself. Maybe a better name for it is 'courage.' If they were to ask her, at the studio, to play a trapeze artist and really go to work on the trapeze, she'd just say, quite calmly, 'All right. I'll try it.' And she'd probably be a trapeze artist before she was through. I can't bring myself to try anything unless I'm sure, beforehand, that I can do it.

"She has a talent for being happy. I think I'm a pretty happy person, too. But I have to work at it. Marsha seems to achieve it without effort.

"What I really want is Marsha's capacity to plan intelligently and then to carry out her plans carefully and enjoy the whole process.

"Marsha and I want the same things. I want to be able to achieve them as easily as she does!"



Ruth Hussey says: *I wish I were Emily Post*



"It must be a wonderful feeling to know that you are always right under whatever circumstances you find yourself. It isn't just a matter of knowing which fork to use or whether or not to wear long gloves. It's being sure that you know the appropriate, the gracious thing to say and do on any occasion. It's . . . it's making an art of living.

"Mrs. Post, as I understand her, isn't an unbending stickler for the formalities. She knows when it's appropriate to be completely informal. But she knows, too, how an easy knowledge of the formalities can save awkward situations.

"What's more, Mrs. Post knows how to tell other people these things in simple, everyday words that anyone can understand. When I think of the thousands of unhappy people—especially young ones—that she must have helped to poise and assure, I envy her a lot.

"I'd like to have her sense of fitness, her inner assurance, for my own. I'd never be afraid of any situation. But . . . much more than that . . . I'd like to have the feeling that I had helped so many other people to have it, too!"



I W e r e —

Ann Sheridan says: *I wish I were Eleanor Roosevelt*



"I envy her ability to meet all kinds of people—every possible kind of person—in a warm and friendly manner. In pictures we meet people constantly . . . on the set, on tour, everywhere. There never seems to be time to make friends, to find out about people . . . and I *like* people. Mrs. Roosevelt seems to have a knack of putting them at their ease, of establishing friendly contact, of getting to know them in the shortest possible time. I wish I could master her shortcut to friendship.

"I want to be like Amelia Earhart, too. I'm *going* to learn to fly . . . but that won't do it. What I really want and can probably never have is Amelia Earhart's courage, her zest for adventure, the philosophy which made her so self-sufficient, so unafraid.

"I've always loved dancing and when I watch Fred Astaire, I think nothing could be more wonderful than to have what he has—his precision, his sense of timing; above all, the complete and absolute joy you know he puts into and gets from the dances he creates. But—then I realize that even if I could dance like a feminine version of Fred Astaire, I should still yearn to sing like a feminine version of Bing Crosby!"



Kathryn Grayson says: *I wish I were Walt Disney*



"Just *imagine* spending all your time with characters like Donald Duck and Jumbo and Bambi! Think what fun it would be. Think of having Mickey Mouse come in with your morning paper and Minnie follow him with the toast. But, more than the fun, think of the deep satisfaction Disney must feel when he looks at those wonderful little people and thinks that he created them, that they are his family and that somewhere every minute of every day people must be laughing at them.

"When I look at Disney pictures, I know that the things I dreamed vaguely as a child are real. He has given them life for me. When I saw 'Snow White' on the screen, I said, with a sense of very real satisfaction, 'I *knew* she looked exactly like that!' She hadn't changed a bit!

"Walt Disney is tremendously important to the world just now . . . not only for the escape he furnishes, the laughter he creates, but for the important things he is doing for the Government. So . . . I don't envy him merely the fun he has with his little people, although that is literally 'out of this world.' I envy him, deeply, the sense of real achievement he must have. There is no one else like him. . . ."



Virginia O'Brien says: *I wish I were Clare Boothe Luce*



"I've always been afraid of strangers. I'm still shy. But Clare Boothe Luce simply *expands* when she meets strangers. She sparkles. People stimulate her and inspire her and I'm sure she does better than her best when she has an audience.

"She's a true cosmopolitan, too. She's been everywhere, met everyone and seen everything. I've scarcely been outside of my home state, California. She's known for a long time all about things that I'm just beginning to discover.

"Besides, she's a lovely, fragile blonde. I've always wanted to be a blonde. I would like to be a blonde, a cosmopolite and a Congresswoman! It must be wonderful!"



Perfect swain: George Montgomery
of Fox's "China Girl," admired by
—and admirer of—the ladies



Perfect sweetheart: Anne Baxter
of "Crash Dive," ingenious new
victim on the Hollywood scene



HOLLYWOOD— BEWARE IN 1943!



★ ★
Ty Power: His life will be completely changed

★ ★
Paulette Goddard: Those predicted headlines won't be pleasant ones



★ ★
Jane Withers: A love affair that

NINETEEN FORTY-THREE! Hollywood—and the world—beware! For you and I and our next-door neighbors will have cyclonic conditions in our lives during 1943. So don't blame the movie stars for the upsets that the next year will bring to their lives. Blame the stars in the heavens.

Now, continuing our predictions in February Photoplay-Movie Mirror, let's take a look at what the charts of the rest of Hollywood's major stars indicate:

Bette Davis: To Bette April 5 brings a sudden change. Her Sun, Moon and Mercury are on her natal Sun and Neptune will be friendly to Uranus. This brings her an opportunity to achieve something as spectacular and original as Orson Welles might pull.

I don't know anything about her contract with Warner Brothers, but it does look as though she may be considering a change of some sort in April. During 1943 Bette is favored professionally and legally, so this time, Bette, it will be your turn to win the battle if there is one. That is, any



Ann Sheridan: George Brent will probably be interested in this romantic news

Alan Ladd: He can remain popular, providing...



A child for Bette Davis . . . Separation for Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton . . . A new love for Ty Power . . . Will these happen in 1943? Matilda Trotter, renowned astrologist, predicts them—along with many other cyclonic events

time except from May 28 through July 28. This won't be a good time to force issues.

Here is a surprise for the rest of the world, though it may not be for you by the time this is published. The stars indicate the pitter-patter of tiny feet. Could be a child of your own or could be a child to whom you give a home. The time? Some time after July.

Ann Sheridan-George Brent: Well, I said last year that anywhere but in Hollywood this romance would last and I still say so.

Ann is under adverse vibrations which affect her emotionally and make her unhappy, depressed and super-sensitive.

The recent breakup in their marriage can be attributed to the insidious influence of Neptune in both their charts since last May.

Jupiter going through the fifth house of each may have brought romance to one or both causing the separation.

In June, however, George will be under electrifying vibrations which

may bring about a reconciliation, for the disturbed emotional state of each will be over then and once more attuned to romantic harmony, or so their charts indicate.

Alan Ladd: Definitely the man of the year. His popularity is not a fleeting thing. July and August are good months for Alan, but when Mars comes up over his midheaven in September, 1943, it brings him to the very peak of his career, where he can remain for years if he takes care of his health.

He is high-strung, intense and inclined to drive himself beyond his endurance and must guard his health, particularly from March through April 1943.

During 1943 he is under splendid aspects for all creative work, particularly writing and acting.

Lana Turner: Another dynamic year for Lana is 1943. She will have to learn self-discipline this year or find her house of cards scattered to the four winds.

Her transiting Jupiter in her seventh house, house of marriage and

business partnership, in opposition to the Sun and Moon in Aquarius, her first house, can bring her a final separation from her husband, studio or both. During the latter part of 1943 she must guard against accidents, fire and theft in her home, blackmail and extortion. Her chart indicates a precarious health condition during all of 1943. Look out, Lana!

Cary Grant: This is a good career year for Cary and his popularity with the public is assured. However, the progressed Mars and the transiting Mars in his fourth house all year unfriendly to his Sun and Mercury indicates upset home conditions and change. A separation is indicated in both Cary's and Barbara's charts. It may, however, have to do with the war.

Barbara is under great nervous tension and should take particular care of her nerves and health from May on.

Veronica Lake: On April 14 she is under disturbing vibrations. Her stars indicate she will be on the warpath and should look out for disputes and



Hedy Lamarr: Her career, good; personal life, bad



Brian Donlevy: How cautious can an Irishman be?

quarrels with directors, producers, fellow workers, husband and relatives which will endanger her career and turn her home upside down.

The eclipse of the Sun unfriendly to Uranus in Veronica's house of home particularly warns her of sudden danger to her home or those in it around New Year's Eve, 1943.

Jupiter going over her midheaven benefits her financially for the next year and a half and helps keep her before the public, but she must beware of arrogance, self-confidence and temperament or she will do a humpty-dumpty and fall right off the wall of stardom.

Tyrone Power: This will be a year filled with dynamic aspects for him. On May 5, his birthday, the new moon unfriendly to Uranus, planet ruling sudden and unexpected events, and to Jupiter in his midheaven, brings a marked change into his life.

Between now and the latter part of July a journey is indicated and Mars, unfriendly to his Sun, and Uranus warn him of danger through airplanes, explosions, electricity, fire, and firearms; especially the latter part of July and early August.

And one thing more, Tyrone, be discreet during the early months of 1943. Your planets suggest a sudden hectic love affair.

Heed the warning of your stars for any indiscretion on your part (if it doesn't come out before) is liable to explode between May and late August.

Paulette Goddard: Another gal whose birth date may be wrong, but from the chart I erected it looks like such an active year that I feel it should be recorded.

In the first place, during 1943 she is under unfavorable aspects all year. June 18 looks like headlines and unpleasant notoriety. This could mean scandal, a law suit or trouble over a contract.

August 24 marks the day when the fiery, temperamental Mars moves into Paulette's own sign Gemini to remain for a long time. This stirs her up emotionally, makes her hotheaded, temperamental and lacking in good judgment. It also warns her to guard against accidents to arms, hands and chest and not to neglect colds.

During all of October, Paulette, stay out of airplanes, even if you are one of the lucky ones who can get a reservation. Any secret matters may pop right out into the open this month, so take drastic steps to prevent it unless you want the whole world to know about your private life.

Henry Fonda: His stars indicate that he will see foreign service between July 8 and August 24. This will be a dangerous period for Henry. But so will it be for thousands of our American boys and men who had the courage to enlist. Good luck, Henry, and as Hedda Hopper says—my hat's off to you.

Judy Garland: Judy would do well this year in a play concerning the occult or a play of mysticism such as "Outward Bound" or "Berkeley Square."

The coming year can bring her great fame if she guards her health, gets plenty of rest, fresh air and nourishing food. Beware, Judy, of all drastic diets and weight-reducing medication.

Hedy Lamarr: Her career and all motion-picture activities are favored. In her personal life, however, Saturn in her seventh house in direct opposition to her Sun indicates that Hedy may have a disappointment, sudden sorrow or separation from a loved one this year. Her chart suggests a secret love affair or marriage entered into in 1942, which may be made public and stir up trouble in February.

September 17 and 18 her stars warn Hedy of another emotional upset. If she heeds her stars she will

save herself much unhappiness.

Brian Donlevy: There is a man who went unappreciated for years. In 1940 he began to come into his own and now in 1943 he will receive the recognition he so richly deserves.

This year Brian has to guard against partnership affairs both in business and marriage. These matters are afflicted by the opposition of the progressed Mars to his Sun. All law suits, contracts and legal matters should be postponed until September when the benevolent Jupiter comes to his aid. Also, Brian should take care that his friends do not impose upon him by asking him to go security, make loans and buy stocks and bonds which may prove worthless at a later date.

One more warning, Brian, don't let your insurance lapse, buy all the protection you can against fire, flood, gases and explosive liquids and the latter part of February be as cautious as it is possible for any good Irishman to be, or you may receive a leg injury.

Jane Withers: For Republic's new star, Jane, in 1943—romance, money and favor with the public.

The latter part of 1942 and all of 1943 are the best years of Jane's career. During this period she will be established as a top-ranking star.

Jupiter and Venus going through Jane's seventh house indicate a love affair which has developed during the fall and should end in marriage within the next few years.

George Montgomery: Success in his career and his and Jane Withers's chart show that they should be cast in a picture together showing the new Jane Withers, a glamour girl with brains, character and emotional depth. They should be cast in a picture with emotional appeal. It will bring distinction, possibly an award to each.

Robert Taylor: From December 1942 to January 1943 a drastic change takes place (Continued on page 109)

MARCH IN STYLE

March fashion girl: Marsha Hunt of M-G-M's "The Human Comedy," creating a big style stir in her Irene sport suit. Chalk white wool makes the jacket; black wool, the skirt; grey and white striped jersey, the sweater front and trick beret. The notched neckline is a new spring note; the whole striking outfit sets a trend for a sport suit that will be a smart hold-over for all summertime fun





To set those in the fashion know turning joyous cartwheels is Marsha's Irene suit. It's soft beige wool with a high collarless neckline cut with a scalloped V and pointed up by a gold chain looped through set-in detail. The front fullness that falls into unpressed pleats on the jacket is an interest-getter. Marsha's pill-box is all-over stitched wool in beige to match the suit



A dinner dress to make any lady look lovelier is Irene's filmy white lace that goes over a pale nude crepe slip. Sheer white mousseline de soie cascades down the cut-away skirt to form a full underskirt; it ruffles softly at the wrists in quaint contrast to the sleek princess lines of the dress. Marsha will next be seen in "The Human Comedy"

You can look as smart as a star

A Hollywood flair, a pennywise price tag on these clothes discovered by Mary Martin for reader Betty Sutton—and you

From Garden City, N. Y., came bride-to-be Betty Sutton; from Hollywood came Mary Martin. They met, went shopping together, bought these new-type clothes. New, because they're part aralac, the fabric made from milk. It looks and feels like wool, offers seventy percent the warmth of wool, costs only half of what wool costs. The dress Betty wears at the left is in powder blue with grosgrain trim, wide belt, front pockets.

Blue, gold, aqua, rose, shrimp, maize. Sizes 9 to 15. 20% aralac and 80% spun rayon. Approximately \$7.95.

Here's a two-toner outfit that knows its fashion way around. The dress is of brown herringbone with brown silk celanese jersey for sleeves and blouse back; it fastens with tiny rosy amber studs. The smartly casual jacket has big patch pockets and rose amber buttons. This is a dress that's going to be busy, come spring, leading the Easter parade

In brown, green, navy and periwinkle. Sizes 10-20. 20% aralac and 80% rayon. Dress approximately \$19.75; jacket, approximately \$15.



3



Taking up the slack: Below is the slack suit that caught the attention of Miss Martin because of its perfect tailoring. For active outdoor sport, a blouse is added; for indoor lounging, the jacket tucks snugly into the trousers. Wear the jacket over your wool sports dress, too, and you'll have a spring suit that's a standout

Brown or blue background. Sizes 10 to 18. 20% aralac and 80% spun rayon. Approximately \$10.95



Clothes buy: This maize dress with front fullness that's a wonder-worker for the figure and trimmed with brown braid on revers, collar and slash pockets. It goes anywhere any time

Blue, wine or aqua with wine braid, maize and gold with brown braid, shrimp with black braid. Sizes 9 to 15. 20% aralac and 80% spun rayon. Approximately \$7.95



If a girl would like to make her saucy presence felt in the best social circles, just let her try wearing this little shepherd check dress. Mary Martin took one look at it, said, "It's smart to be simple," smiled approval when Betty said, "I'll take it." They both loved the big slashed pockets, the trim little white collar, the leather belt with its fabric inserts

In brown, navy or black. Sizes 10 to 20. 20% aralac and 80% spun rayon. Approximately \$14.95

For instructions on how you can purchase these clothes easily, see page 102

5

A black and white photograph of actress Lynn Bari. She is shown from the chest up, turned slightly away from the camera but looking back over her shoulder. She has short, dark hair styled in a classic 1940s fashion, with a side part and soft waves. She is wearing a dark, strapless dress with a scalloped edge. Her hands are clasped together, resting on a surface in front of her. The background is a soft, out-of-focus grey.

Impressions of Lynn Bari: The little minister's daughter, Marjorie Bitzer, who used to raise riot on the Boston blocks and grew up to be the statuette beauty who raised riot in Hollywood . . . the former film showgirl who used to be the wallflower decoration for the tinselled musicals until someone discovered that brown hair, hazel eyes and an ability for hard work was just what the box-office doctor ordered . . . the girl whose face movie-goers have seen in more pictures, more times with most interest . . . the tall, quick-moving Hollywood figure that's a familiar sight on bridge trails, on tennis courts, in pools . . . a girl who helps Gene Tierney make "China Girl" worth while

Hollywood's Home Front Heroes

What's been made public in the papers about Hollywood war work doesn't count; it's undercover activities that matter

By "Fearless"

IT'S not always the scandal or the human failings or the physical or emotional shortcomings of the stars about which Hollywood neglects to tell you the truth. Sometimes it's the actions of heroes. And "Fearless," who consistently gives you the truth as he sees it, has an exciting new story to tell.

For instance, in these days of far-flung effort, our heroes are by no means restricted to the burning front lines of Africa and the South Pacific, or the frozen waters of the Arctic. More of them than you dream are keeping their watches in the silent hills of home, along the placid shore of an American bay, in remote little civilian flying fields.

Particularly is it true of our West Coast, where people stare out across the Pacific and remember how close the Japanese foe came to possessing vital spearheads on our own shores.

There's John Howard. You know him as a star, as the faithful friend of glamorous Hedy Lamarr. You know him, too, as a likable, quiet chap who, because of his fine scholarship at Western Reserve University, became a Phi Beta Kappa and planned his life as a professor of English. But do you know that for many months he has been preparing himself to become the commander of a sub-chaser, a corvette or a mosquito boat?

John, who previously taught night classes on navigation at Hollywood High and a trade school, is now taking an advanced course in navigation and Diesel engine operation in the Navy specialty school of Cornell University.

It seems odd that a lad brought up in the Middle West to be a scholar should be so determined to become a sailor. It was, however, as a boy in his native Cleveland that John developed a passion for the sea. At various times he owned and sailed

three boats on Lake Erie. Always he dreamed that he would command a ship one day. But he didn't stop at dreaming. His slogan is: "Results come only to him who puts action into his wishes!"

When John has successfully completed his studies at Cornell he will qualify to command small naval craft. In fact, if all goes well, in a few weeks he may be at a Florida base in active naval duty. A far cry indeed from being a movie hero!

IT WAS five years ago that Ray Milland and his attractive wife "Mal" started flying. Just for the heck of it. Today Mal prefers the ground. She was soloing one day when the controls froze and she had to make a forced landing at a small airport near Santa Monica. But Ray is determinedly piling up his flying hours even though it means a round trip of almost 200 miles on his motorcycle in the midst of his busy studio schedule to reach the nearest field outside of the military area where civilians are permitted to fly.

Though there is no immediate prospect of Milland's being drafted (he supports a wife and child, his own family in Wales and his wife's family in this country), he says, "If I am called I want to do something useful. Planes are the most important weapon in this war. I'm over twenty-eight so I can't be a fighter pilot. But because I know flying, perhaps I could qualify as an instructor for other fighter pilots if I build up my hours in the air."

Brian Aherne, tall stalwart Britisher and husband of Joan Fontaine, has answered the call of his country for all able-bodied men abroad by qualifying as a flying instructor, since he is over age for combat service. Joan laughingly (Continued on page 101)



John Howard: It all started during his boyhood in Cleveland



Ray Milland: His wife couldn't go through with it, but he can



Brian Aherne: There's a grim purpose behind his seeming calmness



Bud Abbott: You couldn't find a better story than his as proof

What should I do?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY BETTE DAVIS

"I'm seventeen and never had a date" . . . "I'm afraid to go to college as I can't make friends" . . . "I'm beginning to despair that I'll never meet anyone I'll love."

These are some readers' problems for which
Bette Davis finds inspired solutions

DEAR Miss Davis:

I need advice badly. I am a high-school girl of seventeen, very independent, and rather sure of my abilities. I have a wonderful home, lovely clothes and devoted parents yet I am missing some fun that every girl takes for granted.

I have been brought up to respect my parents' judgment, obey their wishes and act according to the rules of well-bred young ladies. My problem, Miss Davis, is shyness. I am very self-conscious and unsure of myself in public.

As I have said, I am sure of my school studies. I will graduate with highest honors in 1943, yet when I meet people I become uneasy, fussed and miserable. I have never been able to make friends easily.

I am five feet, four inches tall. I have an off-shade of blonde hair, hazel eyes, a good complexion and a desire to be sophisticated and grown-up. I have one flaw in my appearance, that is overweight. I weigh twenty pounds more than I should so my clothes don't look well on me.

Next fall my parents want to send me to college. I'm afraid to go, as I can't make friends. I am scared to death of becoming homesick and thoroughly disliking school.

In closing I want to add that being heavy makes me feel out of place and unnecessary with girls my own age.

Miss Davis, can you help? If you find time to answer my letter I promise faithfully to follow your instructions and I'll let you know the results.

Thank you again,

Thelma T.

Dear Miss T:

The first thing for you to remember is that girls of seventeen are often plump. This is called "baby fat" and it

doesn't mean that overweight is going to be a permanent thing.

It is very hard for me to tell from your letter whether you are a hearty eater, whether you don't exercise, or whether you have ever done anything to try to lose weight. If your excess pounds are making you unhappy, as they seem to be, why don't you consult your family doctor? Overweight can be the result of many different things, but sometimes it is glandular and can be quite easily remedied.

Whatever you do, don't select a diet from some magazine and follow it without consulting your doctor. And don't be afraid that diets consist only of lettuce and carrots. Nowadays many delicious things are included in all diets.

I do know that overweight does make one self-conscious. When you have corrected this problem, I think everything else will smooth out and you will really look forward to college. Do let me know how you get along.

Sincerely,

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Bette Davis:

This is the first time I have ever written a letter to a person I don't know, but I'm so discouraged that I'm ready to try anything once. I saw the article in Photoplay and decided to write.

I'm seventeen years of age and never had a date. All my girl friends have had dates, but not me. It isn't that I mind so much because I go to school and after school I work.

I go roller-skating every Sunday and not one boy skates with me. I feel so cheap sometimes that I feel like crying. I guess I'm about the only girl sitting down when it's skating time for couples only.

I'm not very pretty, just about average. All my friends tell me it is because I'm so short. That's true. I'm

only four feet eight and a half inches high. Maybe that's why, but there are a lot of small boys, too.

I want to know why the boys won't skate with me. I'm sure that I haven't got B. O. because I'm a very neat person and think of all these possibilities. Won't you please advise me on what to do?

Yours,

Maybelle M.

Dear Miss M:

After reading your letter, I have the feeling that you, personally, suspect why you are not popular. Being popular at seventeen is not everything in the world; still it does mean a great deal, I know.

I wish you would write me a more detailed letter, telling me more about yourself and your life in general. The brevity of your letter makes it difficult for me to know what to suggest.

Sincerely,

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I have just finished reading your very interesting article in Photoplay-Movie Mirror. I have the bright idea that you may be able to help me also, along with the millions of other discontented women and girls in America.

I am engaged to a boy in the U. S. Army whom I have known for three years. My problem is just a simple one to many people, but to me it seems a tragedy: I chew my fingernails!

I have done this ever since I can remember. I have tried everything. I have even tried medicine which I have applied freely, but all to no avail. for I just keep on biting my nails.

Miss Davis, my fiance is coming home in March and he hates my nails as they are. Can you, and will you try to help me? I will deeply appreciate any suggestion you can make

Rosemary W.



Dear Miss W:

Nail-biting is a tragedy and extremely difficult to cure oneself of. I know because I chewed my nails once to the distraction of my entire family and circle of friends. My mother used all the medicines recommended and tried every other known remedy without any result.

I found out that curing myself of this habit was like everything else; it's not a question of medicine or fancy tricks, it is simply a matter of your own determination and some incentive helps. You see, my first beau was so disgusted with the appearance of my hands—and said so—that I, because I wanted to be perfect to him—just stopped!

Think how happy your fiance will be if he knows you love him enough to be able to stop biting your nails. He will know what a battle it was and love you all the more for it, and think how proud you'll be of yourself, and of your strength of will power. I am sure you can do it!

People have lost fiances for smaller reasons than this. Had you ever thought of it that way?

Sincerely,

Bette Davis.

(Continued on page 107)

After the appearance of my first column I received a great many letters asking if my column had been "flashed"—I should like to assure each person who writes to me—your letters are read by me—I select those for answer which I feel are representative of the problem I am dealing with in the next issue. I don't have time to completely edit my material or publication. Please play a trick on Misses Has given me Freddie Dudley to help me.

Bette Davis

OUT OF GAS



Hiker's hitch, the wartime Hollywood pastime, as demonstrated by young hopeful Ann Miller



Joan Crawford turns side issue for husband Phil Terry, takes the dog for an airing and does the daily marketing all via motor bicycle

In which Hollywood gets on its feet and wheels around with some hilarious results

"YOU'D look sweet, upon the seat,
Of a bicycle built for two."

The green light turned red and the old jalopy groaned to a stop, hiccupping violently. The noise attracted the attention of a well-dressed young man astride a motorcycle on his way to the Mocambo. He glanced at the car, casually surveyed the passengers and glanced away. Suddenly he froze like a bird dog pointing a bevy of quail. Slowly his head turned and he looked again.

"Oh yes, it's me," a weary voice assured him.

Cesar Romero and his motorcycle sat rooted to the spot, staring after Claudette Colbert, in mink, and the negro red cap who drove the battered car that had shuddered to a halt beside him.

What Cesar didn't know was that Claudette had arrived in town that afternoon from visiting her husband, Dr. Joel Pressman, stationed in Phoenix, Arizona. After no dinner on the train the night before (meals were served service men first, which was right, and passengers came next—only the food hadn't gone that far) and with no coffee the next morning, and no coffee still at lunch time. Miss

BY JANET BENTLEY

Colbert and her throbbing head had arrived at the railroad station in downtown and faraway Los Angeles to discover no taxis were available.

She studied the three heavy bags at her feet. The problem of getting them to the nearest streetcar and then on and off a streetcar and transferring them to a bus, to say nothing of the five-mile walk from the bus to her home, was one that presented no solution.

So she sat on a depot bench while the kindly red cap tore back and forth trying to find some means of direct transportation.

"I'll tell you what," the porter finally said, "after I'm through work here tonight I have to drive out to Brentwood to pick up my wife who is a cook out there. If you'd care to go with me. . . ."

The smile, the warm thanks were all the answer he needed.

So Claudette sat and waited for the kindly red cap to finish his work.

Yep, gas rationing has hit Hollywood and Hollywood is hitting right

back with every conceivable kind of vehicle from pogo sticks to elephants to meet the situation.

Perhaps no other spot in the country has quite the same problems to face due to the far-flung boundaries of a city (without subways) that looks as if it had been run over by a monstrous steam roller and left lying there, spattered hither and yon over the landscape of Southern California. Hilltop homes (and there are thousands of them that no decent bus would be caught dead trying to get to) look down upon the tiny specks of houses that dot the ocean's edge twenty miles way and all within the boundaries of the same community. You should see how these citizens, far from bus and streetcar service, are beating the gas problem.

Car pooling is the order of the day, with directors, actors, actresses and set workers taking turns in giving lifts. Odd bits of casting in various productions result from this share-your-car plan with movie customers the decided winner. For instance, director Eddie Buzzell of M-G-M Studios had tried for weeks to inveigle Greer Garson into playing a mere (Continued on page 72)

SUSAN TUCKER HUNTINGTON
of New Canaan and New York

Her engagement to Aviation Cadet Warren Albert Stevens was announced September 9th. *Her Ring* (at right) is set with an emerald, Susan's birthstone, shining either side of the exquisite diamond.



Warren has gone South to train as an Army flyer, and Susan is hard at work at the Delehanty Institute taking the course in "Assembly and Inspection" so she'll be ready to step right into a vital job on an airplane production line.

"Drills, bolts, screws and nuts have a way of leaving grimy smudges on my face," says Susan, "so I'm being *extra* fussy about getting my skin *extra* clean. Pond's Cold Cream suits me just fine. It helps slick off every tiny little speck of machine dirt and grease—and afterwards my face feels soft as a glamour girl's."

Use Pond's yourself—and see *why* Susan says it's "grand." You'll see, too, why war-busy society women like Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., and Mrs. W. Forbes Morgan praise it—why it is used by more women and girls than any other face cream. Ask for the larger sizes—you get even more for your money. All sizes are popular in price. At beauty counters everywhere.

LEARNING TO DO A JOB THE U. S. NEEDS—At her bench at the Delehanty Institute, Susan drills precisely accurate holes in metal castings—a process she'll use often when she starts her war job. "Warren would be surprised if he could see how mechanically exact I'm getting to be," she says.

**Susan Huntington,
Air Cadet Stevens
Married in Alabama**

Just as this page about Susan's and Warren's engagement was going to press—they were married! Like so many girls engaged to army men these days, Susan's wedding plans were changed almost overnight.

She's Engaged!

She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

"SHALL I SEND HIM YOUR LOVE, TOO?"

Susan asks Jupiter—sympathetic wire-haired terrier. After a grimy day in the school shop, it's wonderful to feel frilly and feminine again. Susan, in her sweet pink negligee, is bewitching with her big dark eyes, and flower-lovely Pond's complexion.



COPY SUSAN'S SOFT-SMOOTH COMPLEXION CARE—

Use Pond's Cold Cream as she does—*every night* and for daytime clean-ups.

First, Susan smooths Pond's all over her face and throat. She pats gently, with brisk little pats to soften and release dirt and make-up. Then tissues off well.

Next, Susan "rinses" with *more* soft-smooth Pond's Cold Cream and tissues it all off again. "My face feels *grand*," she says.

It's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!



Ground inspection to the tune of "a bicycle built for two." Paul Henreid and his wife ride around the grounds of their home, Hank Fonda estate



One Hollywood lady being a good skate: Sheila Ryan carries her high-heeled slippers, does some rolling locomotion



Left: Three men on a wheel: Richard Whorf and sons

flashback sequence in his picture "The Youngest Profession." Greer, weary from a long Bond tour and deeply involved in personal matters, politely refused and kept on refusing. Then came gas rationing with Greer sharing Eddie's car. At close range the director again attempted to persuade Miss Garson to change her mind.

"My, oh my," he finally observed, with a twinkle in his eye. "It would be a long walk to the studio, wouldn't it?"

Greer stared at him. Next day she appeared on the set made up and ready for the sequence.

BICYCLES, motorcycles, scooters and Austins take up the parking spaces around studios formerly occupied by cars. Paulette Goddard rolling along in her little Austin is a sight for sore eyes. But monstrous Alfred Hitchcock, director of super thrillers, and his Austin present a picture that has Hollywood chuckling. "Dear me, fits him like a glove," and "That's the first time I ever saw solidly packed canned beef on the move," are a few of the observations thrown Hitchy's way. At the studio each day a little group collect around the rotund director and his tin wrapper and lay bets on whether or not he can get out without aid. Usually someone holds down the back while Hitchy struggles to make his exit.

Street corners in the early morning hours present a scene that would throw tourists into convulsions if there were any tourists. Queens, dowagers, knights, ladies-in-waiting, all dressed in full court regalia with phony tiaras and rabbit ermine, stand waiting for buses and pile on in a scurry of swishing trains and waving plumes. These are the dress extras, no longer able to travel by car, on their way to various studios.

Location trips offer a real test of Hollywood's ingenuity and one met and solved by Loretta Young who drove her trailer to the Mint Canyon location of "China" and set up house-keeping on the spot until the week's work was done. Taking her sister Georgiana with her, the girls cooked, washed and ironed, swept and dusted and nobly performed their household duties while an envious cast looked on.

Hosts and hostesses never extend an invitation without explicit directions on how to get there by bus or streetcar, if it's possible.

BEFORE Tyrone Power left to join the Marines he and Annabella, anxious to say farewells to their friends, arranged several little good-bye dinners. Before each party they carefully studied bus and streetcar schedules and then set to work telephoning. "Your bus will leave the corner of Sunset and Beverly Boule-

vard at 7:10," Ty would telephone. "Get off at Saltair in Brentwood and I will be there to drive you the rest of the way to the house. Wait there for me." And thus every guest was given explicit bus or streetcar directions and the party would start with a bang.

"Meet at Schwab's Drugstore," is the usual direction given guests by hosts living in the Hollywood area. The host or hostess will then meet the waiting guests with the station wagon or a jalopy laden with borrowed bicycles and the party rolls away.

Philip Dorn, who directs a little amateur theater for young professionals out Brentwood way, calls his Sunday morning rehearsals with Ruth Hussey, Laraine Day, Richard Whorf and others arriving on bicycles. No one is permitted a car. It's a bicycle or get out of the show.

Three Cold Water Canyonites, Laird Cregar, Cobina Wright and Gene Tierney, have solved the gas problem with sort of a merry-go-round solution. Gene drives her car to Laird's house and leaves it there. Laird then drives his car, with Gene a passenger, to Cobina's and leaves it. Cobina, with Gene in front and Laird in the back because of his size, drives to the market and back where the puzzle unwinds itself. Next day Gene or Laird will have the market trek.

The town's first gas rationing wedding occurred when Reginald Gardiner married (Continued on page 74)



For Wear in your Country's Service
CUTEX PRESENTS "ON DUTY"

Dedicated to you thousands of WAVES and WAACS, Canteen Workers and War Factory Workers, Ambulance Drivers and Nurse's Aides who are working for your country . . . the new Cutex "*On Duty*." It's color-right. And it's made by a new fast-drying formula that saves your precious time. Wear "*On Duty*" in your country's service.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING
NAIL POLISH ONLY 10¢
(PLUS TAX)

NORTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK



(Continued from page 72) Nadia Petrova and the guests, clad in their finest, walked to the Beverly Hills Community Presbyterian Church or pooled their cars and after the ceremony walked the four blocks to Arthur Hornblow's home for the reception. Phyllis Brooks carrying the bride's bouquet (Phyllis caught it) was a sight to behold. Ida Lupino, matron of honor, in an Adrian gown of pale blue crepe, led the merry little procession in their wedding walk.

PROBLEMS that busy Hollywood never had time to work out satisfactorily are getting themselves ironed out in this no gas era. For instance, Anne Shirley had never been quite happy about her screen appearance until the day Anne discovered her car pool pals were hairdresser Fay Smith and Layne Britton, make-up man. Every morning the three now go into a huddle on their way to RKO studios and the results will be evidenced in Anne's picture "Bombardier."

Maria Montez calmly announced that for the duration she'd live in her Universal dressing room and let her swains worry about the gas. Young Russell Hoyt over at RKO didn't rate a livable dressing room so the young bachelor calmly furnished the studio's air raid shelter from the prop department and set up house-keeping. Russell is all set to play host in case of an air raid.

Over the roads to Universal, Allan Jones whips along on his motorcycle with wife Irene Hervey clinging behind. Both are making pictures at the moment, but when Irene has the motorcycle to herself she lifts neighbor Laraine Day to the market. Speaking of marketing, the sight of the week is George Montgomery on his bicycle, the carry basket loaded with

groceries. George does the family marketing.

The marketing problem is solved by Joan Crawford and husband Phil Terry in a unique fashion. After their day's stints are finished at M-G-M, Joan in "Above Suspicion" and Phil in "Bataan Patrol," they hop the family motorcycle, Joan in the sidecar, and ride off to the market.

Paul Henreid and his wife travel over their grounds (the Hank Fonda estate) on a scooter cycle and cowboy Roy Rogers hoists baby Cheryl Darline atop his famous Trigger for her daily airing.

Judy Garland has learned to coast all over again, but this time it's in a car instead of a sled. Judy's home is atop a gradual incline and working it out to the fraction of a pint, Judy figures by coasting that mile or so every morning she can save a gallon of gas. So the two extra kids on her picture "Best Foot Forward" who ride to work with Judy every morning, are co-operating. The minute they see Judy coming down the grade, they take a running start and fairly leap into the open door of the car. You never heard so much squealing and laughing as goes on in the dawn's early light every morning.

Kindhearted soldiers are now reversing things by giving civilian actors lifts. Basil Rathbone, driving his car from Bel Air down to Wilshire Boulevard, stood waiting for a bus when along came a private in a rattling jalopy. In leaped Basil and off they went, the actor's locks flowing in the breeze.

THE dilemma of the actor is a unique one; for getting to the studio is only half his problem. How to get about the enormous acreage of the lots after he

gets there is something else again. For instance, an actor with an hour for lunch may find himself working a good half mile from the commissary and even a greater distance from his dressing room. So once again he faces the problem of transportation. Roy Rogers out at Republic solves this puzzle to perfection by riding his motorcycle from home to studio, picking up his bicycle inside the gates for rides to the back lot and donning a pair of roller skates for shorter jaunts over to the wardrobe and make-up departments. Rubber is saved all the way around.

Abbott and Costello jointly purchased a motorcycle with a side car for inter-studio travel and after a three-hour battle on who was to ride which, the boys started across the lot making right and left-hand turns simultaneously to everyone's confusion.

From the back lot of the "Arabian Nights" set Sabu mounted his elephant and calmly rode in to lunch with Maria Montez passing him in a studio truck.

The funniest gag of all occurred when, on the very first day of gas rationing, Joan Davis burst into the "He's My Guy" set on a pogo stick. The gang are still howling.

Yes, Hollywood is taking it all with a laugh and a united effort to help each other and Uncle Sam. So far there has been only one mishap and that occurred the day Lon Chaney Jr. on his motorcycle and wearing his make-up of the *Wolf Man* with Bela Lugosi in his *Frankenstein* getup in the side car, rode over to see Lon Jr.'s new horse between scenes.

The police picked up swooning pedestrians for four blocks. The boys have been studio bound for the duration.

THE END

Oddenda

Add up these odd facts about some Hollywood favorites and you'll end up eyeing them with new interest



Maybe you think Spencer Tracy isn't gumming up this scene with K. Hepburn in "Keeper Of The Flame"

YOU ought to know that:

Spencer Tracy does all that great-lover emoting with his gum tucked under his tongue. A constant gum-chewer, he just does a quick shift when the love scene is due.

Joan Blondell was born in a vaudeville theater.

Jeanette MacDonald eats five times a day; has one of the most complete libraries on dog care in Hollywood; and always wears a black mask when she goes to sleep.

Olivia de Havilland has one of the friendliest personalities in Hollywood.

Greta Garbo has no electric lights in her house, keeps it lit by candlelight.

Virginia Bruce reads her home-town paper (Fargo, North Dakota) faithfully every day.

Henry Fonda was once an ice man.

Dorothy Lamour, at the age of five, dressed up in patriotic costume, stood on a soap box in the streets of New Orleans and sold Thrift Stamps in the first World War.

Mickey Rooney speaks Japanese.

Bob Hope, when he's tired and worried (which isn't often), comes home with a brown paper bag holding two ice cream cones, gets into bed, eats the cones and is his cheerful self again.

Gary Cooper fled in fright from his first movie set when the director informed him he would be required to kiss the hand of the leading lady.

Barbara Stanwyck, who adopted her son Dion from the famous Chicago Cradle, once lived in an orphan asylum herself.

Ginger Rogers is bound to order, nine times out of ten, her favorite—spaghetti and meatballs.

Joan Crawford's telephone conversations seldom run less than thirty minutes. That's short for her—even on a Coast-to-Coast call.

Loretta Young ardently adores prize fights and views them regularly sitting calmly poised in her perfect drawing-room manner.

Shirley Temple is struck speechless whenever she spots a monocle.

Charles Laughton knits his own sweaters.



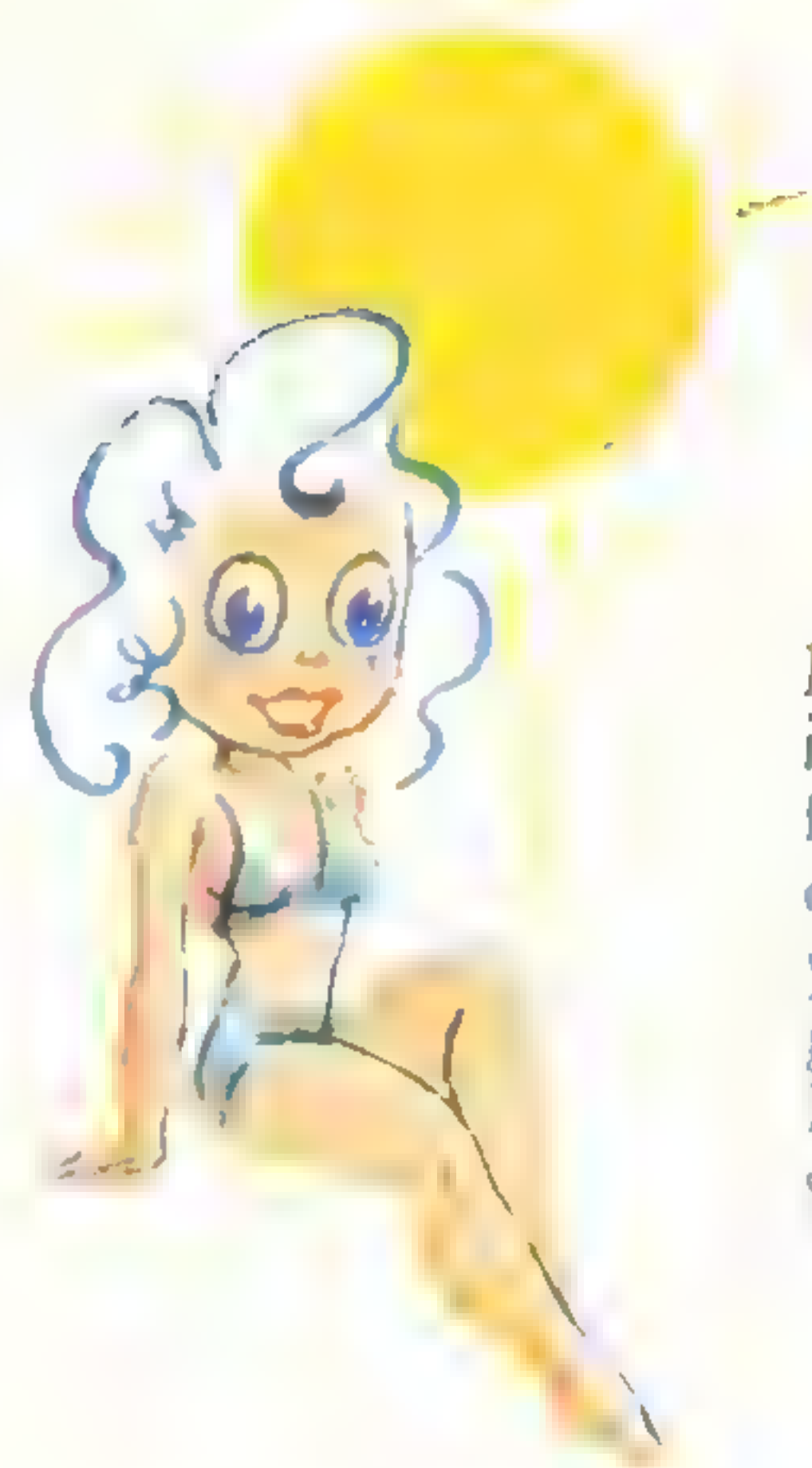
DON'T WORRY
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Iron

Without iron, you can't have good red blood. Ovaltine supplies all the extra iron you need—in the way you can use it!



DON'T WORRY
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Vitamins G, P-P

You can't be alert, awake, "alive" without them! You get them—and *the entire Vitamin B complex family* in Ovaltine!



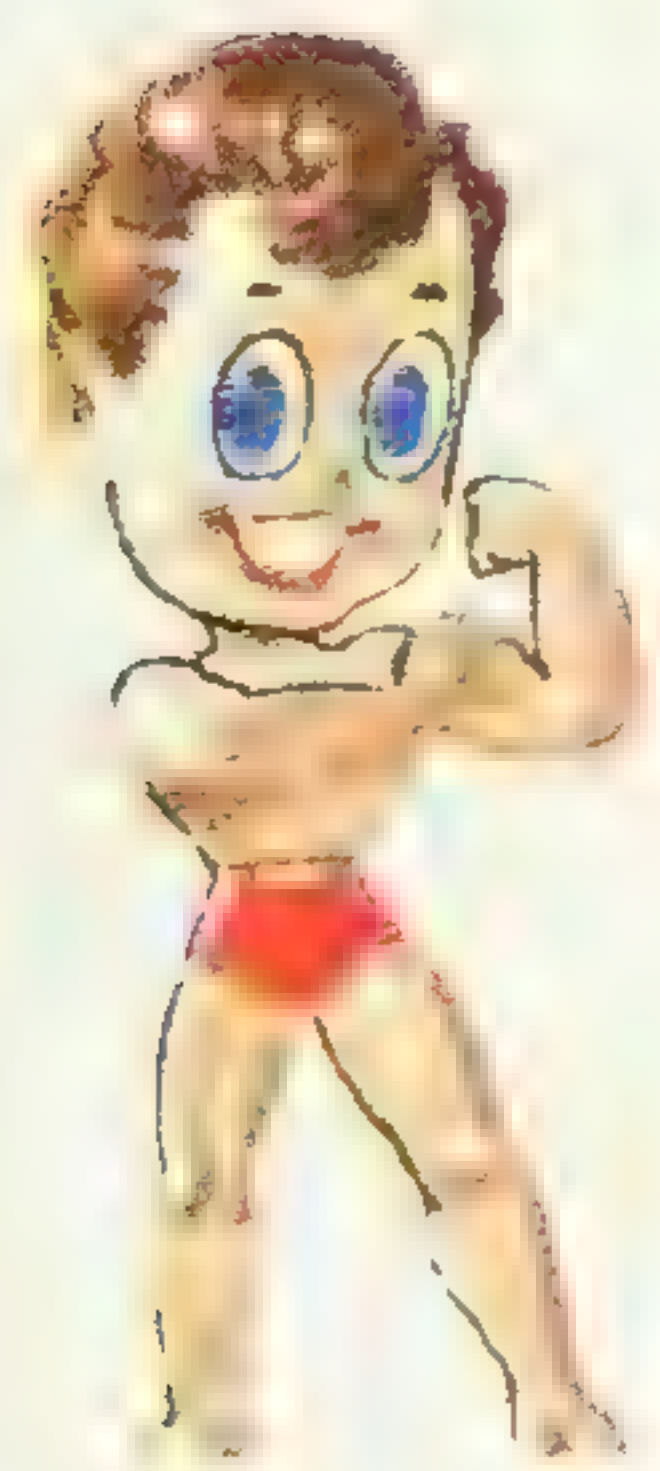
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Vitamin D

Rarest of all vitamins in food. You get it from sunshine, but 6 or 8 months of the year most people don't get enough sunshine. Rain or shine, you're safe with Ovaltine

DON'T WORRY

about Vitamins and Minerals

3 Average-Good Meals + 2 Glasses of Ovaltine Give the Normal Person
All the Extra Vitamins and Minerals He Can Use! Here's Why...



DON'T WORRY
about
Vitamin A

Children need it to grow. You need it to fight off colds, for good eyesight. With Ovaltine you get all the extra "A" you need—according to experts.

Government authorities say today that 3 out of 4 people are under par—"sub-marginal"—nervous, underweight, easily fatigued—even "well-fed" people—because they don't get enough vitamins and minerals! Result, millions of people taking pills!

But if you are a regular Ovaltine user—and are eating three average-good meals a day—you don't need to worry! Other people who are not using Ovaltine may need vitamin pills or capsules, but as an Ovaltine user, you're already getting all the *extra* vitamins and minerals *your system can profitably use*, according to experts!

Long before vitamin and mineral deficiencies became a serious national problem, we added to Ovaltine *extra amounts* of those vitamins and minerals most likely to be deficient in the average diet—*enough to be sure*—in scientific proportion—all except Vitamin C which is plentiful in fruit juice.

This is ONE of the reasons why thousands of tired, nervous people and thin, underweight children have shown remarkable improvement in health when Ovaltine is added to their regular meals.

So don't worry about vitamins and minerals! Rely on Ovaltine to give you all the *extra* ones you can use—in addition to its other well-known benefits. Just follow this recipe for better health—

**3 MEALS A DAY + OVALTINE
NIGHT AND MORNING**

If you want to read more about this extremely interesting subject, send coupon at right. If not, start your Ovaltine today and don't worry!



BUT NO!

Don't think vitamins and minerals are *all* Ovaltine gives you. It's a well-balanced dietary food supplement prescribed by doctors the world over. Famous also as a bedtime drink to foster sleep

WARNING!

AUTHORITIES say you can't completely trust "good" meals to supply *all* the vitamins and minerals you need for good health—even with careful meal-planning—because shipping, storing, and cooking reduce the vitamin-mineral values of food.

SO RELY on 2 glasses of Ovaltine a day for all the *extra* vitamins and minerals you need!

DON'T WORRY
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Vitamin B₁

You eat poorly—and you're tired, listless, nervous, "low"—if you don't get enough B₁. The Ovaltine way, you get plenty!



DON'T WORRY
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Calcium and Phosphorus

They're vital to bones and nerves in adults—also to teeth in children. The Ovaltine way, you have loads.



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Please send free samples of Regular and Chocolate Flavored Ovaltine—and interesting new booklet.

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THE PROTECTING FOOD-DRINK



Sweet tooth
...*my eye!*

".... there ain't no pantywaists in this man's Army! Candy's darn good to eat, but, more important, we know it's fine food.

"If you ever manned a machine gun or tossed around in a tank, you'd know what I mean. Yes sir . . . in battle or in barracks, soldiers *crave* candy!"

★ ★ ★

The sergeant is right. Even a buck private knows that candy is a valuable part of army rations. Every man on the fighting front is issued a compact food kit containing special dextrose tablets to sustain him when the fresh ration is not obtainable.

Curtiss Candy Company is delivering millions of candy products to the Quartermaster Corps of the U.S. Army

. . . and packaging tons of other important foods such as biscuits, bouillon powder, dehydrated mincemeat, prune and apricot powders. In addition, we observe the priorities of War Plants in their orders for Baby Ruth, Butterfinger and other famous Curtiss Candy Bars.

Obviously, there is no "business as usual" at Curtiss. Our great food plants are operating at capacity. We are supplying millions of hard-working Americans who look to Baby Ruth and Butterfinger for food-energy and food-enjoyment.

Occasionally some dealers may be out of Baby Ruth or Butterfinger. Such shortages are only *temporary*. Just continue to ask for your favorite Curtiss Candy Bars.



Here is the Baby Ruth your dealer didn't have yesterday. If you don't find Baby Ruth or Butterfinger on the candy counter one day . . . look again the next. We are filling domestic orders as rapidly as our production facilities permit. Every American will agree with us that Uncle Sam comes first.

★ ★ ★

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY—Producers of Fine Foods
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Kiss Me for Luck

(Continued from page 50) and humorous mouth. But if it was going to be one of those I-walked-you-home-I've-got-it-coming-to-me kisses—

It wasn't. It was like no other kiss any man had ever given Betsy. There was a tenderness to it which made her feel fragile and protected, and a vague regret, she thought, that this had not happened sooner. Her knees felt weak and her heart beat crazily, and presently they drew away at the same instant, gazing at each other in breathless awe. It gave her a queer feeling that a kiss could go backwards, rearrange events already past and put new light and color into them. Their walk, their talk at the lunch bar suddenly had a different pattern, a new meaning.

"Thanks, Betsy," Phil said softly. "I'll carry that for luck."

His footsteps echoed on the bare floor, a harmony receding, music growing fainter and fainter. Not something coming into her life. Something going out. She watched him open the plate glass door, stood still long after he had disappeared. . . .

DESPITE a heavy rain, El Toreador was crowded by eight o'clock. A knowing air of expectancy wreathed the usual dead-pan faces of the waiters, sharpened the clink of glasses, coarsened the joyless laughter of men and women. In the dressing rooms performers were thinking, "Who can tell? Maybe he's coming to see the Jordans, but I'll be here. I'll do my best. Maybe I—"

The call boy knocked at the Jordans' door. "Coming!" called Phil.

They catapulted themselves onto the floor and swung into their "Maw, Paw and Junior at the County Fair," having, as it were, just been evicted from the Fan Dancer's tent.

Betsy knew by the applause and shouting that they were better than ever. If you clicked at the eight o'clock, you were a smash at the eleven. They did another sketch, then a short encore, and then they swept past her down the corridor.

Phil turned around, "Hi-ya Betsy. How are we doin'?"

Roy squeezed out of his accordion sounds which certainly said "Hi-ya Betsy?" and Chet danced an echo.

Betsy wore a blue silk sailor suit and a sailor's cap with a white band. Her curls, as if just fresh out of papers, clung to the band, and her smile warmed Phil with a faint left-over fragrance of the night before.

"Kiss for luck," he whispered.

She nodded, knowing he didn't mean to kiss her now but was merely reminding her. "There's my cue," she said, and lifted the scarlet cloak which hung over the doorway.

At ten-thirty, without seeing him come in, Phil noticed Sam Kent, their agent, at a table. His heart did a double twist. Here it was. The moment was coming.

What was that? A knock? Fling wide the windows. Success was on the way. "Coming," Phil called.

Once more they tumbled out onto the floor. They saw Haney at once, a small, grey man with cold grey eyes, grey clothes and rolls of fat that rippled up from his neck to his bald head. Seven men were with him, of assorted sizes, coloring and shapes, all with their eyes fawning upon him, not directed at the floor. Haney shifted his gaze to the Jordans. Like cornstalks in the wind, seven pair of eyes shifted too, and the Jordan boys were at the County Fair again.

Excitement in the room was stifling. The first time Haney smiled, his court smiled with him. Then he laughed aloud. Success has laughed. Everybody laughed with him and Phil, seeing this, muttered, "Down to his table." Boldly the three Jordans advanced and, after that, boldly they performed only for Haney. The audience rocked, Haney watched carefully.

THE shouts and calls, the stamping and applause followed the three into their dressing room. They shook hands with each other, slapped each other on the back, fell into chairs. They had done it!

Out on the floor Betsy was now singing. She felt the anticlimax of following the Jordan brothers' riot. Fever hung in the air. Everybody was waiting. It made you feel you had to sing quietly, like when a kid's being born. So she sang softly. She had a feeling nobody was listening and, since she was no dynamo of motion or melody anyway, she hadn't much idea what she was doing.

The corridor seemed strangely empty as she raced down to her dressing room. She'd wait. Maybe Phil would come to tell the good news himself.

A blues singer was on. Sam Kent almost approached Haney, but Haney was whispering to his aide, Drake. Drake rose. Drake didn't come to Sam but disappeared through the performers' door. Sam half rose. When the boys came out he was going to be right at that table. Five hundred a day or nothing. "I'll lose ten pounds if Drake don't hurry."

Drake returned, a look of triumph in his shifty eyes. Behind him walked Betsy Bell, suspicion in her eyes, bewilderment on her painted lips. The crowd's curiosity blanketed the noise in the room for a moment. The next instant amazement whisked the blanket away and the babble of sound and speculation rose again.

"They hadn't ought to pull a gag like that on a girl," Sam muttered. "Haney's writin' a note. He's givin' it to Blumenkranz. That'll be for me, and why not?"

But Blumenkranz gave the note to a waiter and, as the waiter handed it to Sam Kent, Haney and all the men at

his table rose in a body and bowed to Betsy Bell.

The Jordan brothers were stunned. Phil stared into space while Chet watched him for some sign, and Roy watched their agent. Sam was still raging around the dressing room, alternately crushing and unfolding Philo Haney's note and reading or quoting its contents.

"They're very funny, he says. They are even original, he says. But their humor is—here, it's written down—their humor is too intimate for the screen. It is tavern entertainment."

"I don't believe it," said Phil. "He'll send for you in the morning. He'll think it over—we'll get under his skin after he thinks us over."

"He won't, because he made another choice," said Sam.

The three brothers rose as by a pre-arranged signal. What did he mean?

"Betsy Bell."

"That little hooper?" cried Chet.

Roy said, "You're drunk, Sam."

"Go see her sittin' at his table—everybody bowin' and scrapin'."

Roy flung his long arms out. "Why, the double-crossing little—"

"Shut up!" Phil ordered. He marched by his brothers and the agent and, once outside, ran quickly down the corridor to Betsy's dressing room.

A colored maid answered his knock. Performers at El Toreador didn't have maids. Phil recognized her as the attendant from the powder room.

"Miss Bell ain't here, maybe she ain't gonna be here no more," the girl said all in one breath. "Mr. Haney—he wouldn't even let her come back to change from her last dress. He sent me fo' her coat and he's taken her away. Like that—Mister Jo'dan—he says—I heard it my own self—to the boss he says, we're takin' this little baby away. She's got somethin' . . ."

BACK in their hotel room after the last show, the boys stretched out on their beds which occupied most of the room. Roy vented his disappointment on Betsy Bell. It must have been that Betsy set out to capture Philo Haney. Every girl knew that that could be done, if she got the chance. She double-crossed them, that's what.

"She couldn't help herself, if Haney liked her," said Phil.

"Why don't you call her up and congratulate her?" snapped Roy.

Phil turned out the light over his bed. "We leave her out of it from now on," he decided in an unmistakable voice of authority. "Good night, boys."

For a long time after the room was dark, Phil lay awake. He still didn't know what it was all about, but that was Hollywood for you. Betsy had no confidence in herself. She wanted nothing more than thirty-five a week and three square meals, and the fickle goddess had smiled upon her. He squirmed at the memory of how he had boasted the night before, of her faith in him, her absolute certainty that he could not fail. Vaguely, too, without knowing why, he regretted their parting kiss. It had been like making a promise he knew he couldn't keep.

There was always that one promise to be kept first—to his mother. He could see Ma now, there in the hospital room, hear her saying, "I depend on you, Phil, though you're the middle one. You're like your father—steady and sensible. Chet'll never have more sense than a shoat. Roy gets too big for his

MEET the AUTHORS

of

"Kiss Me for Luck"

Henry and Sylvia Lieferant, one of the most noted teams of husband and wife writers in the fiction field, have written nine novels, newest of which is "Kiss Me for Luck." Their stories have been published widely in the magazine field and sold to Hollywood for pictures. They do all their work as a team and believe that a happy collaboration is as fascinating, adventurous and satisfying as a happy marriage. Photoplay-Movie Mirror welcomes the Lieferants to its pages

britches every so often. Don't let 'em down, Phil. My three boys—together—"

Well, they were still together . . . but he ought to call Betsy in the morning. . . .

Anyway, Ma wouldn't have been discouraged if she'd been here. She was the one always said, "Don't tell me opportunity knocks but once. It's knockin' all the time, like a woodpecker." It had knocked at Betsy's door tonight. Tomorrow, maybe theirs.

MAMA BOSCO ran the kitchen of the small hotel where Betsy lived, and the guests said she ran them too, but they liked it.

"I don't see how it happened," Betsy said to Mama. "I didn't ask for it. I'm frightened. I never even dreamed about it."

"All morning you say that," Mama reminded her patiently. "Why you not just thank God you-get-a-break."

They were in Betsy's room, for which she paid six dollars. It was cramped but clean, and the chintz draperies trellised with grapes growing up instead of down were at least cheerful and light.

"But it wasn't meant for me," the girl protested. "It's like getting a letter addressed to somebody else."

"Look, Bambino, you are afraid like a girl before she is marry. After wedding she forget. You forget too. Soon they come for you, take you to big hotel, maybe big house. Now you put on pretty dress and be ready."

Betty waited for Mama Bosco to waddle out of the room, then she sat down beside the telephone. She was waiting for a call—from Phil Jordan. Hoping for it rather than waiting. She felt as bewildered as she was sure he must feel, but the sound of his voice saying anything at all would help her over this terrifying day, though. They were strangers, after all. No, they weren't. When you gave a man a key—

That kiss had been a key. It had unlocked something in her heart. She had not yet looked clearly at what it had revealed, but it was there, waiting to come out of the room at his bidding.

Betsy shrank from the whole procedure of photographers, curiosity seekers, reporters that would face her at one o'clock. She had no idea how this had happened to her, Betsy Bell of Newbury, Iowa. Betsy Bell who had won a county newspaper contest and a trip to Hollywood, who had stayed in Hollywood because there was nobody to go back to in Newbury.

THE telephone rang. It was Phil, and Betsy read in his voice, instantly, that he was going to put on a bright and impersonal act. Still, he had called!

"It's the dentist, ma'am," he said. "Feelin' fair to middlin' or just middlin' fair?"

"Just scared, Phil."

"Ain't no cause to worry," he soothed. "Jest shet your eyes and when you hear the door slam, the tooth's out."

"You are angry at me, Phil," and the blood in her head took a sudden tumble to her heart, as if she had come face to face with his anger.

The answer rose easily to his lips because he had given it so often to Roy and Chet. "It's not your fault if Haney liked you," and he really meant it.

"But it's not your fault, either. You didn't have to be punished because he saw something in me. Oh what did he ever see, Phil?"

"They won't let you talk like that for long."

"Until I sign contracts I can talk as

I please," she cried with spirit, because she was desperate to break through the wall of reserve about him.

"Signing today?"

"Yes—I'm leaving soon."

"Well, the best of everything, Betsy," he said heartily. "Keep your chin up. You're a kid makes the most of a break. I can see that."

She clung to the telephone, frantically searching for a way to continue the conversation. "But I'll see you tonight! I'm going to finish out my two weeks. I am, Phil."

Silence caught the wires between them. When she could endure the silence no longer, Betsy said, "Are you still on?" though she knew he was. "Operator—I think the connection—"

"I'm here," he said quietly.

"Kiss for luck, Phil?"

"That's one thing a telephone can't carry," he laughed. "Say, it would make a funny gag, though, in a picture. A telephone with a kind of flexible transmitter that would give the lady a kiss."

"And don't forget the lipstick if it's the gentleman getting the kiss!" she re-



Decorating the Florentine Gardens Dance Floor: Julie Bishop and Roland Drew, on leave from the Army Air Corps, romance as they dance

torted furiously. "Good-by."

Instantly she was sorry she had been short, no matter what he'd said, and the telephone rang so soon after that she thought maybe he had called back.

But it was Mama Bosco, excited to the point of incoherence. "They are here, Bambino. Quick, come down. The car is so big—like a fire engine."

It didn't take her long to dress, in a blue velveteen suspender frock with a white silk blouse, a short coat like a sailor's pea jacket and her round hat with the streamers.

As she opened the door, she heard the surge of voices from below and sensed the milling activity. Looking straight ahead she ran down the stairs and when she came to the last landing, a voice cried, "Here she is, boys. Shoot!"

Flashlight bulbs bloomed and burst like balloons.

PHILO HANEY held Betsy off at arms' length and gathered all the details of her appearance into those cold grey eyes, which held no warmth but were merely reflected light on grey water.

"Charming—charming," he said, in his carefully modulated voice, to the staff gathered in his office.

Then rapidly and succinctly he was giving directions to the various experts. "Remember, the keynote is sweetness and innocence. Rebecca-of-Sunnybrook Farm, Anne-of-Green-Gables, The Blue Bird, a dash of the old-fashioned."

"Ingenué stuff," a man's voice said.

"No," Haney cracked sharply. "Simplicity. We've found another Pickford. No sophistication. Betsy Bell is to remind every man of his first sweetheart, or the memory of his first sweetheart."

"You all know your jobs. Go ahead," said Haney, dismissing them. He took both Betsy's hands in his. "And you, my dear, will be learning yours from now on. Mrs. Pringle will see to that."

At mention of her name, Mrs. Pringle, to whom Betsy had been introduced, drew close to her. The girl half expected the rattle of handcuffs, for Mrs. Pringle was to be her official chaperone, her jailer.

"Call me Aunt Edith," the woman said drily.

Edith Pringle wasn't real. She was something Hollywood manufactured for its own purposes, a woman of forty, handsome in a comfortless way, tall and striking, with features; clothes and manner whittled down to the specifications of the job.

THAT night at El Toreador, Betsy saw at once it was going to be difficult to elude Aunt Edith and talk to Phil privately. She finally contrived to get her out front to catch her act, then before the older woman could return, Betsy raced down the hall to find Phil.

He was in the rear doorway, smoking. When she called his name he turned slowly, pretended to peer into the gloomy corridor to identify her. The hall wasn't really so dark that he couldn't see her.

"Smoke?" he said, offering her his pack.

"No, thanks."

"They got you in training already?"

"I never did smoke," she said. "Have you ever seen me with a cigarette?"

"No—I guess not."

This wasn't a very good start, Betsy thought.

"How'd it go today?" he asked when the silence grew painful.

"They didn't do much. Only moved me to the Castle Hill and took some pictures—"

"The Castle Hill—eh?"

"Yes. Suite eleven-twenty-two. Phil, please believe me about Mr. Haney. Joe Dennis, my agent, never called me to his attention—"

"Why not and why not?" he laughed, and because she knew Sam Kent's pet phrase, she laughed too. "Skip it, Betsy," he added. "I know how those things happen. You'd better enjoy your success and, believe me, I wish you the best of it."

The conversation was quite strained, unsatisfactory. "I still say Mr. Haney doesn't know what he missed out on—"

"Grandma'll be looking for you, Betsy."

"That's my Aunt Edith," she said, making a wry face.

He could have kissed her then, she looked so much like a kid who'd found a frog in her pocket. But instead he looked beyond her and whistled softly. "Here comes Aunt Edith now."

"Well, my dear," said Edith Pringle. "Hadn't you better be resting?"

"Aunt Edith, this is Mr. Jordan, Phil Jordan."

The woman (Continued on page 80)

Can you date these fashions?

Fill in the date of each picture, then read corresponding paragraph below for correct answer.



Only daring women bobbed their hair. People cranked cars by hand... sang "Over There". Women in suffrage parades. It was 1918 and army hospitals in France, desperately short of cotton for surgical dressings, welcomed a new American invention, Cellucotton* Absorbent. Nurses started using it for sanitary pads. Thus started the Kotex idea, destined to bring new freedom to women.



Stockings were black or white. Flappers wore open galoshes. Valentino played "The Sheik". People boasted about their radios... crystal sets with earphones. And women were talking about the new idea in personal hygiene—disposable Kotex* sanitary napkins, truly hygienic, comfortable. Women by the millions welcomed this new product, advertised in 1921 at 65¢ per dozen.



Waistlines and hemlines nearly got together. Red nail polish was daring. "The Desert Song". Slave bracelets. The year was 1926 when women by the millions silently paid a clerk as they picked up a "ready wrapped" package of Kotex. The pad was now made narrower; gauze was softened to increase comfort. New rounded ends replaced the original square corners.



Platinum Blondes and miniature golf were the rage. Skirts dripped uneven hemlines... began to cling more closely. Could sanitary napkins be made invisible under the close-fitting skirts of 1930? Again Kotex pioneered... perfected flat, pressed ends. Only Kotex, of all leading brands, offers this patented feature—ends that don't show because they are not stubby—do not cause telltale lines.



Debutantes danced the Big Apple. "Gone With the Wind" a best seller. An American woman married the ex-King of England. And a Consumers' Testing Board of 600 women was enthusiastic about Kotex improvements in 1937. A double-duty safety center which prevents roping and twisting... increases protection by hours. And fluffy Wondersoft edges for a new high in softness!



Service rules today. Clothes of milk, shoes of glass, yet Cellucotton Absorbent is still preferred by leading hospitals. Still in Kotex, too, choice of more women than all other brands put together. For Kotex is made for service—made to stay soft in use. None of that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure. And no wrong side to cause accidents! Today's best-buy—22¢.

(Continued from page 78) bowed formally. Phil bowed a shade more formally and, crushing his cigarette, bade them both a casual good-night.

Defeat stimulated the Jordans. They worked harder, never satisfied with old business, always devising new business against the day when Success would walk down the street again, and smile.

"Anyway," said Roy excitedly one night, "Van Dirk's out front. He's just as good as Haney any day."

The room was suddenly electrified. "How's that Ladies Aid Dinner?" Chet demanded. "Think we can show it now?"

"There's plenty time to run over it here," said Phil. "Lock that door. Is Sam here? Van Dirk just wandered in. Anyway, he didn't make reservations—"

"Keep that accordion low," warned Phil, and with earnest concentration they set about preparing themselves again for the big opportunity.

Anton Van Dirk occupied a rather strange position in Hollywood. He had never directed a complete flop, but had never turned out a single picture that made box-office history. His pictures always brought adequate returns; they were workmanlike. Many failed to realize that by this consistent output he became the backbone director of Excelsior Studios and maintained a place firmer than that of some who had made history, but also hatched turkeys.

THE instant the Jordans tumbled out, they saw that he was sitting at Edith Pringle's table and Roy cursed under his breath. Betsy Bell again. She had her contract. What did she want now?

"Mind your next cue," Phil muttered. "We've got a job to do."

They did it extremely well. Not a laugh was missed. Their timing, it seemed to Phil, was perfect. Van Dirk laughed with just the right degree of heartiness.

Then Betsy came on. Phil and Chet waited in the dressing room. Roy stood in the wings watching Van Dirk, ready to spread the alarm should he give a waiter a note or send for the manager.

Betsy had done her turn and was sitting at the table with Van Dirk for fully two minutes before Roy realized that the next number was on and nothing had happened. There was no shock when he reported, only a feeling of hopelessness, a grim silence as they prepared to leave.

"Maybe tomorrow—" Chet began.

"Maybe next year," Roy scoffed. "What's that girl got against us? Whatever we want—she horns in."

"She can't help it," Chet chirped with derision. "He was sitting at her auntie's table—"

"I'll whale the hide off the both of you," Phil said with deadly quiet.

EVERY day Betty lunched with Philo Haney. Telephones rang, buzzers and announcers interrupted. If Haney seemed to have eyes and ears only for her, she knew that he was not the least interested in what she said, only in how she said it, in her diction, her facial expression, her posture, how she laughed, how she wore her clothes.

However, his very impersonal manner set her at ease, emboldened her even, every day, to say some word of the Jordans.

"Yes, they're funny fellows," he agreed once. "They've got a clever, homespun line, too, but it's not the kind of humor anybody wants—for the screen."

That's about all there ever was to what he said about the Jordans, but Betsy clung to that faint praise. It was

going to help her to keep Phil friendly at least for a little while after she left El Toreador.

On her last night at the night club, Betsy said to Aunt Edith, "I'm not going home with you tonight. I have a date."

"With whom?" the older woman demanded.

"It's personal, and important."

"I can easily find out."

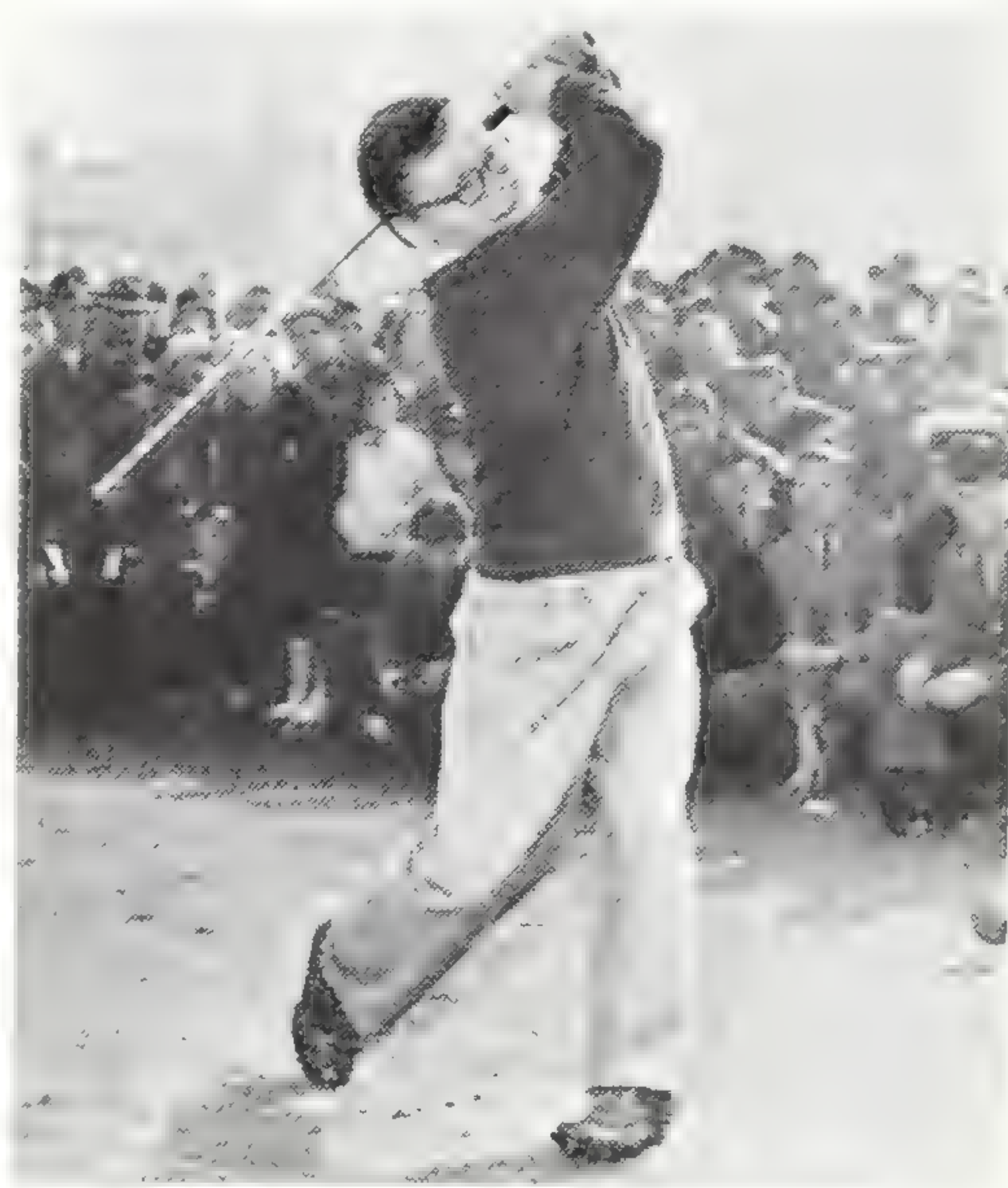
"I know that, and you will, of course."

Edith Pringle's elegance slipped a little. She even took one step out of character. "I've got a job to do, my girl, and I'm being paid handsomely. I don't intend to lose my pay check."

Betsy liked that kind of talk better than smooth persuasion. "I won't interfere with your job, I promise you. Or do anything stupid. But you'd better let me do as I please tonight, because—I don't mind telling you—I'd as soon give up the whole business if I can't."

"You're crazy, and I'm not talking for my own interest. There isn't a man," she said shrewdly, "worth that kind of sacrifice."

Betsy met her gaze squarely. "If you'll be a good auntie tonight and put on your wrap and leave before I do, I'll be



Wife Ava Gardner went home to her mother for a "visit", husband Mickey Rooney stayed home in Hollywood, put on his glasses, did some fancy footwork at the annual Golf Tournament

a good niece for the rest of the time."

Edith smiled grimly. "My reputation's at stake, not yours, but if that's what you want—"

THAT was what she wanted. This was what she wanted, to be walking beside Phil down Santa Monica Boulevard, pretending that she hadn't seen Aunt Edith waiting in a cab as they came out.

She looked up at his fine face, his square shoulders upon which the burdens of the three Jordans had always rested.

"How'd it happen the police officer let you go home alone tonight?"

"I told her to," she said bluntly. "I had to see you, Phil."

"No use your taking chances that-away, Betsy. You're not supposed to traffic with hams like me."

"Stop it," she ordered. "If you're a ham, then what am I? No, don't tell me. I can guess."

His fingers closed tightly, apologetically about her wrist and they walked along this way, not precisely hand-in-

hand, but there was something even more intimate and protective in the wrist hold. Betsy sighed for something she had never had and was hoping she might find tonight.

"What did you want to see me about?" he asked softly.

"Couldn't I just—want to see you?"

He dropped her hand. Something had been happening to her these two weeks and he couldn't make out what it was. He'd half expected some grain of conceit, some hint of self-importance, but instead a soft radiance clung to her, a gentle hesitancy. The real grooming hadn't begun for her yet, he knew, but nevertheless she looked beautiful where before she had merely been cute.

"You must have had something on your mind."

"I wanted to tell you what Mr. Haney said about you—that you had a clever homespun line."

"You're a sweet kid, Betsy," Phil said, "but you didn't really talk to him about us."

"I did!" she cried.

His voice was thick with dejection. "Look, Betsy, don't think I'm a sorehead. I believe you talked to him. You're just fool enough of a kid to do it, but you don't owe us taking that much trouble. You forget us, will you, and we'll—"

"And you'll forget me," she finished stiffly.

"You took the wrong words out of my mouth."

"That's what you meant."

THEY were quite alone on the street. He thrust his fist under her chin and said, "You wanna fight? What I meant was—I'll keep out of your way."

"Who asked you to?"

"Just a wild idea of mine. We go to Frisco from here."

She seized upon this eagerly. "Oh, do you? Why didn't you tell me, Phil? I was wondering if El Toreador was going to keep you on—"

"Sam has other plans. Then Chicago for a few weeks—a couple of other cities after that. Omaha, St. Louis, maybe Kansas City—peanuts."

The Castle Hill lounge was different from Mama Bosco's lobby. A staff of men were running vacuum cleaners, swishing mops, whisking brushes, dusting pictures.

At the elevator door, Phil tilted Betsy's chin upward. Her heart began to race and then slide right up into her throat. But he didn't kiss her. He looked deep into her blue eyes for so long that presently she flushed.

"Keep the way you are, Betsy, if you can," he said, "and good luck to you."

The elevator door slid back. "Going up?" cried the pert boy in the pillbox.

"The lady is going up," Phil said, turning abruptly.

Betsy was crying when she let herself into the apartment. Edith's door was open, but the room was dark. The girl took off her shoes, tiptoed past the darkened room into her own. She locked her door and threw herself on the bed. She felt her hat crunch. It didn't matter. She didn't have to worry over hats now. She didn't have to worry over anything, but she cried bitterly for something she had hoped would happen and hadn't.

The next time Betsy sees Phil her life will have changed, as only Hollywood can change a girl's life. And Phil? The tables turn and with them comes a turn of heart. Continue this stirring love story in

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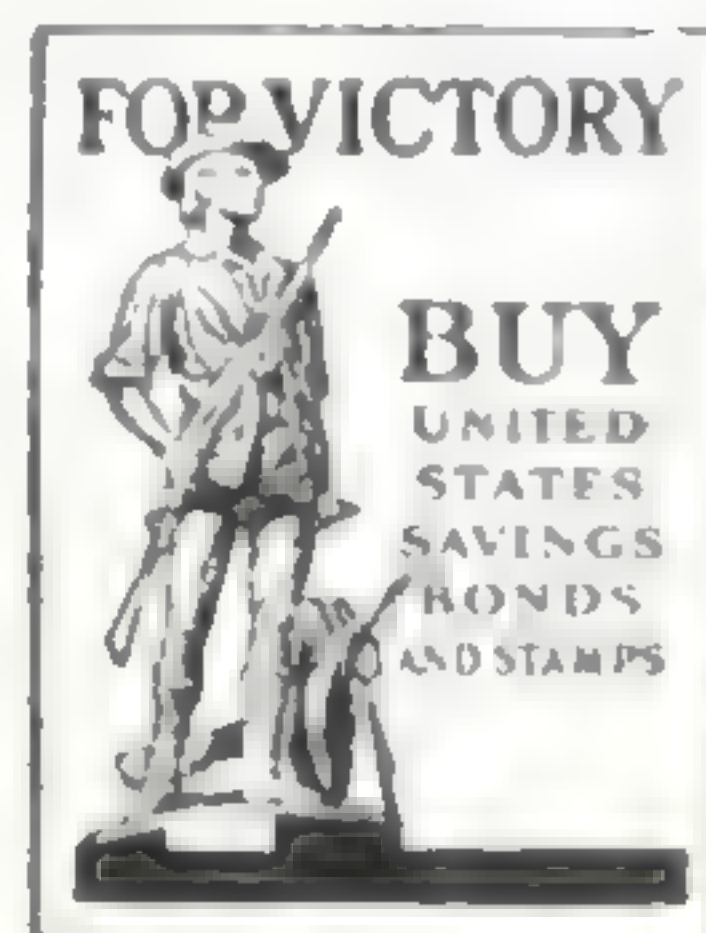
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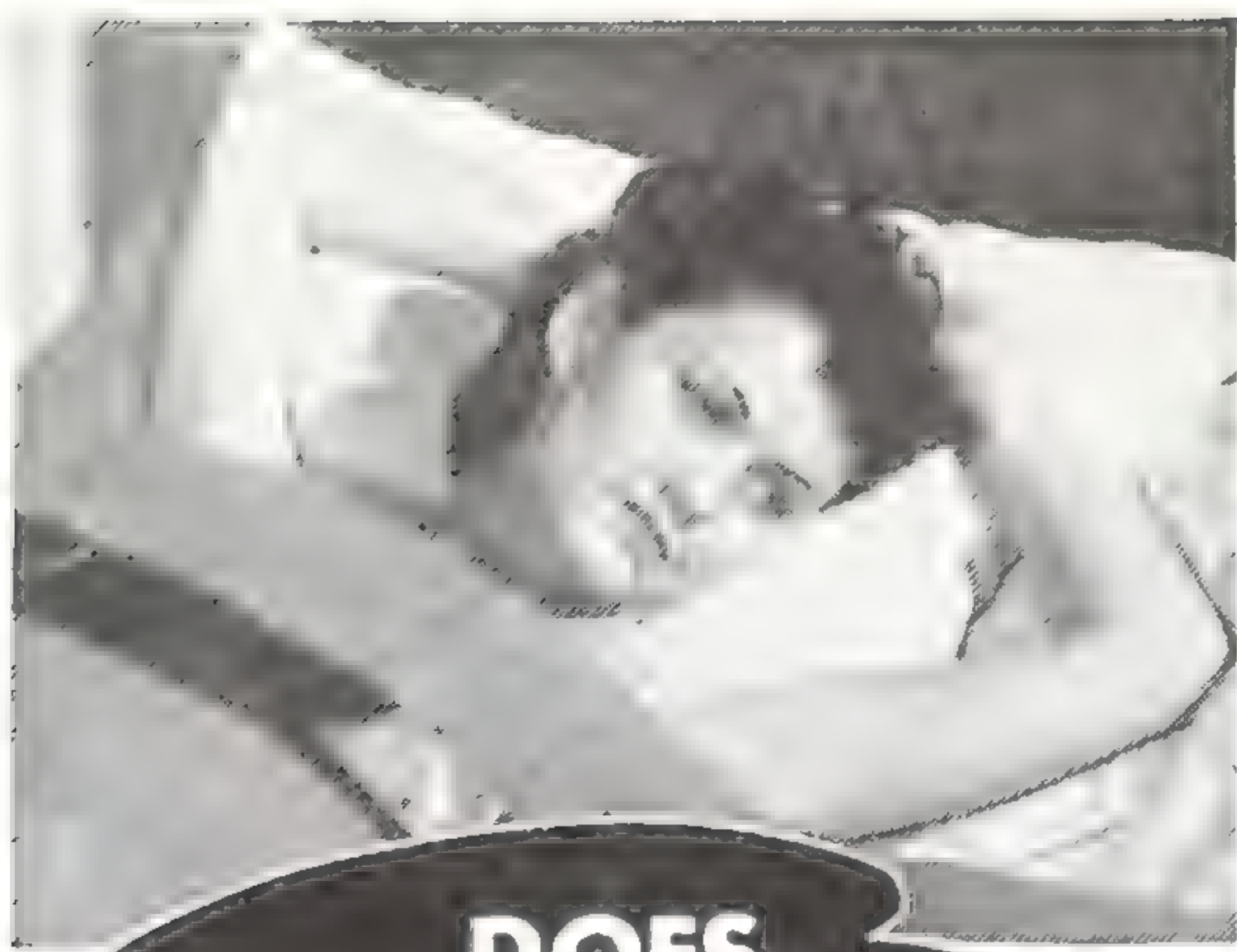
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The Battling Bogarts

(Continued from page 31) the battle was on. Nobody is sure what happened next, except that when the debris was cleared away the contestants had departed, each in a different direction.

But the payoff came in the morning. Bogie arrived at the Algonquin in the early hours. Instead of going up to their suite he stopped at the desk and engaged himself a room down the hall, inwardly gloating over what he hoped would be Mayo's dismay on waking and finding him missing. Instead, when he got up himself around noon and went sheepishly into the suite he found their bedroom empty, the beds undisturbed. Mayo was missing. As he grabbed for the house telephone Mayo entered in nightgown and negligee. She had come home shortly before Bogie and, with the same idea, had engaged herself a separate room which, they discovered, was next to his. They burst out laughing and the battle was over, at least for the time being.

ONE of the lucky things about the Bogarts is that they are capable of laughing at themselves after the battle has subsided. No matter how murderous they may feel toward each other at night they can regale their friends by re-enacting the scene the next day. This is probably because each has the actor's point of view. A battle with them instinctively resolves itself into dramatic structure, ascending in waves toward a climax. When all verbal toppings are exhausted they resort to physical toppers. If, for example, Mayo throws a saucer at her spouse Bogie will retaliate with a platter, and so on.

Oddly enough they seldom do any great damage to each other. Damage, when it does occur, is apt to be accidental, as when Mayo let a telephone receiver slip through her hands and land on Bogie's face. This happened also at the Algonquin. The instrument was attached to the wall over the bed on which Bogie was peacefully resting. Mayo, in answering a call, let the receiver drop. The wire was just long enough for Bogie to get the full force of the blow. When the receiver hit him he leaped from the bed, both arms swinging. Luckily Mayo was able to duck before any serious harm was done.

Weapons are unrestricted in the Bogart feuds and are usually confined to the nearest throwable object. Sometimes the object proves not so throwable, as Mayo discovered the time she hoisted a large vase. When she hauled back her arm for the heave the weight of the vase threw her off balance and she fell over backwards, providentially saving Bogie from heaven knows what fate. At another time they were on their boat cruising to Catalina Island. Mayo was in the bow, ready to toss the painter to the dock. As Bogie maneuvered the craft shoreward he shouted some nautical instructions to Mrs. Bogart. He admits that perhaps his language was a bit sharp, or that the tone may have been peremptory. Whatever it was, Mayo was seized with sudden rebellion. Dropping the boat hook she picked up a life preserver and let Bogie have it right in his face. The craft, temporarily ignored by its captain and first mate, suffered a badly bruised bow when it hit the dock.

THE Bogarts have quick minds as well as tempestuous personalities. Sometimes their verbal exchanges come too fast. Each will break into the middle of the other's sentences, giving the words a

different meaning than intended. In explaining this peculiarity to me Humphrey gave an illustration of the way one battle actually started. Here's the dialogue verbatim:

Mayo: "I don't want to be a wife—"

Humphrey: "Darling, you're not a wife—"

Mayo (flaring up): "You apologize, you—"

Humphrey: "I'm not going to apologize . . ." (etc. etc. bang, BANG.)

This doesn't make sense unless you know how each sentence should have been completed. Mayo's opening remark was meant to be an endearing assertion that she wanted to be not merely a wife but more. Properly amended the next line would have read:

"Darling, you're not a wife, you're my everything" (or some such idyllic phrase). This would have automatically eliminated Mayo's rejoinder and the fight.

One of the longest and most complicated battles on record took place over several days and covered an area from Los Angeles to Dodge City, Kansas, and return. The occasion was a special trip carrying a trainload of stars and newspapermen to the world premiere of the picture "Dodge City." This event had been widely publicized and at all stations along the way crowds jammed the platform to catch a glimpse of the celebrities.

SHORTLY after the train pulled out of Los Angeles station there were signs of fermentation taking place in the Bogart drawing room. A few friends had joined them and pretty soon an argument had started.

No one now remembers what the argument was about, but it served as a powder magazine for the entire trip. It so happened that almost every time sparks began to fly in the Bogart vicinity the train would pull up at a station and the next instant Mr. and Mrs. Bogart were out on the platform with the rest of the stars, bowing and smiling to each other in attitudes of connubial ecstasy while thousands cheered. The train would get on its way again and the fight would take on approximately where it left off.

Large-scale entertainments in the Bogarts' home are something that only a real fight fan could appreciate. They always start off decorously, but before morning the spirit of the affair gets into everybody, at about which time threatening voices call up on the telephone.

One of these affairs was attended by James Thurber when he was in Hollywood collaborating with Elliot Nugent on "The Male Animal." The Nugents were there, father and son, as were Mischa Auer, Louis Bromfield and many other distinguished representatives of society and the arts. The martial spirit which prevailed was illustrated in the remark of one bespectacled guest who rushed up to a horn-rimmed gentleman, took hold of his arm and said, "Let's fight with our glasses on." Thurber was so enchanted by that evening that he commemorated it later in a drawing which he sent to the Bogarts with the inscription, "Jolly Times—1939." It occupies a prize spot in their home.

Yes, "jolly times" is really how the Bogarts look on their life together. On the basis of their own admission, "We fight to stay married," they have made a great success of their union, which is more than can be said of a lot of other Hollywood couples.

The End.

"Every girl should have a lovely

Lux Complexion"

says
this charming
young star



Veronica Lake

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S
"STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM"

HERE'S MY DAILY
ACTIVE-LATHER
FACIAL. SMOOTH
LUX SOAP'S
CREAMY LATHER
WELL INTO YOUR
SKIN

RINSE WITH WARM
WATER, THEN
SPLASH WITH COLD.
PAT WITH A SOFT
TOWEL TO DRY

NOW TOUCH YOUR
SKIN. IT'S VELVET-
SMOOTH! IT **PAYS**
TO GIVE PRECIOUS
SKIN THIS
GENTLE CARE!



9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Who Is Hollywood's Best Dressed Woman?

(Continued from page 34) woman in the world in "Lady In the Dark." And Katharine Hepburn's charming wardrobe in the Theatre Guild production, "Without Love," is by Valentina.

"The secret of the well-dressed woman is as simple as a-b-c," says Valentina. "Wear the right thing at the right time in the right place. And, above all, seek simplicity!"

She spoke first of Roz Russell. "She has such a charming atmosphere about her dress—always," she said.

Then Hepburn. "She knows, so well, the value of good lines."

"Garbo," she explained "rates much higher off screen as a smart woman than those who have seen her photographed

she had chic. She wore a big blue hat and a blue suit with a coat that caught at the neck and fell away to show a triangle of fresh white blouse. Always she's cleverly, freshly, appropriately groomed.

"And," he went on, "Carmen Miranda must be considered among Hollywood's truly smart women. She wears fabulous clothes. But what she wears is right for her. Her gold turbans and sequins and necklaces and bright colors would turn most women into circus horses. On her they are superbly right."

Irene Dunne had his vote too. "She is the other extreme from Miranda" he said. "Most conservative. But beautifully and smartly conservative."

It's his belief that "Above all, a woman must keep an open mind about clothes—watch out she has no hangover ideas about style or color because of some previous experience with that style or

Claudette came in third. "She makes extreme clothes look simple and simple clothes look extreme," Mrs. Morris said.

Joan Fontaine was mentioned for the same reason as Irene Dunne.

"Ginger Rogers, of course," Mrs. Morris said. "For she can be as versatile in the clothes she wears as in her roles."

Michele Morgan had a place in the Morris line-up because "she has such beautiful poise and makes young clothes sophisticated too."

In New York in a beautiful town house in the fashionable East Sixties a curving stairway rises to a second floor, mirror walled. There, with salesgirls and ladies trying on fascinating bonnets, we found Lily Dache.

It was Loretta Young whom Lily Dache mentioned first. "Loretta Young is so simple in her clothes," she said. "So feminine too. And so smiling."

Star	Named by							Total
	Irene	Head	Greer	Valentina	Banton	Morris	Dache	
Rosalind Russell	7			10		10		27
Claudette Colbert	8	10				7		25
Loretta Young	10						10	20
Katharine Hepburn			10	8				18
Veronica Lake		7		5			5	17
Irene Dunne					7	8		15
Greta Garbo				7			8	15
Joan Crawford	5						5	10
Lily Damita					10			10
Carmen Miranda					8			8
Gracie Allen			8					8
Barbara Stanwyck		8						8
Greer Garson							7	7
Dorothy Lamour			7					7
Constance Bennett	5							5
Dolores Del Rio	5							5
Marlene Dietrich	5							5
Margaret Hayes		5						5
Frances Farmer		5						5
Rita Hayworth			5					5
Lana Turner			5					5
Joan Fontaine						5		5
Ginger Rogers						5		5
Michele Morgan						5		5
Norma Shearer							5	5
Madeleine Carroll							5	5
Ann Sothorn							5	5

only in a felt hat and a big mackintosh would believe. Garbo's personal clothes are as simple as she is and as classic as her beauty."

In the younger crowd it was Veronica Lake who intrigued Valentina. "You can feel her integrity," she says. "You know that girl is what she is and will not seek to appear otherwise."

Travis Banton was our fifth expert. He is pre-eminent in both New York and Hollywood. Recently he was with Hattie Carnegie in New York than which there isn't much more. Recently he was with Twentieth Century-Fox in Hollywood, which is all right too.

He thought Lily Damita deserved more honorable mention and far more serious consideration for this coveted title than she ever has received. "Damita has that new look always," he explained. "I saw her before her baby was born. Even then

color which was either most fortunate or most unfortunate."

Mrs. Leslie Morris designs clothes at the RKO studios. For Roz Russell, Lucille Ball, Janet Blair—need we go on? Mrs. Morris, like Irene, says, "A smart woman is a woman with carriage and poise. And a woman who knows what to leave off. When, for instance, an evening gown is sequin trimmed or has an outstanding pattern it should not be detracted from by a flower in the hair. When a hat's really a super little number its glory should not be dimmed by a fancy dress."

Mrs. Morris spoke of Roz Russell first. "She has the knack of making amusing things look very smart," she said. "Put anything sassy on Roz Russell and it immediately becomes *the* thing to wear."

Irene Dunne was second on the Morris list because she makes conservative things look glamorous.

Lily Dache laughed. "Strange! You ask me who is chic and I answer you this one is simple and sweet and human. It's always like that. A woman's mind invariably is reflected in her appearance. If she isn't warm and human and simple—is she's chi-chi—her clothes will be chi-chi. And nothing that's chi-chi is attractive. Only pretentious."

Garbo came second. "She wears things so perfect for her type," Lily Dache said. "Quiet modes, soft colors . . ."

Greer Garson was third. "She is so utterly feminine and simple."

Norma Shearer was fourth. "Simplicity in manner and clothes is her charm."

Madeleine Carroll was fifth. "Every woman is different. But most chic women have some of the same qualities—like the great human warmth Madeleine Carroll possesses in such rich abundance."

Joan Crawford—"because she knows

clothes." Ann Sothern for the same reason.

Carmen Miranda—for the identical reason Travis Banton offered. "The more I put on her," came the Dache exclamation, "the better she looked! So she is wise to wear the clothes she wears."

Veronica Lake interested Lily Dache too. "She has great potentialities," Dache said. "She is what she is and so she stamps whatever she wears as her very own!"

Now for the exciting business of scores: Ladies and Gentlemen! We give you Rosalind Russell, the best-dressed woman in Hollywood. Because, according to our pre-eminent judges, "she always has a charming atmosphere about her dress . . . she has such a definite assurance that she can carry even a flowerpot on her head and make it important . . . she has the knack of making amusing things look very smart . . . put anything sassy on her and immediately it becomes *the* thing to wear."

Claudette Colbert nudges Roz for first place. Because, again according to our pre-eminent experts, "she has exquisite taste . . . she has wonderful hips . . . she wears her carefully planned, meticulously fitted clothes with an assurance that dramatizes her . . . she makes extreme clothes look simple and simple clothes look extreme."

Loretta Young ranks third. And close behind these three there is Veronica Lake. Which brings to mind that immortal warning of Ibsen, "The younger generation is knocking at your door!" For clearly Veronica is potentially Hollywood's best dressed woman.

THE END

Next month we'll give you Roz Russell's very own secrets of chic. She'll tell you what manner of stockings she believes to be the best buy now, things to remember when you purchase a suit, the high points to watch for good fitting, how to build a wardrobe. Don't miss Roz's secrets. She didn't always have a star's salary. She knows every girl's clothes problems. She undoubtedly can help you to become outstandingly smart in your group, your world . . .

Twenty-Five Dollars For Your Thoughts

Who do you think is Hollywood's best-dressed woman?

Write us a letter naming the star upon whom you would bestow this coveted title—whether she is Roz Russell, another star our judges named, or someone whom they overlooked entirely—and give us the style reasons why this star gets your vote.

We will send a twenty-five-dollar War Bond to the reader who in the opinion of our editorial board, sends us the most convincing interesting letter. Literary style will not count. Facts are what we're after!

All decisions of the editorial board will be final.

Letters must not exceed one hundred words and must be postmarked on or before midnight, March 5, 1943.



What! NO DISHES?

You have just bought a piano, a living-room rug, a fine watch, or some similar, substantial adjunct to your home or your scheme of living. What extra inducement was "thrown in" to influence your choice?

The answer, of course, is—*nothing*. In fact, you'd be suspicious if something extra had been offered! You are satisfied the article itself is worth the price you paid.

Most Fels-Naptha Users feel the same way about laundry soap. They know that a bar or box of Fels-Naptha Soap is worth every penny of the purchase price—in *extra washing energy*. They don't want any other *extras* "thrown in."

As one woman aptly puts it,
"the soap that's cheapest at the counter isn't always cheapest when the washing's done."





"FOR MY BOYS"

● Uncle Sam appreciates the wholesomeness and goodness of dried fruits. And to make sure that his boys and America's fighting allies get aplenty he has "frozen" the entire crop of apricots, peaches, and other cut fruits, and *most of the prunes*. We don't expect any more of our fruit to be released for civilian use this season. There'll be no cut fruits except what small lots happen to be in dealers' hands and there'll be fewer prunes to go around. So if you have trouble getting SUNSWEETS, just remember, Uncle Sam's boys come first.

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INCOME TAX ADVICE FOR THE WAGE EARNER!

● This article may be vital to you because: If you don't pay the full amount due, you may have to pay an extra sum later, as interest. If you pay more than the exact amount due, you may cause the Government the trouble of returning the extra sum in addition to your own inconvenience of having made an unnecessarily large payment.

■ On behalf of the millions of persons who in 1943 will, for the first time, be called upon to fill out income tax forms and pay income taxes TRUE STORY is publishing a tremendously helpful feature.

The editors have arranged with a thoroughly qualified tax expert to contribute a special article in which the mysteries and problems that confront the first time income tax payer are thoroughly and clearly explained away. It appears complete in the March issue now on sale.

■ It answers every predictable question that may present itself. It tells you which items may and may not be deducted. It tells you what to watch out for in filling out your report. It tells you how to compute your tax and fill in your form. It is written in simple, easily understood language free from technical terms.

In supplying this timely information TRUE STORY feels that it is being of service both to its readers and to our Government by avoiding in advance the troublesome and confusing errors that otherwise may occur.

■ If you or any member of your family are among the great army of Americans who, on March 15, 1943, will face the problems of income tax procedure you will find "Income Tax Advice for the Wage Earner" of inestimable value.

TRUE STORY for March is now on sale. Step up to your newsstand and say, "A copy of TRUE STORY please" and your newsdealer will gladly give it to you and your income tax problem will be simplified for you.

**OUT
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True Story

IN CANADA 15c

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Dear Reader: Hollywood Has Changed!

(Continued from page 37) downhearted and, since I didn't feel in the mood for bridge, he drove me home. I found he was downhearted because some of the scraps he'd been in had left their mark and he couldn't pass his physicals for Uncle Sam, though he'd been trying and trying.

But he brightened up when we spoke about Betty Grable. Betty, it seems, has the very definite idea that she wants to entertain the boys. The soldiers, the sailors. If the Victory Committee would send her she wanted to go as much as possible to the smaller camps, the out-of-the-way camps, where the boys don't get so much fun as they do at the bigger places near big towns. In other words, as George put it with a charming smile, the most popular of the young and beautiful screen stars actually wanted to play the tank towns, was asking for the old "one-night stand" routine. No matter how tough and inconvenient or how small the number of men, that's where Betty wanted to go as well as to the big ones.

But one night when she was scheduled for a very big camp indeed there almost wasn't any show. Betty took a peek and saw that about the first twelve rows of seats were vacant. All the others were filled with soldier boys, waiting for their favorite "girl friend."

"What's going on?" said Miss Grable. "Why are all those seats vacant?" Somebody explained to her that they were reserved for the officers and their wives and friends and families.

"Oh, no," said Miss Grable, flatly. "No indeed and a million times no. I didn't trek way out here to entertain any officers and their wives and friends and families. Not me. I came to try to give the boys a good time. I am not interested in the officers. What's more, either you fill up those seats with the guys they told me I was going to sing and dance for—or I don't go on."

She stuck to her guns—and you know the answer. The kids got the best seats and Betty Grable put on a show that lasted as long as they could listen.

THERE was, too, your good friend Bette Davis. I was in Hollywood when the Hollywood Canteen was opened under her guiding spirit. Now again, that's routine. It had to be done and, as you know, Bette Davis has a fine executive and directorial mind. When she sets out to get things done, they get done. She did it in a big way and she made it a huge success and traffic was jammed and thousands upon thousands of boys that Saturday night were served sandwiches and had entertainment and danced with some of the prettiest and highest priced and most famous girls in the movies.

But afterwards I happened to be driving down Hollywood Boulevard, coming in from Dick Foran's ranch out in San Fernando Valley, with a very pretty blonde actress named Carol Gallagher. We picked up two sailors, a Marine, a private and a sergeant in the Army, and took them downtown. They had all been at the canteen and as we drove they got to talking. They weren't especially articulate and they didn't make any fancy speeches. But the thing they got across was mighty important.

"I danced with Bette Davis," the Marine said.

"I danced with Ida Lupino," the private said.

"I danced with Lana Turner . . ." It went on like that and then there was silence for a few blocks.

"They seemed to like it," the Marine commented, tentatively. "I mean, Miss Davis seemed to—to enjoy it. I mean, it wasn't a bit like I thought it would be, like she was—doing me a favor."

"Well," said one of the sailors, "Ann Rutherford was just like that."

"That," said the private who had danced with Ida Lupino, "that is democracy."

HE had something there, of course. But it was a good deal more than that, wasn't it? I've heard plenty of the boys squawk about being patronized, though that isn't the way they put it. But the Hollywood Canteen is different. On the night I went down with Ida Lupino—I could see that it had a true air of friendship and gratitude and faith. I had a feeling that somewhere in the darkest night at sea, somewhere at dawn before a battle those kids would remember the women of Hollywood not as movie stars, but as girls who had faith in them.

There were others I met—like Bob Hope. I would venture to say that no man in history has ever entertained as many armed men as Bob Hope. And—believe it or not—he was so nervous, he had such attacks of stage fright that it was pitiful. He was so scared the boys wouldn't like him. He actually worried himself thin over it.

"The best I have," Bob said, "isn't anywhere near good enough for these boys. The rest of us don't amount to much these days. We're just the people they're fighting for."

So he kept everybody up all night, writing new gags, trying to find new

laughs, thinking up new material. Why, there isn't a sponsor on the air or a motion-picture company in Hollywood who could buy for any of the fantastic salaries Bob has been paid the amount of work he did—the amount of writing—the amount of annoying his writers and directors almost to death—the amount of extra rehearsals and extra business and nervous fear that he put out for his tours of the camps.

THEN we come to Hollywood's great job of selling Bonds across America. Stories of the stars have come drifting back to us, picturesque, funny, moving. For sheer picturesqueness I love the one about our fighting bantam, Jimmy Cagney, who tackled singlehanded the tough boys in the steel mills of Gary, Indiana.

"Look, you guys," said Jimmy, swinging into action. "I didn't come here to entertain you. I came here to give you hell. There's a war on and you fellows have only allotted four percent of your salaries for Bonds to foot the bills to get those Japs and Germans who think they can lick America and shoot down the American flag. We can't win the war that way. You've got to invest ten percent."

They tell me no man ever received a greater ovation—and the workers boosted their allotments way over ten percent and that increase meant \$6,000,000 for war bills during this year.

Irene Dunne sold a pair of her own earrings for \$30,000 in War Bonds. And the lovely and stately Miss Dunne, one of Hollywood's most gracious ladies, confided to a pal that at that price for War Bonds she would probably have done a Gypsy Rose Lee right there. It was

a good thing, said Miss Dunne, that they stopped with the earrings.

Greer Garson talked to 600 War Mothers somewhere in West Virginia—women who together had 800 sons in the service. She didn't make any great oration. She didn't say anything memorable. The thing was that she couldn't say anything at all for five minutes. She was crying. The War Mothers seemed to like that better than anything.

Perhaps I haven't told you what you expected to hear about Hollywood in wartime. Nor can I tell you about some of the very real sacrifices that have been made. Somehow, they sound phony. Somehow, I feel that Hollywood doesn't regard them as sacrifices.

THAT'S the thing. This time, Hollywood seems almost humble. This time, they seem to be asking to be taken in, not just as entertainers, not just as morale-builders, but as people who are at least doing as much as anybody else.

Years ago Marie Dressler, who did the greatest job of anybody in the last war—I mean anybody from Hollywood—said something to me that I have never forgotten. We were talking about the blows that life can sometimes deal, the heartbreaks that come. Marie said, "I've been knocked to my knees a great many times, but it doesn't matter. You see, that is the position in which you learn at last to pray."

Something like that has happened to Hollywood. Maybe it's that for the first time Hollywood is—just another little town in America. All they seem to ask is to be allowed to do their part—and God Bless America.

The End.

PEPSI-COLA FOR "JANIE" AND THE GANG

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BETTY BRECKENRIDGE
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MARGARET WALLACE
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Portrait of "U. S." Grant

(Continued from page 53) than inherent and "all too prevalent." He drinks almost no water with meals.

His favorite singer is Jan Peerce.

He spreads a napkin only in half.

He seldom chews gum and always had trouble spelling "necessary" and "occasion," a shortcoming he corrected once and for all on the day this was written. He was educated at Fairfield Academy, Bristol, England.

Cary Grant thinks the most beautiful view he has ever seen was the bay at Acapulco, Mexico, as he saw it one Easter Sunday morning.

He has a lurking fear, these days, of a leaky gas tank. His favorite book as a boy was "Playing Fields," a classic of Eton College. He smokes very few cigarettes.

He made his current RKO-Radio picture, "From Here To Victory," at the behest of the Government. He is articulate, earnest and completely unaffected. He dotes on curried dishes.

He enjoys horseracing, never betting more than two dollars.

He abhors hillbilly music.

He once attempted winter sports. "I tried 'em. I stink!"

He has a slight astigmatism, likes soft felt hats in dark greys and doesn't like chili sauce. He would like someday to take a course in languages and go in seriously for the piano. He weighs 180 pounds.

He writes with his right hand and draws with his left.

He never wears a wing collar with a dinner jacket and more than any other street in the world has derived more pleasure from walking down La Rive Gauche, Paris. He holds great admiration for the musical talents of the late Bix Biederbecke. His wife's son, Lance, by her former husband, Count von Haugwitz-Reventlow, is now six years old.

HE HAS assiduously refrained from using any influence to promote himself into a post of importance in the war effort, leaving it entirely up to the Government to employ his services where they think best. He studied music for five years and loves to loaf by sunbathing.

He hates wearing a derby.

He is fond of green olives, classical music on the air, and believes that a person can pretty much achieve the ends he sets out to achieve providing he sticks to his guns. He plays a bad game of tennis.

He carries a wrist watch whenever he thinks of it, likes wearing tails, and has never excelled in any sports.

He is a procrastinating letter-writer. "I never answer them. They rot in the drawer." He drinks a lot of milk and is always tanned a dark brown by early summer.

He places no faith in any kind of fortunetelling. He has never experienced

seasickness and has an ambition someday to own a mina bird, an East Indian, ravenlike talking bird.

He hates cats.

He likes dry martinis, wool or silk socks, and small, intimate parties. His favorite cheese is brie.

He has never worn spats or carried a walking stick. He usually shaves twice a day and finds it much too easy for him to say yes to requests for personal favors, always assuming more than he can undertake. He frankly declares that his philosophic attitudes derive chiefly from the Bible.

He is fond of the heavier types of ales, doesn't like beer, has no desire ever to own a farm, and eats with both hands without shifting tools from one hand to the other.

He and his wife enjoy playing backgammon and gin rummy together, always playing for pennies and always settling losses. He prefers a string quartette when dining out and doesn't care for chocolate malts. He likes his coffee black "with an eye dropper of cream."

He indulges in no gambling games excepting poker.

He has failed miserably in every attempt to cook something. He owns two male dogs, one half-Sealyham half-poodle, the other a full Sealyham. He has a weakness for old English antiques and doesn't mind eating alone.

CARY GRANT was the son of a clothing manufacturer, and nurtures a secret yearning to be a good boxer and a good swimmer. He goes for a hot-dog at the drop of a hat, deals cards left-handed and would like someday to essay "Raffles" on the screen. "It appeals to the larceny in me."

He always whistles when worried.

He once won a prize in a Ping-pong contest on shipboard. His favorite breakfast is bacon and eggs, the latter turned over. He is lucky in games of chance, doesn't like lisle hose, and fights shy of dining to the accompaniment of swing music.

His beard is exceptionally heavy around his mouth and chin, and he inherited his love of the theater from his grandfather, Percival Leach, famous English tragedian. He loves roast duck, modern Chinese furniture and sleeping late.

He has a passion for browns in suits, a color which he confesses doesn't suit him.

He considers the most charming cities he has ever seen the little towns of St. Paul and Eze in the South of France. He is a poor marksman and never wears panamas or straw hats. He hopes someday to visit the Orient.

He has a special weakness for chocolates with marzipan centers.

He is not made dizzy by heights, smokes a pipe occasionally in the evenings, and if he had his choice, work

Can you guess who our next PORTRAIT is?

She's a vegetarian and majored in theology.
She's an expert bridge-player and world-affairs talker.
Her childhood idol was Eddie Rickenbacker.
She's going to have a baby in May.

Why, of course!

She's Rosalind Russell!

Meet her in an early issue of Photoplay-Movie Mirror

permitting, he would rather live in Northern California. He failed in mathematics at school.

His wife taught him to be punctual. He cannot tango, is bored by track meets and never carries enough cash on his person for ordinary needs. He never goes to a Turkish bath.

He was more popular with boys than with girls as a youngster.

His tastes lean towards the extremes in everything, and this is exemplified in his paradoxical philosophic attitudes, being realistic and romantic at the same time. His boyhood idol was Buffalo Bill.

He sleeps soundly, never on his stomach, and has a particular aversion for whelks, an English periwinkle type of snail eaten by many people. He gets sudden periods of depression for no apparent reason.

He likes most to play the works of Jerome Kern on the piano. He can never remember the license number of his car, dislikes canned kippers, and has never had a nickname.

Cary Grant would like someday to have two children of his own—a boy and a girl.

He was born in a small English suburban house built of brick. He likes small minute steaks, cooked medium well. He has read hundreds of times a collection of short stories by W. W. Jacobs, entitled "Snug Harbor." He reads something out of this book almost every night.

He considers "Once Upon A Honey-moon" one of his best comedies and had he not been an actor he would have liked to have been a criminal lawyer. He wears a size forty-two coat.

He never argues with a traffic cop. He hates wearing a topper.

HE NEVER plays golf, likes chutney, comfortable sport shirts, and has a green-eyed china monster that cost ten cents and which his wife gave him as a luck charm. He doesn't like hunting.

He wears a plain gold wedding ring.

He dances an excellent fox trot and a very good rhumba. He never gets airsick, excelled at school in history and geography, and regularly attends the local boxing events once a week.

He was sixteen when he first came to the United States. He proffered his services to England in any capacity when that country first went to war with Germany. He seldom wears a soft collar the way the manufacturer intended it to be worn, inevitably pulling up the back of the collar so as to reveal the necktie in the back. He can never remember dates or places.

He habitually has coffee at four every day. "A devil of a habit now what with rationing."

He was thirteen when he ran away from home to join an acrobatic troupe. He was returned home four weeks later, where he remained a year and a half when he again made an attempt to join the troupe. He has appeared on Broadway in many musical comedies.

He usually sleeps in the raw and had a boyhood ambition to walk in the rain dressed in high boots, raincoat and sou'-wester hat. He appeared in twelve operettas in 1921, staged by the St. Louis Repertoire Company. He has a bicycle which he bought before priorities and considers his best performance that in "The Awful Truth."

He once owned haberdasheries in Hollywood and New York.

Cary Grant, when asked what pictures he considered his worst, said: "How many columns do you want to devote to that endless subject?"

The End

"Speak the language of the Heart with soft, confiding HANDS,"

says

Ilona Massey



Ilona Massey, starring in Universal's "Frankenstein Meets the Wolf Man"; with Joe Allen, Jr. Such thrilling hands!

"It's wonderful how easily a girl helps to keep her hands smooth and feminine with Jergens Lotion," says Ilona Massey, charming young Hollywood Star. "The Stars in Hollywood, they say, use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1. It's so nice and quick—never sticky. I've used Jergens Lotion for years."



The HAND Care Most Film Stars Use—

You give your hands almost-professional care by using Jergens Lotion regularly. Help prevent that uncomfortable hard feeling—that "too-old" look. Two fine ingredients in Jergens are used by many doctors to help neglected skin become fresh-flower smooth. 10¢ to \$1.00. Most smart girls use Jergens Lotion.

Jergens Lotion

for Soft, Adorable HANDS



DO MEN

TURN AWAY

when your hair comes too near?

If you enjoy dancing...if you want to be considered dainty, fastidious...then guard against scalp odor.

Remember—your scalp perspires as well as your skin—and many girls also have oily hair which easily forms an unpleasant odor. Check up on yourself... your hat, your hair-brush, your pillow, tomorrow morning.

It's so easy to play safe. Use Packers Pine Tar Shampoo regularly. It works wonders with oily hair and scalp odor because it contains pure, medicinal pine tar.

It leaves your scalp clean and fresh. The delicate pine scent does its work—then disappears. Be sure of yourself...with naturally clean, naturally fragrant hair. Start the Packers habit tonight. Get it at any drug, department or ten-cent store.



**BRUSH AWAY
GRAY
HAIR**
...AND LOOK 10
YEARS YOUNGER



Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 30 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c and \$1.65 (5 times as much) at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Get BROWNATONE today.

Wives Should Have War Dates

(Continued from page 41) possible to have a double date with another couple, preferably married. That couple should be along when Mrs. Smith's escort calls for her and takes her home.

"My third rule is that after the date Mrs. Smith should write her husband all about it. Tell him everything that happened, where she went, what jokes were told, anything that will amuse him, and make him realize that she *wants* him to know about it."

THIS theory of Ida's is not an untried idea. She and her husband have proved its worth. Before Hayward left for service he bestowed his blessing on a chosen few of their mutual friends. These are the ones who have been Ida's escorts at premieres, dinners and parties. Whenever she has a date, Ida writes him all about it.

"It pleases Louis to know I'm not just sitting here worrying about him. A few weeks ago, after I had not heard from him for a month while he was on sea duty, he telephoned me from the East Coast. I was able to tell him all the news about our mutual friends because I had seen them. He laughed and was happy that my life was not completely out of gear. When I asked him if he was having dates, he said, 'You know us Marines!' You see, we could be gay.

"I don't know when I shall see Louis. He couldn't even tell me where he was going."

Ida was quick to concede that the date problem for a Hollywood wife is a bit different from that of women in other towns.

"An actress, for business reasons, can't just crawl into a shell and never be seen anywhere. For that reason she might have more dates than a young wife in St. Louis or Centreville.

"But the principle is exactly the same. I firmly believe that any war wife should occasionally enjoy the company of a man."

How should a wife pick her dates? Remembering they should be friends of her husband, what sort of men should she choose, if she's lucky enough to have much choice in these days of man shortage?

"If Mrs. Smith can," Ida answered, "she should choose a man with an active sense of humor, informal, who likes to do gay things and won't spend the evening grouching about the war or high taxes. In short, he should be easy on the nerves or the entire purpose of having the date is shattered."

WHAT about her own choices? Would she name six?

"First on my list is Monty Woolley. He has a wonderful sense of humor; to him the simplest things are fun. He is completely informal, even at the most formal parties. He is kind, sweet-tempered and the complete gentleman. He is the perfect escort.

"You probably won't believe it, but he loves to dance. Even jitterbug! There is never a dull moment with him, for he loves little jokes.

"Monty invited me to go with him to the premiere of 'The Pied Piper' and told me to prepare a little speech. With misgivings I did. He coached me on it as we drove down. I was in a tizzy because I dread speeches. Then when we arrived neither of us was called on. He knew we wouldn't be and roared with laughter when I nearly fainted with relief."

Harry Mines, a well-known Los An-

geles drama critic, was also given a Hayward blessing as one of Ida's beaux. A friend of long standing, Harry has a keen, clever mind, a brittle sense of humor. He likes symphony concerts, the ballet and theater and takes Ida to them. He delights in finding unusual restaurants where they sit and talk by the hour.

Flying Officer Robert Coote of the Royal Canadian Air Force, who has been a friend of the family's for years, is another of Ida's favorite dates, but she sees him seldom, for leaves are few in the RCAF. "Cooter," so named by Ida and Louis, played a lead in "The Commandos Strike At Dawn" and had a week in Hollywood while it was being finished after most of it had been shot in Canada.

"Cooter is grand fun," says Ida. "He has a British sense of humor, is gay and entertaining."

And who were her three other choices?

"I can't give you names, because they would number hundreds—but my fourth, fifth and sixth choices would be the Army, Navy and Marine Corps!" she said laughing.

"That isn't exactly the kind of date we've been talking about, but I regard it as a date because it means the company of men, their conversation and viewpoint.

"War wives should never overlook canteen duty or entertaining service men in groups. It's not only a form of date, it is a service of which women can be proud.

"Surely other wives must feel as I do, after spending an evening entertaining service men, when I can say to myself, 'I think I helped those boys have a good time tonight. They felt at home. They told me about their wives and sweethearts. I hope somewhere someone is extending such hospitality to Louis.'"

Ida probably gives more time entertaining service men—without benefit of publicity—than any other star in Hollywood.

"There is one other date," Ida continued, "that is most important, good for any war wife or war fiancée, and which cannot cause any unkind comment from anyone. That is *work*!"

"It is the perfect antidote for worry or nerves or boredom. However, it shouldn't be anything like one's regular daytime occupation. Any hobby or aptitude that can be developed so that it absorbs one's mind in spare time is the thing to choose.

"You may think, from what I've already said, that I spend most of my evenings dashing about. As a matter of fact, I don't very much, unless I'm entertaining service men. Otherwise I stay home—and compose music!"

"Other girls can write or paint or do sculpture. They might join ambulance corps, learn first aid, motor mechanics, telegraphy or craftsmanship. *Anything*, if it is absorbing work, fills your mind and crowds back worry."

Ida's songs, which she played and sang for us—the lyrics written by her friend "Bunny"—are lilting popular melodies. When you hear "Floating On Air" or "Sweet Face" or "Ache Of Spring" on the Hit Parade, and you will one day because they're that good, remember that they were composed during some of Ida's long evenings at home while Louis was away in the service of his country. Evenings which might have been black with worry but for her hours of work.

As she finished her songs and turned from the piano, Ida said, "You know, that's really my favorite war date. Work!"

THE END

I Was Self-Conscious

(Continued from page 51) go for endive."

We left the powder room together and I wished we might be going to spend the evening together too. We were! She was the famous social leader I had dreaded to meet!

I'm not given to easy confidences. However, before that evening was over I told this young woman about my social difficulties and, jokingly, asked if she had ten rules on how to be popular at parties tucked away in her charming chartreuse bag.

She laughed. But she spoke seriously. "There's only one rule for social conduct, I think," she said. "Friendliness! 'I've found,' she went on, "that an interest in people and the things in which they're interested works like a magnet. Immediately men and women feel interest they respond—and you're on your way to another warm relationship.

"There's one thing to remember, however," she cautioned, very serious indeed now. "It's impossible to be friends with everyone. It's no use trying. It's no use, in other words, to go to every party to which you're invited or to invite everyone you meet to your house. Try to be friends with everyone and you'll cease being true to yourself. And there's no profit—no warm, human profit, I mean—going about with those who are naturally strangers, with those who have different standards, who want different things from life, who neither feel nor think as you do."

She preached exactly what she practiced.

Immediately I began putting her advice into effect. It worked—miraculously! It changed my life. Social stage fright is a thing of the past. I enjoy parties now—the parties I give and the parties I attend. Because I no longer conduct an armed truce with the other guests or with my guests. Because I seek for friends only those with whom I'm congenial, those I understand, and offer others courtesy and consideration, en passant.

Life's so much more fun when you aren't a social problem child. And no one need be. Take my word for this. When it comes to social stage fright I'm the old, well-known Voice of Experience!

The End



Plum-picker of the season: Gloria Jean, who walks off with a prize role in the new "Flesh And Fantasy"

DOES YOUR DEODORANT SAFELY STOP UNDER-ARM PERSPIRATION AND ODOR? MINE DOES.

I USE **ARRID** THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT. IT SAFELY STOPS PERSPIRATION AND ODOR.



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39¢ a jar

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At any store which sells toilet goods



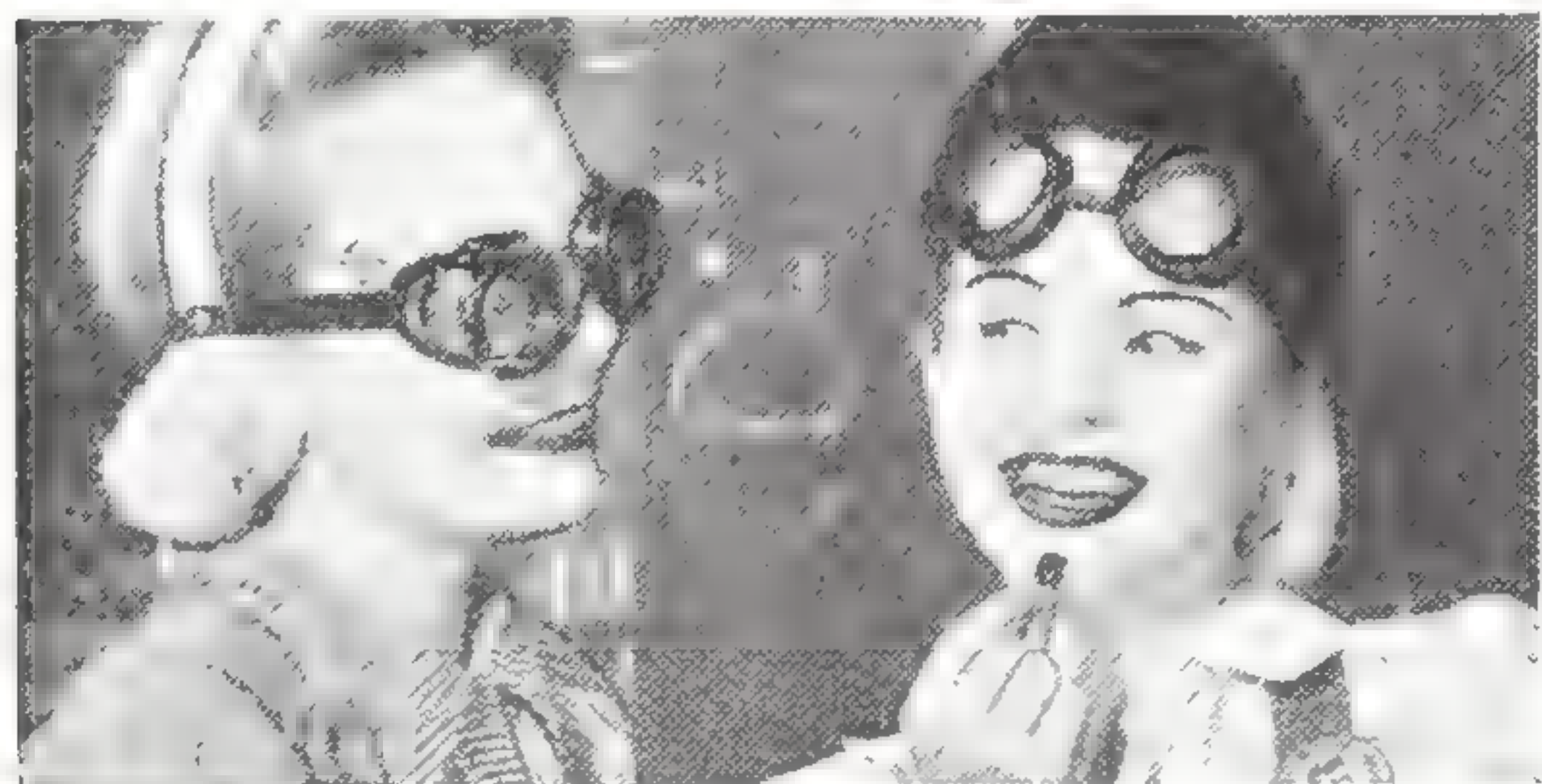
ARRID

THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT



THAT WAS ME, all right! Especially, when it came to taking a laxative. I used to punish myself with the worst-tasting medicine. And how that stuff would weaken and upset me! Aside from its awful taste, it was just *too strong!*

THEN I ADDED INSULT to injury! I went to the other extreme and started taking what turned out to be a "namby-pamby" laxative. I thought it would be easier on me, but it failed to give me relief. It was just *too mild!*



FINALLY, ONE OF THE GIRLS at the plant put me wise to Ex-Lax! Now, *there's* a laxative for you! It's such a cinch to take . . . tastes just like swell chocolate. And it does its job so well — without knocking you out! Ex-Lax is not too strong, not too mild — it's *just right!*

Ex-Lax is effective — but effective in a gentle way! It won't upset the children; won't make them feel bad afterwards. No wonder it's called:

THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

As a precaution, use only as directed.

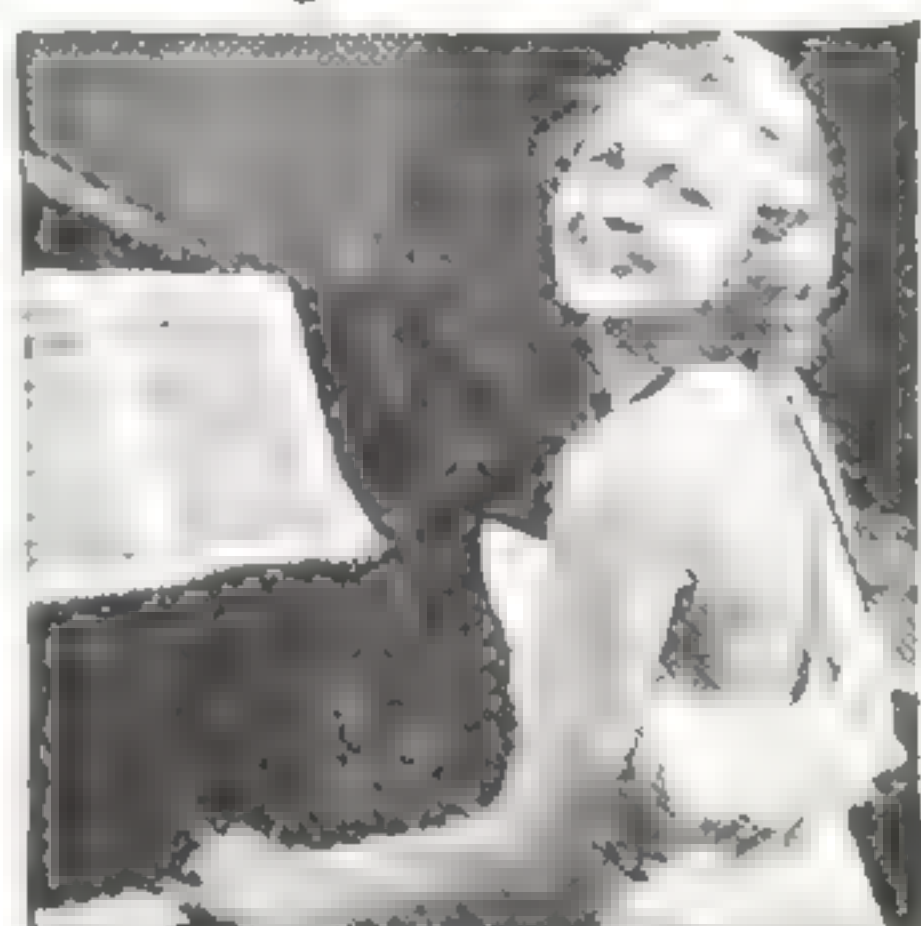
IF YOU HAVE A COLD AND NEED A LAXATIVE—

It's particularly important when you're weakened by a cold not to take harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax! It's thoroughly effective, yet not too strong!



"I DIDN'T DREAM I COULD LEARN TO PLAY without a teacher!" says H.C.S.*

"When I play people hardly believe I learned to play so well in so short a time." Yes, and thousands have learned music this easy as A-B-C way. It starts you right off playing real tunes by note. No numbers or trick music. In a surprisingly short time you're playing favorite pieces — winning new popularity. Best of all, it costs only a few cents a day. Mail coupon now for Free Booklet and Print & Picture Sample Lesson giving full details. Mention your favorite instrument.



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Instrument Have you Instru.

Name

Address

Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 21)

\$1.00 PRIZE

Young America Speaking

SO his name is Alan Ladd and he's had just two starring roles. That lad certainly is an overnight star!

Today the Junior classes sat in the auditorium and watched a film called "Unfinished Rainbows" flash on the screen. Sure, it was in Technicolor and it was a talkie. So what? It was just another educational film about aluminum.

Suddenly a murmur across from the kids in general and some worshipping fan cried out "Alan Ladd!!!" It didn't seem possible that a big-name star could be shown in our little theater, but his name was on the list of players. We waited anxiously and then—sure enough, there was his picture big as life flashing on and off.

Ohs and ahs went around the room and even the teachers were smiling.

Yes, he was a hit! When the picture finished the kids clapped till their hands were red and he was the sensation of the day (even with report cards coming out).

He isn't handsome, but Alan Ladd is an actor, a real honest-to-goodness one!

He's solid dynamite and right now he's blasting the American movie-goers right out of their seats!

Yessir, he's the kind *young America* likes.

Anna Lewis,
Glen Ridge, N. J.

HONORABLE MENTION

SEVERAL months ago I watched a film which was lifted out of the triteness of its plot by two shining performances. The film was "Joan Of Paris"; the actors, Paul Henreid and Michele Morgan. The other day I saw Paul Henreid again in "Now, Voyager." Even the superb acting of Bette Davis did not dim the masculine sweetness which is so appealing in Mr. Henreid. When compared to him, actors like Victor Mature and Robert Taylor are imitations. It isn't his accent, particularly, but the honesty of his performance.

Geraldine Fitzgerald impresses me in the same way as these two French performers.

Dorothy Krall,
New Haven, Conn.

A FEW weeks ago I went to see "The Gay Sisters." I was getting quite bored with the picture until a handsome young actor (I do mean actor) was introduced into the story. He made me sit up and begin to enjoy the picture.

Gig Young (yes, that's whom I'm talking about) changed the picture into a four-bell hit.

Sally McCalpin,
Wilkesburg, Penna.

GEORGE MURPHY is a person whom a boy really admires. He's not a homemade Romeo, for just to look at his past life shows that many difficulties have confronted him during his life. In fact, it was believed when he was young he would never walk again and would become a cripple for the rest of his life; but in spite of this handicap, it may be rightfully said, he is one of the foremost tap dancers of today.

I really enjoyed his last two movies, "The Navy Comes Through" and "For Me And My Gal."

Dick Winkler,
Cincinnati, O.

THIS is a plea for the victims of unthinking letter writers. This article is always full of letters from people who, in order to build up their own favorite, are unconsciously tearing down someone else's. Results, ill will.

I'm sure that no one would willfully want to harm another star. It's wonderful that we fans have this chance to express our views and complaints. But there is nothing to be gained from this negative criticism.

Buddy Cowley,
Brackettville, Tex.

RECENTLY I attended a movie and saw as good a double bill as I have seen for quite a while. I don't say the pictures were the best, but they were more enjoyable than any I have seen in a long time.

The first picture was, "Get Hep To Love" with Gloria Jean and Robert Paige, among others. The second was, "The Postman Didn't Ring" with Brenda Joyce and Richard Travis.

Both pictures were as entertaining as could be. They were happy pictures too. Made you feel that it was a pretty good time to be living after all. It was a real pleasure just to sit back and relax.

(Mrs.) Jane M. Carey,
Moline, Ill.

Accolade from Ohio for George Murphy, seen dishing it out for Mrs. Murphy at the Beverly Hills Hotel Sunday-night buffet.



PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 24)

✓ In Which We Serve (U. A.)

It's About: *The story of a British destroyer and its men.*

NOEL COWARD wrote, produced, directed, composed the music and acted in what is probably England's finest war film to date. The technique is pure artistry in form, the direction both intelligent and brilliant and the acting so natural the characters become a part of our lives.

English films certainly surpass our own in their choice of characters—not sexy, startling, beautiful people that we so seldom meet in real life, but honest, homely, real people who behave normally and naturally. Therein lies a great deal of the magnetic power and spiritual beauty of this picture.

The central character tells the story of a ship, *H. M. S. Torrin*, from its inception to its final death struggle at the bloody hands of a Nazi sub. Clinging to Nazi machine gunners, the minds of the a life raft and constantly strafed by oil-soaked, half-dead survivors go back to their homes, remembering little, homey, natural events that make up every man's life. It's the remembering of the "little things," instead of trumped-up dramatic episodes that gives the power and the glory to Noel Coward's story.

The reaction of the English people to their men at sea is portrayed as it never has been before.

Typically undemonstrative, but typically sympathetic, Noel Coward's sea captain carries conviction and power.

Your Reviewer Says: Pure artistry.

✓ The Powers Girl (Charles Rogers-U. A.)

It's About: *A girl who finagles her way to modeling.*

AGOOD little musical this, boasting Benny Goodman's orchestra, Anne Shirley and Carole Landis as sisters, Dennis Day and his songs, and George Murphy as the boy both girls want. Something laudable is bound to come out of all this talent and it does. But we do think the story missed a big opportunity to tell us more of the beautiful Powers models—how they're chosen, their selection for modeling work, etc. Instead, Hollywood has chosen the time-worn theme of the big sister who wants a career more than all the world and is therefore a heavy just on general principles and the meek little sister who wants nothing but George Murphy and almost loses out on him.

Carole Landis is a swell girl but hasn't had her chance on the screen really to register.

Anne Shirley is just herself, Alan Mowbray is humanly believable as John Powers, head of the model agency, and George Murphy tops as the magazine photographer.

Dennis Day, of the Jack Benny program, sings as you'd expect and, of course, Benny Goodman's fans will have a field day over his music.

Your Reviewer Says: More "Powers" to this one.

MARCH, 1943



...AND THE GIRL'S FACE is Satin-Smooth for Kisses



GOOD MORNING TREATMENT FOR DRY SKIN

Apply a light film of Jergens Face Cream; leave on as you do your chores. Your skin looks clean, fresh. Before making up, cleanse with this new cream; splash with cold water; blot gently dry.

Sensational "One-Cream" Beauty Treatment soon helps smooth away sad Dry-Skin Lines

You, too, can easily have skin like satin—so smooth, clear and fine.

One new cream is all you need. Jergens Face Cream! This single cream is almost like 4 creams. It

- (1) cleanses like a charm;
- (2) helps soften your skin;
- (3) leaves a silky-fine base for powder;
- (4) acts as a Night Cream that says "Hands off" to dry-skin lines.

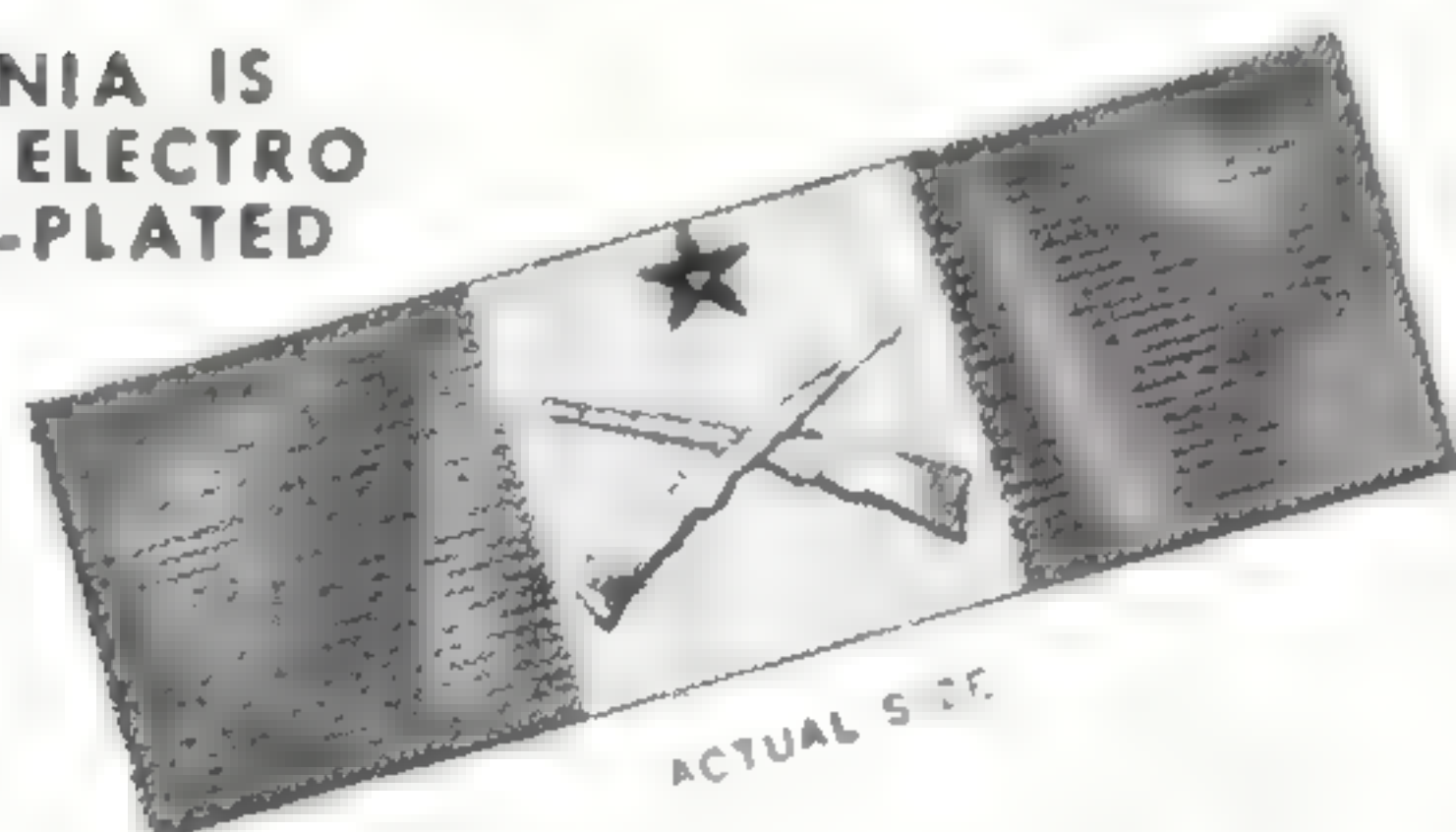
Thank Jergens skin scientists for Jergens Face Cream; they make Jergens Lotion, too. Use Jergens Face Cream every day. It's the new "One-Cream" Beauty Treatment.



Show HIM You Truly Care!

Wear THIS WAR-SERVICE PIN

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- Blue Star indicates son or relative in the Service, while insignia shows soldier's or sailor's particular branch of service such as Aviation, Marine, etc.
- Red, white and blue Ribbon finest quality rayon
- Colorfast: Can be washed with hot or cold water, any soap
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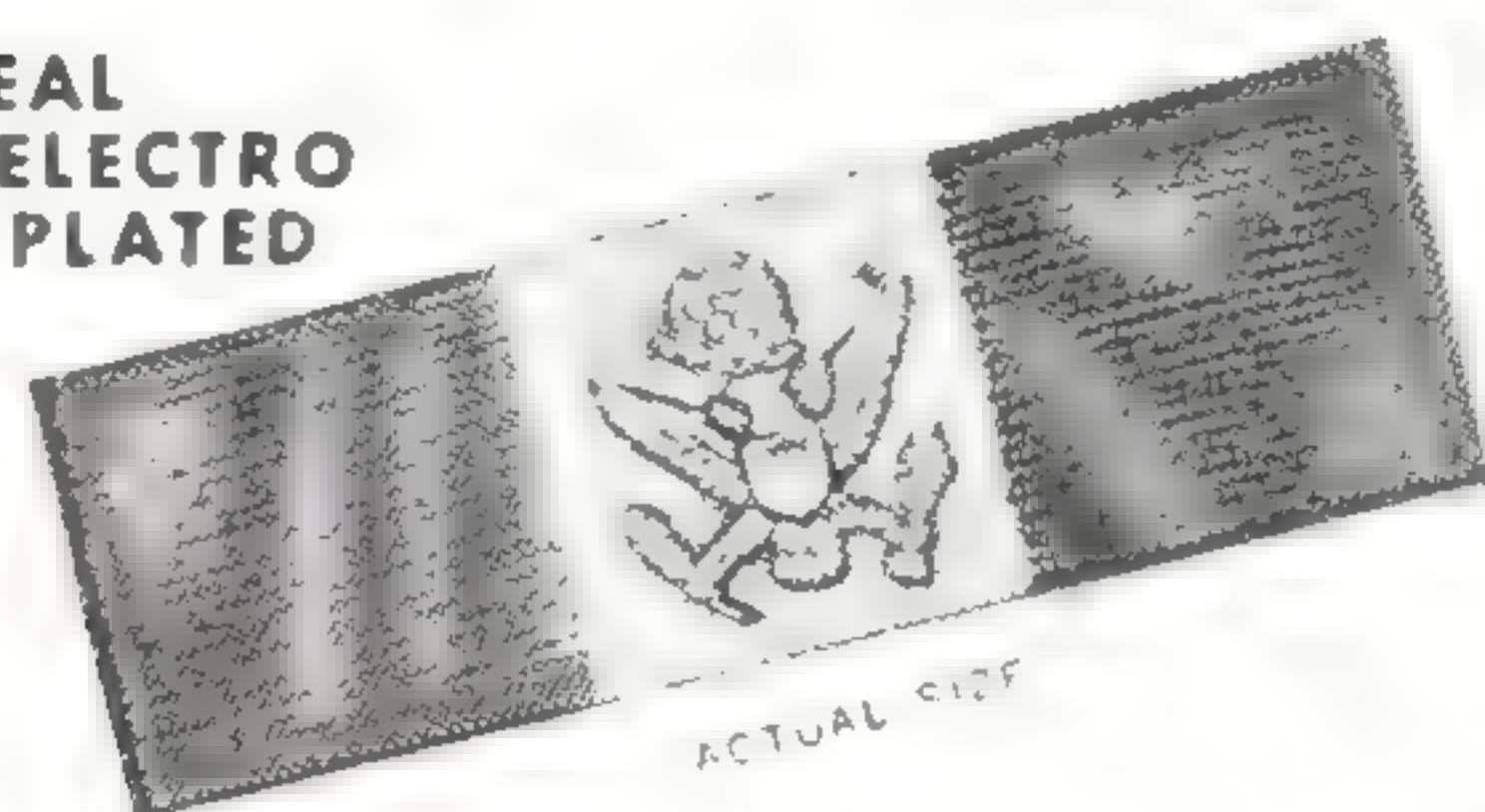
He's fighting for you—so why not show you really care? If you have a dear one in the Service—honor him by proudly wearing this Civilian War-Service Pin.

IMPORTANT: State specific branch of service.

If you have no loved one in the Service—
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PATRIOTIC BAR PIN

U. S. SEAL
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Either pin, 50¢ postpaid (Plus 5¢ Federal Jewelry Tax)

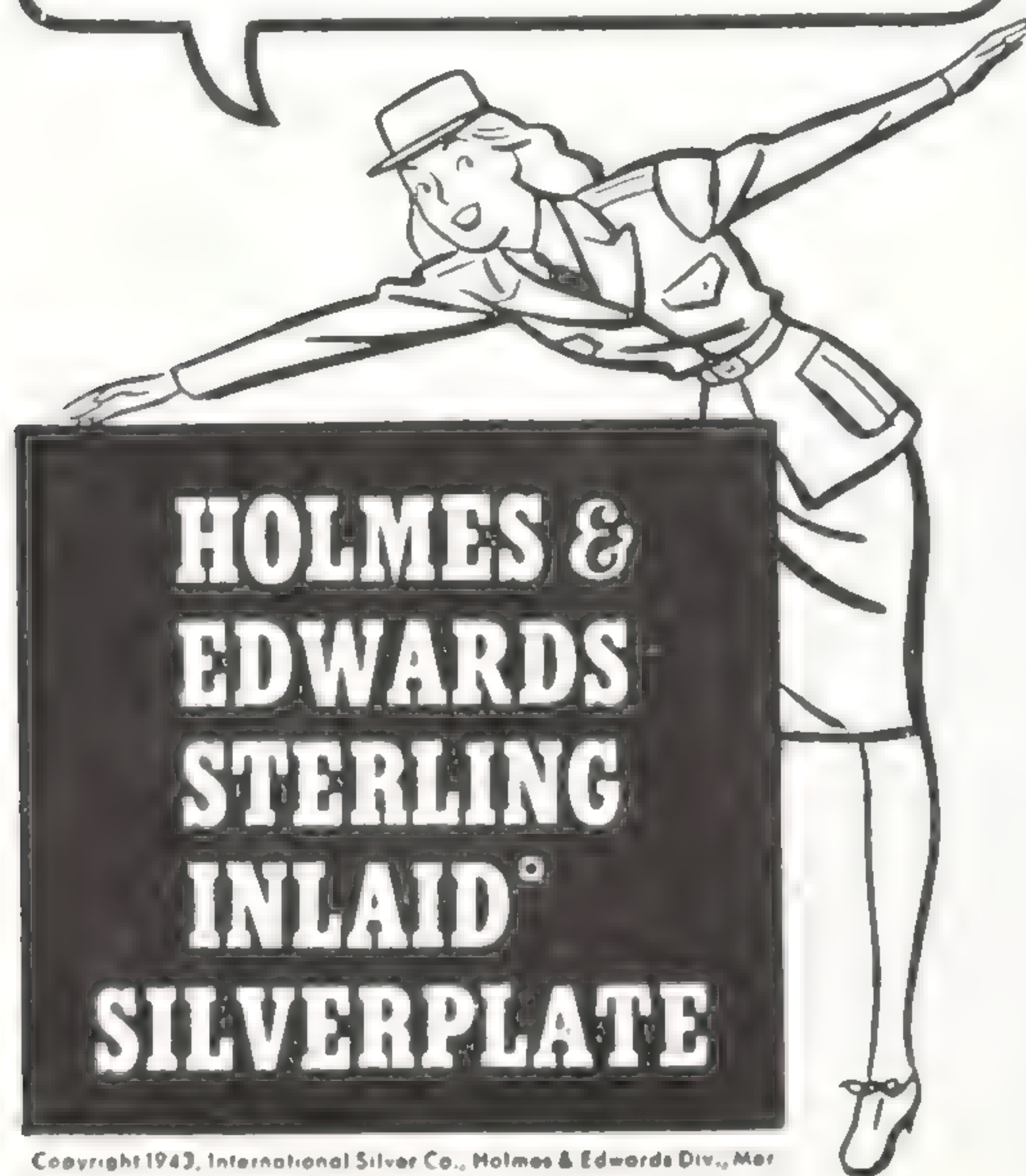
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A Night To Remember (Columbia)

It's About: An amateur sleuth whose wife plunges him into a mystery.

IT'S a gay little thing that means no harm and endeavors to do its best in spreading cheer in these troubled times. And so it does, bless its heart, what with Loretta Young and Brian Aherne, a young married couple, innocently moving into an apartment building that houses all the victims of one blackmailer.

Of course someone has to get murdered in our young couple's apartment, but we couldn't make out what place he had in the story or why he was killed exactly.

Brian Aherne, the dimwit husband sleuth, should cut out the clowning and resume playing romantic roles as only he can.

Loretta Young is so beautiful, isn't she?

Your Reviewer Says: A night to amuse you.

✓ You Were Never Lovelier (Columbia)

It's About: An American dancer woos a South American beauty.

THE long-awaited Fred Astaire-Rita Hayworth picture arrives after weeks of strenuous rehearsals by Rita and Fred and we feel the result a bit disappointing.

There isn't nearly enough dancing to please us, but what there is is simply marvelous, no two ways about it.

The story is slow to get under way with Rita believing Fred to be her Romeo and Fred wanting nothing but to dance in her father's night club. However, it picks up as it goes along and ends in a fine whirl.

Rita is lovely. Adolphe Menjou as her papa is very good.

Xavier Cugat's orchestra gives with some fine numbers. The Jerome Kern music, especially "You Were Never Lovelier," is a lilting treat.

Your Reviewer Says: Romance in rhythm.

✓ When Johnny Comes Marching Home (Universal)

It's About: A returned hero who seeks seclusion.

HERE'S a mighty good little musical, folks, enhanced by radio's all-girl Hour of Charm orchestra, the performance of a couple of young newcomers, Donald O'Connor and Peggy Ryan, and the fresh-as-a-daisy story.

Allan Jones, as the soldier hero who secretly rejoins old friends to avoid social-minded Marla Shelton and promptly gets accused of being A.W.O.L., does some of his best work to our notion. Jane Frazee is very likeable as a singer with the orchestra and Gloria Jean grows up right before our very eyes. But it's that young scamp of a Donald O'Connor who steals the show, with Peggy Ryan in on the grand larceny.

Evelyn and her magic violin, known to thousands of radio fans, scores a solid hit with her gypsy music.

All the music is good, in fact, and the picture a little whiz-dinger in its own right.

Your Reviewer Says: Zip set to music.

✓ Arabian Nights (Wanger-Universal)

It's About: Colorful travesty on the tales of Sherazade.

BEAUTY in gorgeous color overshadows story and cast in this fanciful, farcical tale of the Arabian Nights, Hollywoodized, and so far from the original tales as to be a completely new story.

This version tells of a Caliph of Bagdad (undoubtedly Hollywood had no idea Caliphs were religious rulers and not political governors) whose brother usurps his throne for the love of the dancing girl, *Sherazade*. But the real Caliph (Jon Hall) minus his beard moves unknown among *Sherazade's* friends, winning her love and eventually regaining his Caliphship.

The desert scenes are magnificent, the sets lavish and the cast, including Billy Gilbert, Leif Erikson and Sabu so very capable.

Maria Montez makes a believable *Sherazade*, outshadowed, we're afraid, by the luscious colors that surround her.

Your Reviewer Says: Two big blue eyesful.

✓ Andy Hardy's Double Life (M-G-M)

It's About: Andy gets ready for college.

IN three days' time *Andy Hardy* runs the gamut of emotions from happiness to horror, from sublimity to humility, mugging, grimacing and clowning all the way. Andy has three days left in the home town of Carvel before he leaves for college and in that short space of time he gets himself engaged to two girls, gives a rubber check, helps his dad solve a case and delivers a man-to-man talk to his father—a reverse on the usual angle.

How he has the strength left to get to school is beyond us. Esther Williams is terrific in her swimming scenes with Mickey. Ann Rutherford is back as *Polly Benedict* and Susan Peters is glimpsed in a final scene. Lewis Stone, Cecilia Parker, Fay Holden and aunt Sara Haden are all present as the very real *Hardy* family.

Your Reviewer Says: One of the best of the *Hardys*.

Best Pictures of the Month

Commandos Strike At Dawn

Star Spangled Rhythm

In Which We Serve

Best Performances

Paul Muni in "Commandos Strike At Dawn"

Noel Coward in "In Which We Serve"

✓ Pittsburgh (Universal)

It's About: *The rise and fall of an ambitious coal miner.*

WE expected: Flaming furnaces against a night sky, the dramatic struggle of men and steel, of danger and molten lava, the wealth and smoke that make up the city of Pittsburgh.

We got: John Wayne, a coal miner nicknamed "Pittsburgh" who is spurred on to ambitious heights by "Hunky" Dietrich, a man who goes overboard in arrogance and ruthlessness that lead him to desert Marlene for the social Louise Allbritton and who finally meets his come-uppance and regeneration in defense work. Sounds mighty familiar, doesn't it?

Once again Randy Scott is Wayne's partner who finally gets the girl.

It's just a thought, but could you possibly be as weary of Dietrich in these "woman leads to fistfight brawls" as we are?

Louise Allbritton starts right up to the old success ladder in this one. Frank Craven has a namby-pamby role as the doctor. As usual, he narrates in spots.

Your Reviewer Says: Familiar as an old shoe.

The Great Impersonation (Universal)

It's About: *An Englishman and German who look alike.*

IT'S the same old dual role of men who look so much alike their own wife (and they usually share one) doesn't know who is who.

This time it's Ralph Bellamy, an Englishman who looks so much like Ralph Bellamy the German that he is able to go to Germany, get secret plans and then to be sent to England as a German spy. And all this time the English wife, Evelyn Ankers, becomes only faintly suspicious. It's Kaaren Verne, the Austrian sweetheart of the German, who throws the final monkey wrench into the monkey business.

Your Reviewer Says: Three guesses—who am I?

Mountain Rhythm (Republic)

It's About: *A back to the "corn" field movement.*

THE Weaver Brothers are back again with less singing and more "dramatics." It seems the Weavers take a long-promised vacation to Californee and then forego the pleasures of a restful life to recruit the student body of a snooty boys school to help harvest the land of a departed Jap. Everybody pitches in and raises old Ned.

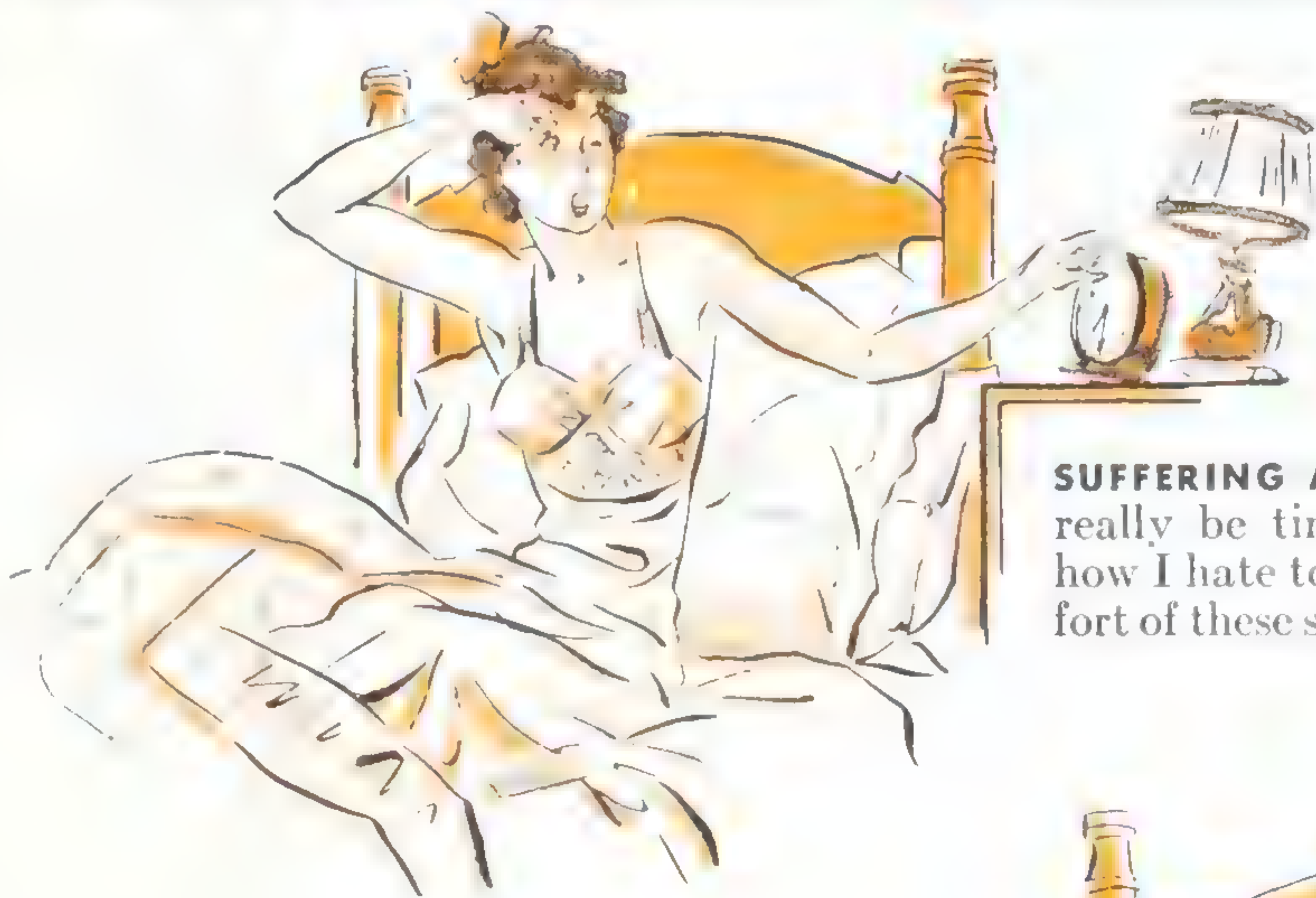
Your Reviewer Says: Hoe that corn!

Behind The 8 Ball (Universal)

It's About: *Murder in the old barn theater.*

YOI, yoi, yoi, the Ritz blitz is back again and how those boys clown and carry on. We especially liked their aping of Ted Lewis and his "When My Baby Smiles At Me" number. Carol Bruce sings four numbers in her usual husky manner and Gracie McDonald steps like fury and gives out with the popular "Mr.

LINNY—Begins a Busy Day! BY Tulse



SUFFERING ALARM CLOCKS! Can it really be time to get up? Ooh... how I hate to leave the cuddly comfort of these smooth *Linit-ized* sheets.

NO RUNS! NO RIPS! NO TEARS! A little Linit Starch in the final rinse sure helps to protect precious hose...keeps 'em sleek looking, too.



THERE'S MANY A SLIP still fresh and new-looking because it's always laundered with Linit Starch, which penetrates and preserves dainty fabrics.



OOPS!...how will that lovely blouse look after a busy day? Will it still be fresh and crisp? Sure, 'cause while you're on the job, so is Linit Starch...keeping fabrics clean and fresh-looking longer.



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Stop losing time at work or play To fuss with straying hair: Your hair-do's 'right' thruout the day. When GRIP-TUTH holds it there!



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Between your regular beauty shop visits, use GRIP-TUTH, the modern Hairtainer — its spring teeth hold every type of hair-do in place, give you that secure feeling. And these Hairtainers are specially good for defense workers whose loose strands of hair must be held in place. Sold at all leading beauty salons, department stores, chains: card of one large, or card of two small retainers, 25c.

GRIP-TUTH: Diadem, Inc., Leominster, Mass., Dept. 84 Nu-Hesive Surgical Dressings, by our affiliated company, are one of our contributions to National Defense

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GRAY HAIR KILLS ROMANCE



You know that gray hair spells the end of romance... yet you are afraid to color your hair! You are afraid of dangerous dyes, afraid that it is too difficult, afraid that the dye will destroy your hair's natural lustre—afraid, most of all, that everyone will know your hair is "dyed".

These fears are so needless! Today at your drug or department store, you can buy Mary T. Goldman Gray Hair Coloring Preparation. It transforms gray, bleached, or faded hair to the desired shade—so gradually that your closest friend won't guess. Pronounced a harmless hair dye by competent authorities, this preparation will not hurt your wave, or the texture of your hair. If you can comb your hair, you can't go wrong! Millions of women have been satisfied with Mary T. Goldman's Hair Coloring Preparation in the last fifty years. Results assured or your money back. Send for the free trial kit—so that you may see for yourself the beautiful color which this preparation will give to a lock from your own hair.

Mary T. Goldman Co., 7625 Goldman Bldg. St. Paul, Minn. Send free test kit. Color checked.

☐ Black ☐ Dark Brown ☐ Light Brown
☐ Medium Brown ☐ Blonde ☐ Auburn

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

Five By Five," a silly song if ever we heard one.

The plot? Oh, that thing! Well, let's see, it all boils down to a couple of murders in the midst of a summer theater production. The murderers turn out to be spies attempting to scare off the actors. The Ritz Brothers do a much better job of it to our notion.

Your Reviewer Says: Amusing and very loud noises.

Hitler's Children (RKO-Radio)

It's About: A boy and a girl in the strangle hold of Hitler's New Order.

HERE is a courageous contender for the strongest anti-Nazi theme to come out of Hollywood. However, the picture itself does not always live up to the power of its theme which is the ruthless Nazi indoctrination of German youth.

It takes a German boy, Tim Holt, trained as a Gestapo, and his German-born American sweetheart, Bonita Granville, and carries them through the conflict of New Order versus human decency; exposing the shocking Nazi punishment of sterilization for women who are politically "difficult."

Tim Holt and Bonita Granville give good account of themselves in the tragic business.

Your Reviewer Says: Strong meat.

The Traitor Within (Republic)

It's About: The rise and fall of a truck driver.

DON BARRY, who also plays Westerns, plays a truck driver whose wife lands him in a jam. Jean Parker, the wife, is jealous of the World War heroism that is accredited to the town mayor, Ralph Morgan, and rightly belongs to her father, George Cleveland. Her jealousy leads to blackmail and Don, who has gone up the ladder on the blackmail money, eventually finds himself behind bars on a murder charge. When the smoke blows away we find Don and Jean back together, humbled but happy.

Your Reviewer Says: As if any of this matters.

✓ American Empire (Harry Sherman-U. A.)

It's About: River boat partners who build an American Empire out West.

AFTER the Civil War, Richard Dix and Preston Foster are partners on a river boat. They eventually establish a huge cattle ranch in Texas that gradually grows Empirish in dimensions.

Leo Carrillo, a rustler who dislikes the boys, continues to steal their cattle until the final shoot-it-out sequence that is a piperoo. Harry Sherman, who makes these ravish Westerns, has spared no expense in making this another whooper-dooper. Foster and Dix are perfect as the partners. Frances Gifford is the beauty who plays Foster's wife.

Your Reviewer Says: A Western in the grand manner.

Madam Spy (Universal)

It's About: A suspected spy who isn't.

OUR blood pressure hits the sky at the waste of time, film and money expended on such silly stories. It's unforgiveable, really, and this one just about caps all climaxes with Constance Bennett married to newspaper correspondent Dan Porter, who suspects her of being a spy. We're against all of it. John Litel, we forgive, and that's as far as we'll go.

Your Reviewer Says: Hisssss!

Silent Witness (Monogram)

It's About: A police dog who solves a murder.

MARIS WRIXON, a beautiful investigator from the District Attorney's office, is courted by Frank Albertson, a criminal lawyer for a Black Market gang. No sooner does Frank reform, however, than he is accused of murdering the D. A., played expertly by Bradley Page. When all else fails to clear him, a talented police dog steps in and puts the fang on the real killer.

Your Reviewer Says: Well, you know how it is.



Snappy ice show that will reap a snappy box-office harvest: "Ice Capades Revue" put on by Republic, featuring Richard Denning and Ellen Drew

✓ Ice Capades Revue (Republic)

It's About: A girl who inherits a broken-down ice show.

ICE shows traveling throughout the country have become one of the most popular forms of entertainment, drawing appreciative crowds everywhere. Republic Studios have cashed in on this fact with a snappy and at times lavish ice show that should reap an equally lavish harvest. Several of the numbers, especially the hula dance on skates and the military parade, are terrific.

The story has Ellen Drew, a farm girl who inherits her uncle's ice show that definitely needs new life and new sponsoring. How she injects both necessities into the show forms the rather trite plot.

Ellen Drew is excellent as the heiress with the ice-coated elephant on her hands. Richard Denning is good as the romantic lead. Vera Vague and Jerry Colonna furnish the nonsense and skaters Vera Hruba, Mergan Taylor, Lois Dworshak, Red McCarthy, Jackson and Lynam and Phil Taylor provide the thrills.

Your Reviewer Says: Thrills on ice.

Rhythm Parade (Monogram)

It's About: A baby that breaks up a show and a romance.

OH dear, this is a little thing only its mother could love. It's all about a singer about to debut in a big-time show who keeps a baby in her dressing room and just for that stirs up the darndest hornet's nest you ever saw.

If you've read about the famous Florentine Gardens in Hollywood and its master of ceremonies N. T. G.—Nils T. Granlund—you'll get a kick out of its reproduction on the screen. Ted Fio Rito's orchestra, Gale Storm, Robert Lowery, The Mills Brothers and Margaret Dumont give out, but—

Your Reviewer Says: We give up.

Warning

—to anyone who
is a friend of

WALTER PIDGEON

Don't miss the April issue
of Photoplay-Movie
Mirror in which

MR. MINIVER IS ON THE SPOT

In fact, he puts himself there! So
rally round and
tell Walter he
isn't so wrong as
he thinks he is!



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Captivating
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UNCLE SAM SAYS "SAVE THOSE CLOTHES"
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MAKE LAST YEAR'S DRESS THIS YEAR'S SUCCESS
EACH FROCK CAN BE A "HONEY"

- Look your prettiest while helping Uncle Sam conserve materials. Get out all last year's frocks and with a few packages of RIT, give them all a gay, sparkling, eye-catching beauty. Save precious silks, wools, rayons—have a "new" wardrobe—and buy a whole bookful of Defense Stamps with the savings.

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NEVER SAY DYE... SAY

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28 Colors.
Use White Rit to
take color OUT!

Don't ration your appetite

A new way to plan wartime meals,
pointed up by the star of the Naval
Aid Canteen — Carole Landis



BY ANN HAMILTON

A FEW days before Carole Landis left for England, where she has been doing such a magnificent USO job of entertaining the armed forces and where she has just married Capt. Thomas C. Wallace of the U. S. Army Air Force, I caught up with her as she was sprinting off the "Powers Girl" set. Her usually piquant face was serious and her frivolous black and gold costume swirled determinedly about her feet.

"In a hurry?" I asked.

Carole nodded emphatically. "It's my night at the Naval Aid Auxiliary Canteen," she called, "and I wouldn't be late for *anything*."

The Canteen is another one of those war organizations to which Hollywood is devoting itself so wholeheartedly. Carole's particular job was (and will be again when she returns to Hollywood) to round up other girls and drive them, all laden with doughnuts and cookies and sandwiches, to the big bases where they feed and entertain as many as 4,000 sailors and Merchant Marines an evening.

"We co-operate with the Government too," Carole said proudly.

CO-OPERATING with the Government means that in planning canteen menus the girls follow the suggestions of the Agricultural Marketing Administration, the federal agency set up to make sure that our armed forces, our allies whom we supply under Lend-Lease agreements and those of us fighting on the home front get the greatest possible benefit from our available food supplies. From time to time the A.M.A. urges us to buy heavily of certain foods. It labels some of them Victory Foods which means we have an abundant supply on hand.

These plentiful foods won't always be as cheap as you would like, but they will be reasonably priced in relation to other foods. In buying them you'll be helping relieve the demands on scarce products and, in the case of fresh fruits and vegetables, you will also be helping conserve a perishable crop while releasing canned and dried varieties for shipment—all of which are important toward providing a fair and efficient distribution of our wartime foods.

For the coming weeks, one of the most plentiful foods will be cabbage, thanks

to an unusually large cabbage crop in the fall of 1942. That's a lucky break for us stay-at-homes, for it ensures us a full quota of salad during the period when many salad greens are scarce.

A husky, he-man salad that would appeal to the men at Carole's canteen just as it will to your own family combines cabbage, apple, green pepper and carrot—and the result is not only colorful but is a good source of Vitamins C and A.

Cabbage Salad

- 2 cups shredded cabbage
- 1 cup diced apple
- 2 carrots
- 2 green peppers
- 1 onion, minced
- 3 tbs. French dressing
- 1 tsp. prepared mustard
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. celery seed
- 1 tbl. mayonnaise

Slice carrot and green pepper paper thin and combine with cabbage, apple and onion.

Blend mustard and celery seed into french dressing. Toss salad lightly in french dressing and when well coated stir in the mayonnaise as a binder.

Hamburger Cabbage Rolls are another taste treat for the gourmets.

Hamburger Cabbage Rolls

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 cup cooked rice
- 1 onion, minced
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. rosemary
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 6 cabbage leaves
- 2 tbs. hot water
- 2 tabs. melted butter or margarine

Combine beef, rice and seasonings and divide mixture into 6 equal portions. Place each portion on a cabbage leaf, roll up and tie with string. Place in buttered baking dish.

Combine melted butter and hot water and pour over. Bake in low oven (325 degrees F.) for about an hour, basting frequently.

Sauerkraut, too, is on the plentiful list, but it's kraut in bulk just as it was when we were children—a saving not only of the cabbage crop but of tin as well, you see—and, glory be, it has the same delicious tang we all remember from our childhood. If you have been neglecting sauerkraut lately, try serving it raw with french dressing, as a salad with a macaroni, cheese and tomato casserole, or using one-third sauerkraut (either cooked or raw, but be sure it is well drained) to two-thirds potatoes when making potato cake.

Sauerkraut frequently suffers from too long cooking at too high a temperature and it is this overcooking which causes the characteristic odor to which many of us object.

About twenty minutes simmering (do not boil) in just enough liquid to keep it from sticking (its own liquid is usually sufficient) will give you sauerkraut at its flavorsome, wholesome best.

CEREALS, an important source of protein, vitamins and minerals, are also on the abundant list, so see to it that your family gets its full share of these nourishing grain products. They are tops on your breakfast menus, of course, but make a special effort to serve them at other meals as well—for instance, cooked cereal cakes seasoned and cooked like potato cakes are delicious with chops or broiled liver and one of the most satisfactory desserts is a cereal pudding made or served with milk or fruit. Buy fresh fruit whenever it's available, the Agricultural Marketing Administration requests.

There'll be plenty of citrus fruits in the market during February and March. So here's to victory with oranges and grapefruit!

"Easy to see," Carole said, putting on a last touch of lipstick and smiling happily, "that if you'll just follow the Government's program, there's no need to ration even the biggest appetites in your family!"

THE END

When Rita Hayworth Said Good-by to Vic Mature

(Continued from page 47) officer wrote, as per directions, "To visit New York and see my gal." Note, please, the candor of the applicant whom Hollywood has described as the most versatile liar since Baron Munchausen.

He didn't get the okay until a few hours before his train was set to leave. He didn't even bother to pack a bag. He travelled lighter than a hobo, the white electric shaver in the pocket of his pea jacket comprising his total luggage.

At the last minute he was offered a lower berth on the sleeper by a friend who works for the Pullman Company. He turned it down, thanked the would-be donor.

"I'd rather travel like the rest of the boys."

A couple of gobs, hell-bent on a rib, asked him for his autograph. "It's a deal, mates," Mature came back. "Only let's make it a two-way proposition."

He arrived in New York with seventy-three autographs, seventy-three lifetime friends and Jim Farley, who had met him on the platform and introduced himself. It is another irony that Vic Mature, the man who presumably courted women just for the publicity accruing therefrom, arrived in New York cold. Not a soul in Manhattan knew he was coming. Not a reporter. Not a photographer. Not even Sherman Billingsley into whose boite, the Stork Club, he popped at three a.m. Billingsley almost dropped dead of shock.

"You might have told the best man at your wedding you were coming," Billingsley protested, when Vic marched up to the table where he was sitting with a gorgeous blonde.

Mr. Billingsley performed the intro-

ductions, in the tongue-in-cheek grand manner.

"Miss K. T. Stevens, permit me to introduce Coxswain Victor John . . ."

Photographers suddenly appeared out of nowhere. Would he and Miss Stevens pose for a picture, just one . . . ? Here was an impasse.

"It will be a pleasure," he said finally.

The picture of smiling Vic and the ravishing K. T. was the first thing Rita noticed as she thumbed one of the tabloids en route to the hotel.

"Mmmmm. Pretty girl," Rita said. She never even mentioned the incident to Vic. She understood perfectly. Hadn't she herself been photographed a dozen times with a man, some Hollywood friend who had dropped by her table?

It is the gospel truth that Victor Mature didn't go to bed that Friday night. After helping close up the Stork Club, the same Stork Club where he had first met Martha Stephenson Kemp whom he later married with Sherman Billingsley standing up for him, he walked through the early dawn to a hotel overlooking Central Park South, the same hotel where he had lived when, two years back, he was the rage of New York and the show-piece of "Lady In The Dark."

Vic didn't meet Rita's train. It took him three hours to argue himself into staying away. He resented the studio's interference in a purely private matter. On the other hand, if his staying away would spare Rita any unpleasantness, maybe it was the best thing after all. Say what you will, the coxswain missed out on a swell publicity bet. Can't you see what a picture it would have made,

the sailor kissing his lady and then toting her luggage to the cab? He sent roses, bushels of them, which may have accounted for the fact that he went back to Boston with \$1.13 in his pocket. The phone was ringing when she walked into the door. It was Vic. When could he see her? She wanted to know how about lunch? He said two hours was a long time to wait but he'd manage somehow.

At lunch they said very little. Perhaps they were thinking of that night, not so very long ago, when they said good-by back in Los Angeles, the night he left for Boston and heaven knows where from there. Murmansk, perhaps. Morocco, India. Who knew? You could tell without even trying that the fast gab at the station that night was a cover-up and that the guy had something on his heart. Ten laughs a minute; you could have clocked them yourself. Not until the conductor called "All aboard" did he let up long enough to fumble in his middy blouse pocket for his ticket.

"Good-by, honey," he had said. "I'll remember you to my fan club at Harvard." (The Harvards once dubbed Mature as the worst actor in the business.)

"Good-by, darling," she had said.

The train was starting to pull out when he raised the window and called out: "Take care of Genius, Jr. She ought to have a houseful of superannuated pups by the time I get back."

WELL, here they were together again, the two star-crossed lovers over whom Hollywood shook its very concerned head.

Two years ago excitement-loving Vic Mature would have said it was unthinkable.

AMERICA IS SMOKING *MORE**

* Government figures show all-time peak in smoking

And far more Americans
are wisely smoking
PHILIP MORRIS!

Doctors report, in medical journals, that:

**EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT
DUE TO SMOKING, CLEARED UP COMPLETELY—OR
DEFINITELY IMPROVED . . . WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED
TO PHILIP MORRIS!**

No claim is made of any curative power in PHILIP MORRIS. *BUT*—this evidence clearly proves PHILIP MORRIS far less irritating for nose and throat—therefore better for you. Try them!

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SKY-PASSENGERS
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YOU GETTING A COLD TOO?



USE ANTIPHLOGISTINE!

At the first sign of a chest cold—bronchial irritation—or sore throat due to a cold—act promptly! Apply ANTIPHLOGISTINE comfortably hot.

The Moist Heat of ANTIPHLOGISTINE goes right to work on those disturbing cold symptoms. Eases that cough—soothes those sore, "achy" muscles—loosens up that tightness of the chest.

ANTIPHLOGISTINE'S valuable Moist Heat brings real comfort—feels good, too.

This famous medicated poultice gets the heat directly to the troubled area without fuss or bother. Yes, and maintains its comforting warmth for many hours—while you sleep!

Antiphlogistine



NEW SOAP Clears Skin

Ugly pimples, blemishes and itching skin rashes, impetigo, ringworm, eczema, externally caused, often quickly relieved by new medicated TALLY SOAP. Tally Soap must show as much as 50% improvement or money back. Ask for Tally Soap at chain, drug and department stores everywhere. TALLY SOAP CO., 207 N. Michigan, Chicago, Ill.



WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

Buy it from your druggist today

**DR. HAND'S
TEETHING LOTION**
Just rub it on the gums

able. Unthinkable or not, they spent the afternoon doing nothing—nothing, with bells on. They looked in at Schwartz's famous toy shop. They took a two-hour ride through Central Park in one of those American droshkys known as hansom cabs. The Irish hackman remarked that his fare resembled "Dick" Ma-chure. "Purely an optical illusion, old boy," Vic came back. "I'm a sailor by trade, not a ham actor." The hackman begged his pardon. They rode up and down Fifth Avenue in a cab, watching the Christmas shoppers. It reminded Vic that he hadn't bought his mother's Christmas present yet and did Rita have any ideas. She did—lots of them. All he had to do was leave it to her.

At six he dropped her off at her hotel, promising to be by in an hour to take her to dinner. He returned to his hotel, found scores of messages in his box—requests for interviews, sittings for portraits, invitations, etc.

Two years back . . . ah, that was a different story.

One of those messages was of special interest. It was from a prominent New York lawyer who had left word for Vic to call. He called.

The lawyer, as lawyers will, came to the point in short order. He had been engaged by Martha Stephenson Mature to make one last effort to negotiate a divorce action which Mr. Mature, apparently, was bent on obstructing.

The one obstruction, Vic hurried to point out, had been alimony terms, rather than any alleged perversity. "There will be no difficulty about terms," the lawyer assured him.

"There will be no difficulty in obtaining a waiver to my rights as a member of the armed forces, to block any contemplated divorce action for the duration," Vic assured him. The lawyer came by, Vic signed and Martha Stephenson Mature's divorce became merely a matter of time.

Legal matters concluded, Vic showered, dressed, picked up his girl and off they went to the Stork Club for dinner.

WHAT an entrance they made, "the beautiful hunk of man," absent from Broadway for nigh onto two years and now wearing a uniform, and Rita Hayworth, owner, by acclamation, of the finest figure and future in Hollywood and now wearing a black form-fitting gown and a green two-tipped beret with a mammoth silk snood attached!

Photographers dropped out of the chandeliers. "How about it, Vic?" they chanted, mindful of the Mature of old who would pose for anybody, anytime, anywhere.

"No dice, boys," Vic said. He looked as if he meant it.

Sherman Billingsley hove to.

"Come on, Vic," he pleaded. "Just one shot for the time capsule."

Two photographs were taken for the "time capsule," meaning Mr. Billingsley's collection of celebrities he likes.

The Stork was packed, the dance floor jammed. All eyes were on table No. 1. Now, Vic Mature has told reporters that he hates dancing, that he is the world's worst. When the band struck up Cole Porter's "I Get a Kick Out of You" Rita

dropped her gold cigarette holder, a gift from Sherman Billingsley, and said:

"Dance, sailor?"

"Sure, lady."

It must have been midnight when the waiter brought a note to the table. Miss Louella Parsons "and friend" requested the pleasure of their company.

Miss Parsons received them with open arms, insisted that they join her.

"And friend?" Mature inquired, shaking hands with her companion, a handsome, silver-haired man.

"And admirer," the handsome, silver-haired man said. It was Charlie Chaplin.

"I'll always treasure that telegram," Vic said, mentally harking back several years to the morning after the premiere of his first picture, "1,000,000 B.C.," the bitter notices from the critics, and the telegram signed Charles Chaplin that read:

"I have seen your picture and read the reports of the wise men. Don't let them shake your confidence in what you are trying to do. These same wise men jeered at me long before you were born."

THEY sat there, the four, while Saturday slipped into Sunday. Charlie Chaplin was reliving his apprenticeship in the movies (Louella Parsons once wrote his scripts, back in the days of the defunct Essanay) when he noticed that the sailor and the lady were holding hands and looking on, present but still not present.

"Say what you want, Lolly," he said, dropping his narrative. "Love is a magician. See how it takes people out of this world onto another, and I suppose superior, planet."

"When this war is over, these two are going to get married and I'm going to give away the bride," Miss Parsons said.

It was almost six when they said "good night" at the door of her hotel. Dawn was breaking in the East.

It started off with Mass at St. Patrick's, in Mr. Farley's pew. It continued through a hazy Sunday afternoon and wound up, once again, at the Stork Club. This time, however, there were no "time capsule" photographs, no Charlie, no Lily—nothing but the two of them. There wasn't even any dancing. They sat there in the Cub Room at the same table where the world's greatest comedian had said something about love's being like a magician.

It was 2:50 when Sherman Billingsley announced that it was time to be shoving off, the train for Boston was leaving in twenty minutes. They drove to the train piloted by a gabby cabby who was nuts about Benny Goodman. It was just as well. When they got to the platform, they said good-by no differently than any other lovers. He was boarding the train when Rita handed him a little package on which was scrawled in ink: "Open en route."

He did "open en route." What he found in the package was a gold disc suspended from a chain meant to gird a man's neck. On one side were engraved the letters V. J. M. On the other, R. H. Coastguardsman Mature grinned. Let them ship him to New Caledonia or to the Gilbert Islands. It would be a pleasure. No Japanese bullet—not even a silver bullet—could tag him now.

THE END

MARCH 5 IS THE DAY!

There's a war, you've heard—and because transportation facilities which would ordinarily speed our magazine to you are needed in the all-out victory effort, we're going to make our monthly appearance on the newsstands of the country later than usual. Forgive us, and just to prove it, step up to your newsdealer on MARCH 5 and get your copy of the APRIL PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR!

Hollywood's Home Front Heroes

(Continued from page 67) says that if he could make a co-pilot out of her he could make a flying fool out of a broomstick. Brian counters by saying that flying fools are not exactly what the armies of the Allies are looking for. But there's purpose behind the twinkle of his eyes as he says it, a double purpose. For when Brian takes up his duties at Falcon Field, just outside of Phoenix, Arizona, he hopes to be not only flying instructor but to act as a sort of ambassador without portfolio to the youngsters who are sent here to get their training from all over the British Empire.

"America is an unknown world to them," says Brian earnestly. "They need to be taught the ways of Americans so that there may be an ever-increasing understanding between our peoples."

His enthusiasm is heartily seconded by Joan who has recently won admiration for her sincere work as a fully trained nurses' aide.

The Ahernes have taken on still another war activity. They have turned over their Valley ranch to the planting of carrots. A lowly vegetable, the carrot, but it has an immense value to men who fight. The vitamins it contains are great health strengtheners. The Ahernes are doing their bit to see that there shall be no lack of this source of strength for our flying fighters.

ROGER PRYOR is another. For years this star of the baton has been an air enthusiast and expert pilot. In fact, he is the daddy of the stars who have given other stars their first flying training. As soon as war was declared Roger tried to enlist in the Air Corps as a combat pilot. It was his prospective service that caused Ann Sothern to change her divorce plans temporarily. She felt it was not the time for Roger to be harried with thoughts of a broken home. But the Air Corps rejected Roger because he was over twenty-eight.

However, Roger was not to be turned from his overall purpose by the first no. He decided that if he could teach stars to fly he could certainly do the same for the hundreds of eager youngsters Uncle Sam must equip for sky conquest. So he gave up his big radio hour and the pictures he had been doing; locked his Hollywood door and headed out into the desert. There, by the banks of the great Colorado River at Blythe, California, in a spot that boasts an average heat of only a few degrees less than Death Valley itself, Roger is teaching air cadets at the Government-controlled Morton Flying School.

He has exchanged his Beverly Hills home for a one-room unit in an auto court which was the only available housing quarters he could find. Today he considers himself lucky, for he is helping to train the boys who will one day bomb Tokyo and Berlin.

NO account of Hollywood's airmen would be adequate without mention of Robert Cummings and the service he has been rendering the Civilian Air Patrol. Bob has been an air nut since his boyhood days in Missouri when he and some other boys hocked their all to scrape together enough cash to make a down payment on an old crate that defied the laws of mechanics every time it took to the air. Even his career as a motion-picture star was motivated by the impelling need to get his hands on enough cash to own a plane.

ARE YOU SURE
OF YOUR PRESENT
DEODORANT?
TEST IT! PUT IT
UNDER THIS ARM!

PUT FRESH #2 THE NEW
DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM
UNDER THIS ARM! SEE
WHICH STOPS PERSPIRATION—
PREVENTS ODOR BETTER!



Use FRESH and stay fresher!



FRESH #2 comes in three
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• See how effectively FRESH #2 stops perspiration—prevents odor!

See how gentle FRESH #2 is—how delightful to use. Never gritty, greasy, or sticky!

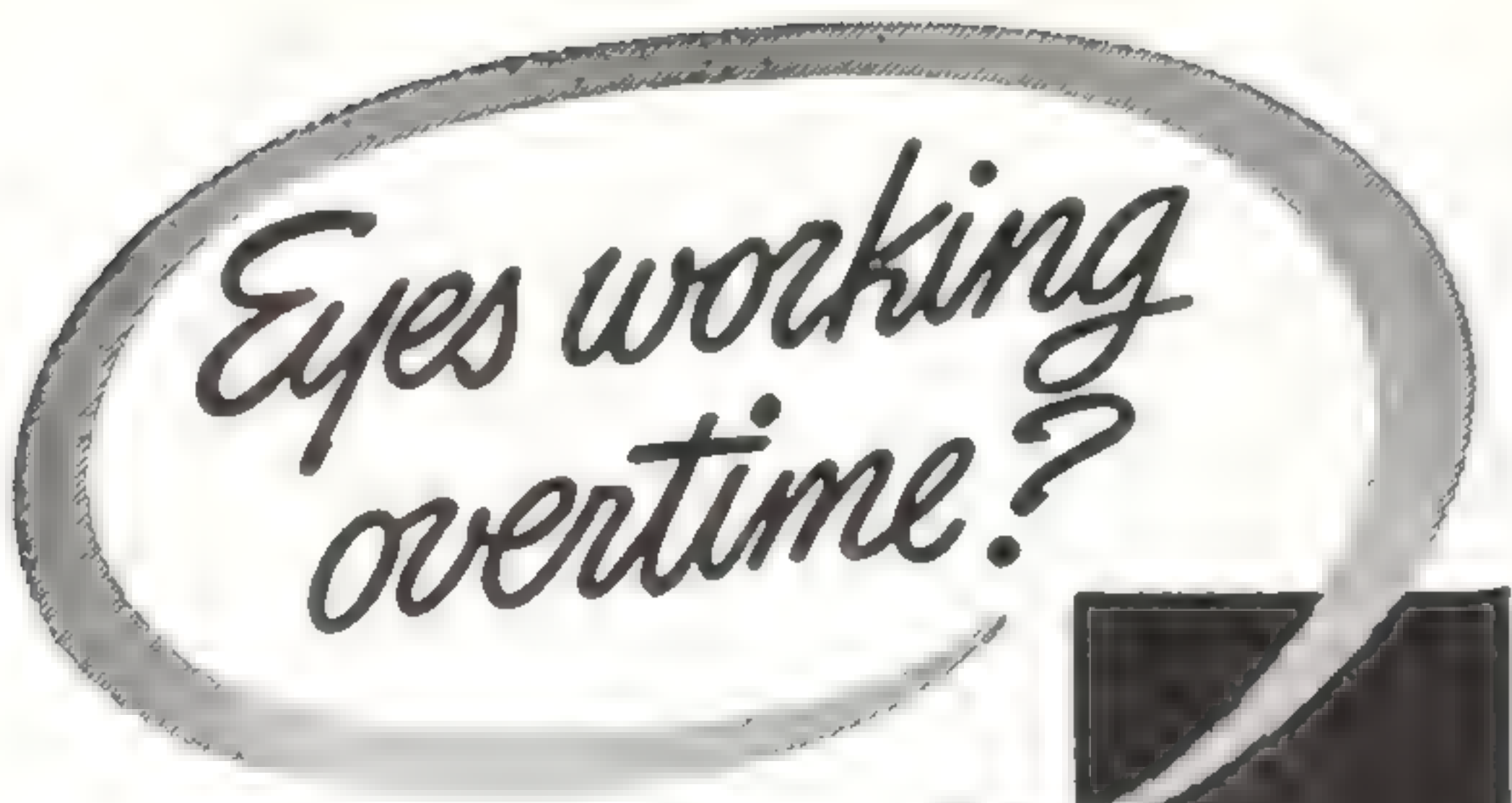
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Make your own test! Prove to yourself that FRESH #2 is the best underarm cream you have ever used. If you don't agree, your dealer will gladly refund your full purchase price.



FRESH #2

NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM • REALLY STOPS PERSPIRATION • PREVENTS ODOR



Here's help for that tired, red-eyed look!

When your eyes feel fagged out from close work, glare, or late hours — use EYE-GENE! It's so soothing—helps make your eyes feel more rested. Clearer, brighter, too!

EYE-GENE is an eye specialists' formula. In fact, no other lotion has the exclusive ingredient that makes it so effective in so short a time. Even that bloodshot look vanishes almost immediately! Stainless. Inexpensive. Safe! At drug, dep't. & 10¢ stores.

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SOOTHE IN SECONDS!



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4 Purpose Rinse
In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things for your hair.
1. Gives lustrous highlights.
2. Rinses away shampoo film.
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LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.
At stores which sell toilet goods
25¢ for 5 rinses
10¢ for 2 rinses

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Curiously enough, it was as Bob was cruising over Santa Monica in the third plane he had owned, Spinach III, that he heard the news of Japan's attack on Pearl Harbor. Grimly he set his ship down on the ground and went out to enlist in the Air Corps. He missed by a hair on the age bugaboo. So he jumped in to help organize the Civilian Air Patrol to which he now gives full time as an instructor at inland air fields when he isn't actually working in a picture. If he is on a picture schedule, he gives his evenings to teaching ground classes in the Los Angeles area. As a captain in the Army Reserve he is subject to call at any time despite his dependents.

Not to be forgotten in this roll call of Hollywood's home front heroes is its venerable *Judge Hardy*. Sensing at once the need for civilian help in getting people out of the danger area if the Japs came over with their bombs, Lewis Stone organized the California State Evacuation Group. To his side sprang stars like Bob Young, John Archer and Cesar Romero. For months they worked on registering station wagons and other large cars for possible evacuation use. They trained their members in first aid, chemical warfare and motor mechanics. Today the group meets each week to continue their studies and keep on their toes. California has been warned it may have a raid at any time!

Edgar Bergen has had two devotions in life, neither one of which is Charlie McCarthy or Mortimer Snerd. One was a foundation fund for the training of student nurses; the other, a fund for training boys in aviation. Now that Uncle Sam is doing all right by the youngsters who want to fly and, on the other hand, the demand for nurses is so

pressing, he has thrown both funds into one large foundation for student nurses. Bergen kids his great interest in medicine and nursing by claiming he's been a thwarted *Dr. Kildare* ever since the days when at Northwestern University he took a premedical course.

ON THE distaff side of our home front heroes there's Joan Crawford. More than a year ago Joan, with her great love for children, worked out a scheme to set up a day nursery for young mothers who could be mobilized for defense plants if there were a way of taking care of their children while they were at work. With indefatigable energy she sallied forth into the field, but to her bewilderment could find no takers.

At length she betook herself to the American Women's Volunteer Service. Would they help her set up a trial nursery if she paid the bills? They would. So Joan found an empty old fraternity house in Sawtelle which is within range of the war plants around Santa Monica. She supervised the repairs, helped with the cleaning and painting, bought the furniture and paid the rent. Nor has she stopped at paying the bills. She has set up a desk for herself and at least twice a week she stops by for a few hours of supervisory work.

The nursery now takes care of some fifty children whose mothers work in near-by defense plants. These mothers pay from fifteen cents to a dollar a day for the children's care, depending on their incomes. All mothers whose husbands are in the service, however, pay only the minimum. Joan is now state chairman of the AWVS nursery project.

Fay Bainter has spent many months working as the head of all "Block Mothers" in Santa Monica. This project,



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You can look as smart as a star!

Just fill in this coupon and we will tell you, by return mail, the name and address of the store nearest your home where you can buy any Hollywood approved fashion shown on pages 64 and 65 of this issue.

I am interested in fashion 1 2 3 4 5

(Circle the number of the fashion or fashions in which you are interested.)

My name is.....

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sponsored by the Parent-Teachers Association, has a "mother" for every block in the town which has the large Douglas plant and which, therefore, might well be the target for a bombing by enemy planes.

The "Block Mothers," all thoroughly investigated, must be the maternal type, understanding, patient and, above all, reliable in an emergency. They must also have homes which will accommodate many children and must guarantee that should they by chance be absent during an alert, someone else would be there to carry on in the safety work.

In case of emergency, alert, or air raid, it is the duty of the "Block Mother" to round up any children who might be in her area on the street, playing or on their way to school, and take them into her home until the all-clear. While the children are there they are to be in a place of relative safety, kept calm and entertained, and fed, if possible. Many practice drills have been held and children love the idea.

Fay is one of the most popular "Block Mothers" in town. She has great patience and great understanding with children, which qualities immediately endear all small fry to her.

Then, there's her storytelling. She keeps her small charges entranced by the hour acting out the stories for them.

One of the most popular games she's originated entails hiding under her grand piano—a foresighted bit of play-making that will keep the children calm and safe should an air-raid signal come.

THERE is no fancy uniform that goes with the job Veronica Lake has chosen to do as her share. There isn't anything but hard, grueling work. Nor will she allow that work to be used for publicity. Yet two or three times a week she faithfully goes down to act as a relief worker at the Los Angeles Headquarters of the Interceptor Command where the movements of every plane in the Coastal area are charted. When she isn't working in a picture, she takes day shifts; when she is, she takes the 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. shift—and makes her early calls at the studio just the same! That takes a lot of stamina. But don't think Veronica Lake hasn't got it. With her young husband very much in Uncle Sam's Army, Veronica has a mighty earnest purpose in life.

Perhaps this last story wouldn't come under the head of heroism, but you couldn't find a better one for a morale-builder. At least, that's what sailor Jimmy Ferrara would say. Jimmy and his best girl, Kathleen Cartmill, were at the Windsor House restaurant when they spied Bud Abbott and got up their courage to ask for an autograph. In the course of conversation, Jimmy confided that he and Kathleen were going to be married next day at the City Hall because they had no folks in town and didn't have money enough for a real wedding. Abbott, who has an out-sized heart, promptly insisted on giving the kids a marital send-off from shoes to rice. The wedding was held the following day at the Windsor House. Bud got the minister, arranged for the flowers and dinner, had the youngsters invite their friends. And he himself was best man. When his press-agent gave the story to the papers, Abbott nearly fired him. This was no publicity stunt—this was the McCoy!

A great many things about Hollywood are the McCoy—especially its home front heroes!

The End



The most important man in your community needs help

With almost a third of the nation's active physicians already in our armed forces, your physician on the home front is now your community's most important citizen. His time *must* be conserved . . . for his sake and yours, and especially for the sake of babies who need him most.

Here are some ways mothers can help:

Most important—take your baby to your doctor's office regularly. Don't *call* your doctor; call *on* him. And do this *regularly*. That helps keep baby healthy . . . saves avoidable doctor's visits at home.

Protect your baby against germs, his worst enemies. Guard him internally and externally against infections.

Help keep baby free of rashes. Rashes are danger signals . . . they make baby uncomfortable and may lead to more serious trouble. Many baby rashes are of germ origin. For instance, germs play a part in prickly heat and diaper rash. To help avoid such rashes, do as most hospitals do, anoint your baby daily with *antiseptic* baby oil. Thousands of hospitals have found by experience that this helps keep baby's skin in most perfect condition.

Keep baby happy. Crying often may be due to skin discomfort. If skin is chafed or irritated, if there is itching—apply a baby oil which contains *anodyne* ingredients that

allay discomfort and itching . . . and keep baby safer from scratching.

Only one widely-sold baby oil is *antiseptic* and *anodyne*. It is used by many times more hospitals than all other baby oils combined. It is Mennen Antiseptic Oil . . . the only widely-sold baby oil that contains special ingredients to help prevent infections, pustular rashes, heat rash, and impetigo . . . also for the relief of smarting and itching. The best proof that this is also the *gentlest* of baby oils is that hospitals use it day after day on newborn infants, including tiny premature babies, whose skin is most delicate.

Mennen Antiseptic Oil costs more to make. But it *does* so much more than cheaper oils in helping to keep baby safer.

It is pleasant to use, non-staining, non-sticky. Use it on baby's entire body daily, and on buttocks at every diaper change.

Today, more than ever, it is vital to safeguard baby in every way, for the sake of your baby, yourself and your physician.



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NONSPI will protect your good
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Chemist

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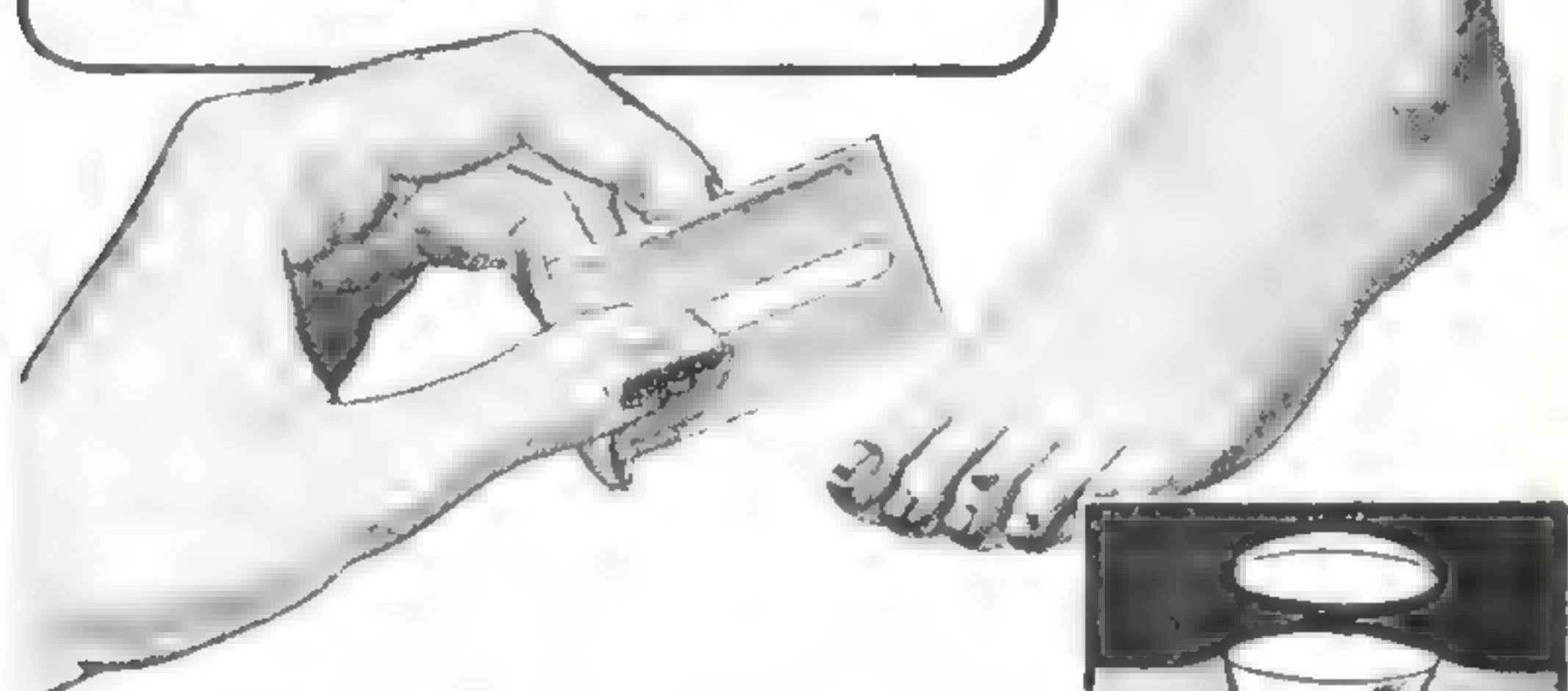
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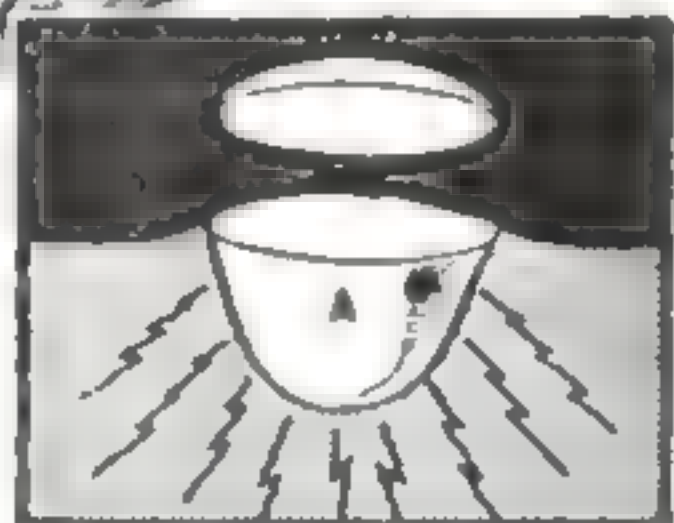
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Don't "Whittle" CORN



**"Works-while-you-
walk" treatment gets
after the core**

● Don't home-para your corn. Leaving the core in your toe may act as a focal point for renewed development. Instead, use medicated Blue-Jay! It gets after the core, helps remove the corn as shown in the diagram. And works while you walk in comfort! Blue-Jay costs so little, only a few cents for each corn. Get it at any drug or toilet goods counter.



Home paring or "whittling" corns usually removes only the top, leaves core (A) in toe



Blue-Jay medication loosens corn so it may be easily removed.*

*Stubborn cases may require more than one application.



**CORN
PLASTERS**
BAUER & BLACK

Who is Belita?



What is she?
That everyone's
now talking
about her?

LOOK at her and look again. She's Belita, the girl whose name is going to be news in Monogram's "Silver Skates." She's a girl whom Sonja Henie is watching; her prime ambition, announced publicly, is to match talents on skates with the little Norwegian prize-winner.

* * *

Nineteen years ago she was baby Belita Jepson Turner of Hampshire, England. She learned to walk, as most babies do, and then, as most babies don't, she learned to dance. And then she learned to skate because her mother thought it would give poise and balance to her dancing. It did all that, and something else, too. It made Belita one of England's representatives on the Olympic team in the winter games in Germany in 1936.

* * *

Now hold your breath and listen. She is also one of the world's greatest water skiers; she speaks four languages; she's an accomplished pianist, an expert rider, a proficient fencer, an outstanding swimmer, dancer and tennis player. She has been trained professionally for acting—no movie-camera bugaboo for her.

A small person with a mind of her own, she has grit, intelligence and a determination to click. She started out that way; it was those qualities that made Anton Tolin, premier danseur of the Russian Ballet, single her out at eleven, train her as his partner, keep her with the Ballet for three years. It was three years of hard work, of great glory, of hearing the admiring applause of elated audiences echo across the capitals of Europe.

* * *

She took time out from dancing occasionally to skate; then turned professional skater in 1937 to amaze the great London audience at the opening of "Rhapsody On Ice" at the Opera House in 1937.

* * *

Monte Carlo remembers her for her water-skiing exhibitions; Paris, Cannes, Geneva know her as the great Belita, ballerina skater. America, from Coast to Coast, will meet her in "Silver Skates."

* * *

What that meeting will mean to this pretty little blonde girl is up to America. We predict that with the hint of a smile, the flash of a silver skate, Belita will be in.

Lana Turner's Baby

(Continued from page 29) divorce of Steve and his former wife, Carol Kurtz, had not yet been made final.

Little Lana's stars seemed to decree that she must do everything the hard, the spectacular way, even to the point of threatening tragedy. For, from the very beginning, she had not been able to make Hollywood believe her marriage to Steve was anything but a marital fling. Hollywood couldn't accept the fact that Lana would find happiness with Crane, an unknown and unproved quantity on the Hollywood scene.

That was why, when the news of Lana's suit for annulment broke across the front pages of all the newspapers, suspicious Hollywood asked how any man in his right senses could fail to know that he was not legally a free man.

Yet it did take into consideration that it might have been one of those strange bemusements that sometimes fall upon us mortals. For it had happened this way: In 1937 Stephen Crane had married Indianapolis socialite Carol Kurtz. By the end of 1940 they had come to the parting of the ways and it was agreed before Steve went West that they would divorce. In February, 1941—these dates are extremely important, as you will presently see—Steve duly received some papers which he assumed would cover his interlocutory decree. If that had been the case, he would have been a free man by January, 1942, which, in turn would have made him legally in the clear to marry Lana in July of that same year.

However these papers were merely the arrangement for separate maintenance. Stephen's explanation now is that he took it for granted that this was the interlocutory decree. In any event, he was wrong, for Carol Kurtz Crane did not obtain her interlocutory decree until January of 1942, which meant that Steve would not be free until January 1943. And this was the reason why Lana, suddenly discovering that her marriage of July, 1942, was not a legal one, went at once in to the courts for an annulment.

With the shocking news that came so suddenly to her, she knew that she was facing one of the biggest decisions of her life, for it had to do not only with herself but with the future of her child. There was the ever-present question of her health. Knowing that, her first step after the filing of the annulment was to flee Hollywood, far from the barrage of reporters, telephone calls, incessant queries that might mean her own breakdown and cost the life of her baby through tragic miscarriage. For, in addition to everything else, she knew that the studio expected her to start her new picture, ironically titled "Marriage Is A Private Affair."

Then there was that fundamental decision: Would she or would she not remarry Stephen Crane? Did the happiness of her and her child depend upon remarriage to him?

She had this point to consider—the legality of the baby. But that did not depend upon remarriage; automatically, under the law, her baby would be born bearing the legal name of Crane, so her real problem was her own future. Was she to take up her life again with Steve, the man who had brought her this great unhappiness?

Strangely, the men in her life had always brought Lana unhappiness. There had been the young attorney Greg Bautzer whom she had loved and lost.

On the rebound of that breakup had

1-Minute Mask!

**When your complexion
signals SOS —**

*Skin "murky"
and rough*

You can *see* a complexion signal SOS!
You can *feel* it! Look at your skin—
is it drab, coarsened? Feel it—is it
coated with tiny dry skin cells?

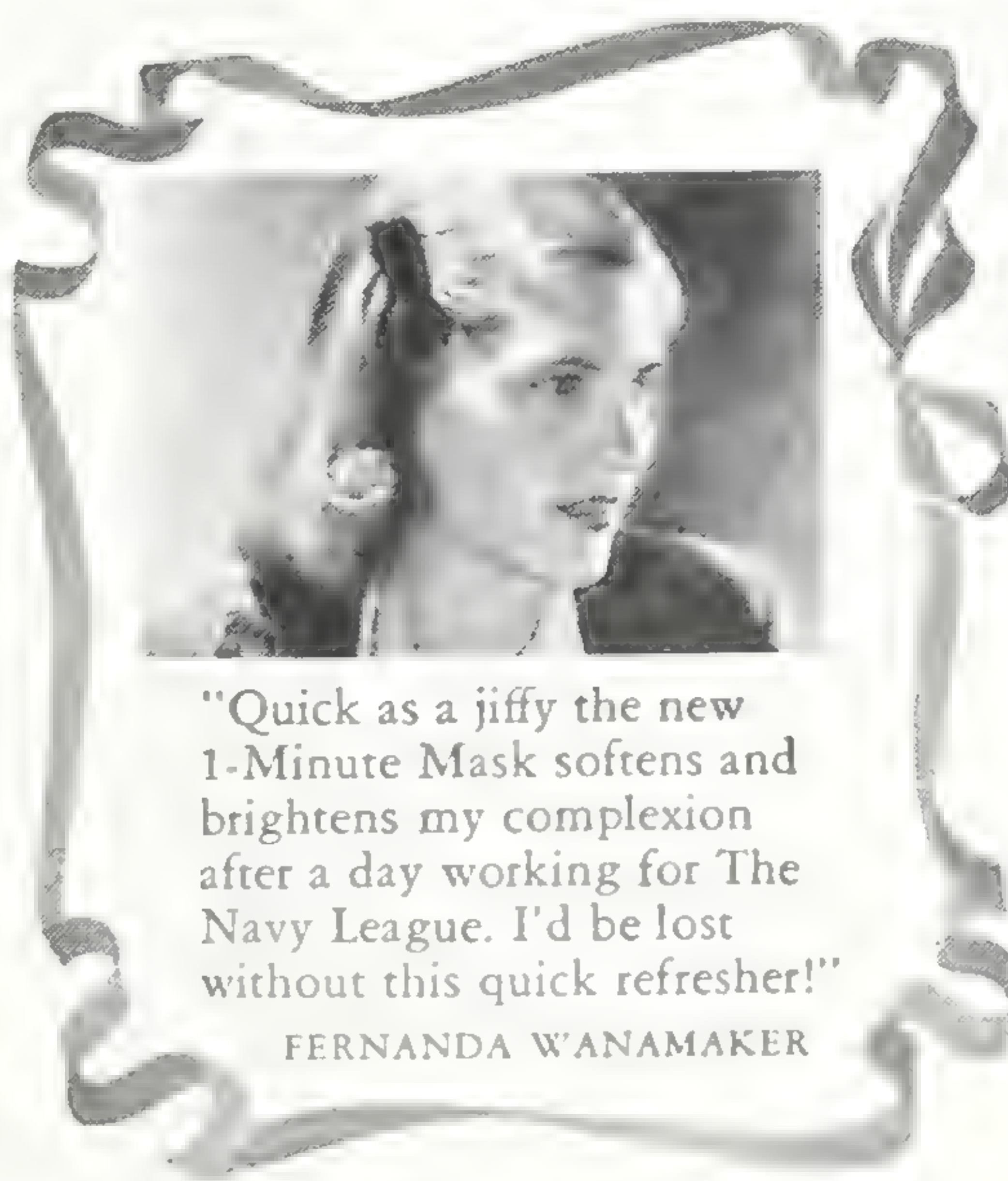
The 1-Minute Mask

Let this new way of using Pond's Vanishing Cream come to your rescue! Spread a mask of Cream over cheeks, throat, forehead—all but eyes. Leave 1 full minute. Let its

"keratolytic" action do its good work. Then
tissue off the Mask!

*Complexion fairer
... and smoother*

Beneath the bland whiteness of the 1-Minute Mask your face has been given a "re-styling"! Little skin roughnesses have been loosened . . . tight-clinging bits of grime dissolved. Besides feeling softer, your skin has a fresher, new look—cleaner . . . brighter! Make-up goes on slickly—and *stays*!



"Quick as a jiffy the new 1-Minute Mask softens and brightens my complexion after a day working for The Navy League. I'd be lost without this quick refresher!"

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Learn this Beauty Double-Talk

3 or 4 times a week, Pond's Vanishing Cream "re-styles" your face with the thrilling 1-Minute Mask shown above. It's designed for big moments—to help you look your prettiest!



Every day—before every make-up—spread on a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream for *powder* base. Not "oozy" . . . not drying. Helps protect skin in mean weather—holds make-up for *hours*!

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AT A PRICE
EVERYONE CAN AFFORD



Less than your newspaper
...less than two sticks of
gum—that's the amazing low
cost of GROVE'S Vitamins.
Unit for unit, you can't buy
finer quality vitamins. Po-
tency guaranteed!

OVER 10 WEEKS'
SUPPLY \$1

3 Highly Essential Vitamins

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essential vitamins A and D plus famous B₁
... necessary vitamins to help maintain body
resistance, strong bones, sound teeth, healthy
appetite, steady nerves, vigor, vitality. Don't
risk a deficiency of these three all-important
vitamins, A and D plus vital B₁. Today, start
taking GROVE'S Vitamins.

Over 2 Weeks'
Supply 25¢

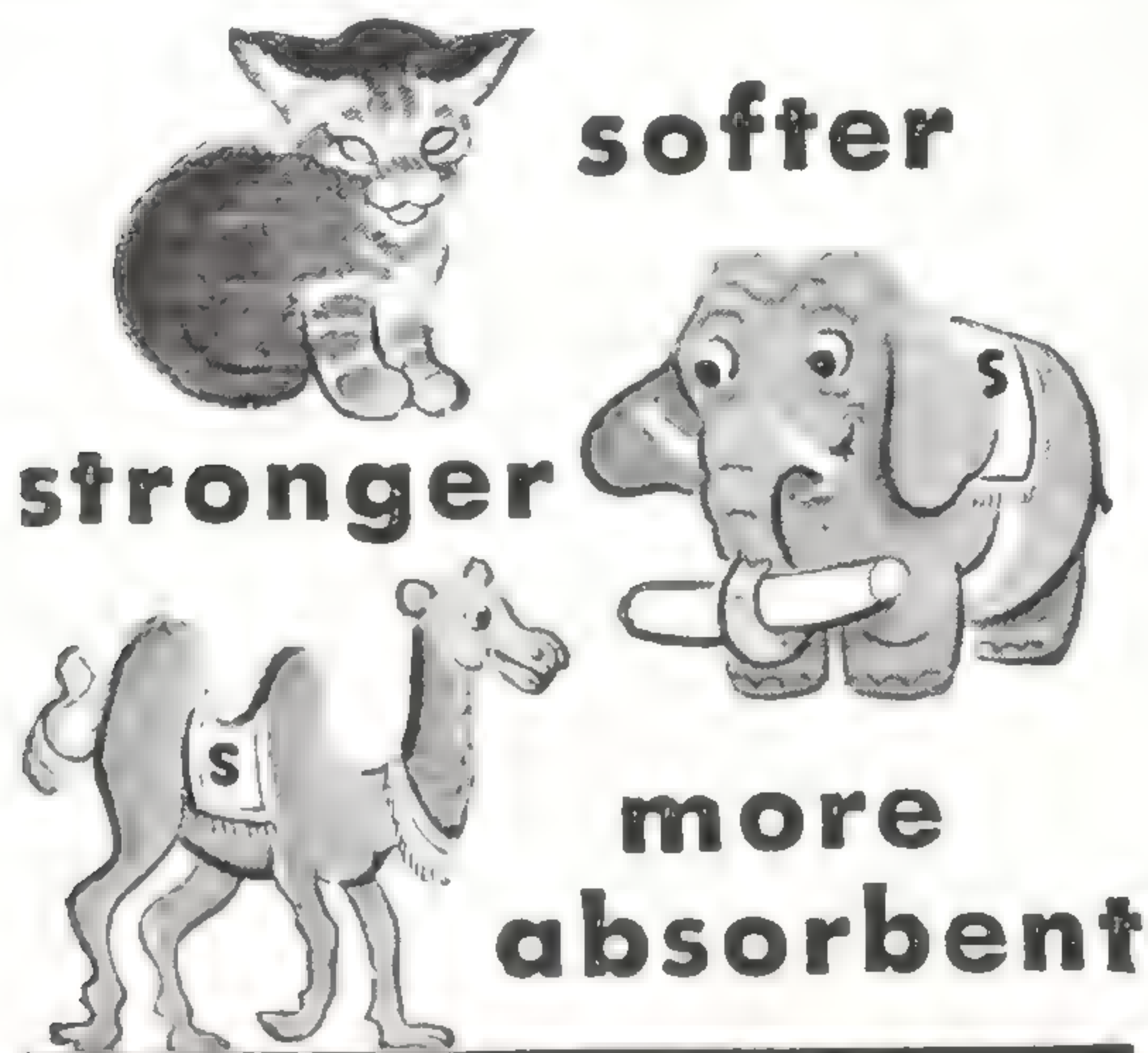


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plate engagement ring or wedding ring. Romance design engage-
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mental, orange blossom mounting. Wedding ring is deeply em-
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ring only \$1.00 or both for \$1.79 and tax. SEND NO MONEY
with order, just name and ring size. Pay on arrival then wear
ring 10 days on money-back guarantee. Rush order now!
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CLEANSING TISSUES • PAPER
NAPKINS • TOILET TISSUES

Two pictures with four years between them:
Jitterbug Lana (right) in 1938; dancing
Mrs. Stephen Crane in summer 1942



come Artie Shaw. Their one breathless
date ended that same night in an elope-
ment; their unhappy marriage was over
five months later.

Tony Martin had been next. But when
that romance broke up, Lana was more
hardened to disappointment.

There had followed a rapid procession
of bands and band leaders, each romance
ending almost as quickly as it had begun.

Into this picture came quiet Steve
Crane from Crawfordsville, Indiana. He
tried pictures, not too persistently, since
he was supposed to have a moderate in-
come from a chain of tobacco stores back
home. Eventually he settled down as a
junior executive in a Hollywood busi-
ness firm.

It was Johnny Hyde, the agent, who
introduced Steve to Lana one day at
the swimming pool of the Beverly Hills
Hotel. They liked each other instantly.
But four months passed before Steve
even made any effort to get in touch
with her. This was a new technique for
the sought-after Lana; she fell radiantly
in love. This time she went quietly to
Louis B. Mayer of M-G-M and told him
that she and Steve planned to be mar-
ried. Mayer, sensing the mature sin-
cerity of this new Lana, gave the pair
his blessing.

The news of their elopement caught
Hollywood napping. Instantly its de-
fenses went up. No good would come of
this second elopement of Lana's, it pre-
dicted. But then, months later, with her
proud announcement of the coming
baby, the town revised its decision.

It had watched her face as she declared
beamingly that she hoped it would be
a boy, Stephen Crane Jr.; it had seen
her dashing madly about Hollywood
buying everything in blue; it had taken
significant note of the beautiful large
diamond and ruby sparkler that sud-

denly appeared on her finger, Steve's
baby gift to her.

There was no doubt about it; Lana
Turner was happier than she had ever
been before. Hollywood was willing to
forget its suspicion, then, at the rumors
of quarrels that had cropped up im-
mediately after the Crane marriage.

But on that fateful January 7th, when
the astounding news of Lana's suit for
annulment and the story behind it ap-
peared on the front pages, Hollywood
found itself wondering again.

Here was Lana, young and impetuous,
sensitive and easily hurt, facing the or-
deal of having to declare publicly that
her marriage was illegal; suffering the
humiliation of learning this staggering
news only a few days before the whole
world was to know; having to decide
whether her road to happiness lay with
Stephen Crane.

Hollywood saw Lana flee from town;
saw Steve hastily leave the apartment
which he and Lana had shared with her
mother. It thought again of the rumored
flare-ups. And Hollywood laid its bet
on the line. Lana Turner would never
again be Mrs. Stephen Crane.

It looked as though Hollywood would
collect that bet when Lana's attorney
issued a public statement that this was
not a friendly settlement; the break was
final. But that was Lana's attorney, re-
member, not Lana. And what hardy
soul would attempt to predict for the
unpredictable Turner?

Yet one thing is fixed and sure in her
volatile heavens. If she can only have
her baby, no price will have been too
great to pay for such happiness.

The whole world is hoping that this
dream of the kid who too many times
has chased down the wrong end of the
rainbow will come true.

THE END

What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 69)

Dear Miss Davis:

I'm a colored girl of sixteen. Of course I lead the normal life of any teen-age girl except that I have quite a few problems. The first is clothes. The greatest problem is color that will be becoming to me. My complexion is a light brown-olive shade. Could you please tell me what colors I could wear most flatteringly?

The second problem is my skin. It is pretty good except for blackheads. I know that soap and water are most important factors and I cleanse my face frequently, but the blackheads persist.

I can't end this letter without telling you that I think you're perfectly "solid" and I'm really looking forward to an answer to my letter.

Sincerely,

Theresa K.

Dear Miss K:

It seems to me that the colors you should avoid are greens, browns, navy blue and black. You should be able to wear red, yellow, chalk white, turquoise and royal blue to advantage.

As for your skin, I'm not quite sure what you mean by "I cleanse my face frequently." The only way to obtain a really clean skin is to cleanse it thoroughly twice a day.

Sincerely,

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I have just finished reading your advice to other girls who have problems and decided that you were the one to help me, if you will.

I just came from high school in a small town, to a big city, where I am working. While I was in the small town, I went with a boy fairly steadily although I did go out with other boys, too. He is in the Air Force now and is still as crazy about me as he always was. However, I have never loved him although I think he is a fine chap.

I am sixteen and all my friends are either engaged or about to be married. I feel that I should become engaged, with the war on and all.

However, I haven't met anyone I do love and I am beginning to despair that maybe I never will.

Please do not think me conceited if I tell you a few things about me. I come from a nice family, fairly well off, and they provide a good home. I have a good position and a lovely place to live, with friends, here in the city. I am five feet two, blonde and have a fair figure. I have attractive clothes; I sing and play the piano, love to dance and take part in all sports, especially tennis, golf, and skiing. Being popular at home has spoiled me for being a social flop in the city. Although I have found oodles of new girl friends, the boys here just don't care for me.

I would appreciate it so much if you would tell me what to do about the boy I was telling you about and also what is wrong with me in my new environment. I feel so depressed, and I don't want to bother Mother and Dad about me.

Yours truly,

Alice B.

Dear Miss B:

Whether or not you are actually unpopular with the boys in your new home is impossible for me to judge. In everyone's life, you know, there are lulls; not every period in our lives can be equally exciting. Also, when anyone comes to a new city, one is apt to be more sensitive to the reactions of those



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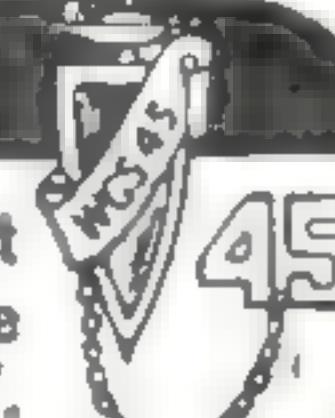
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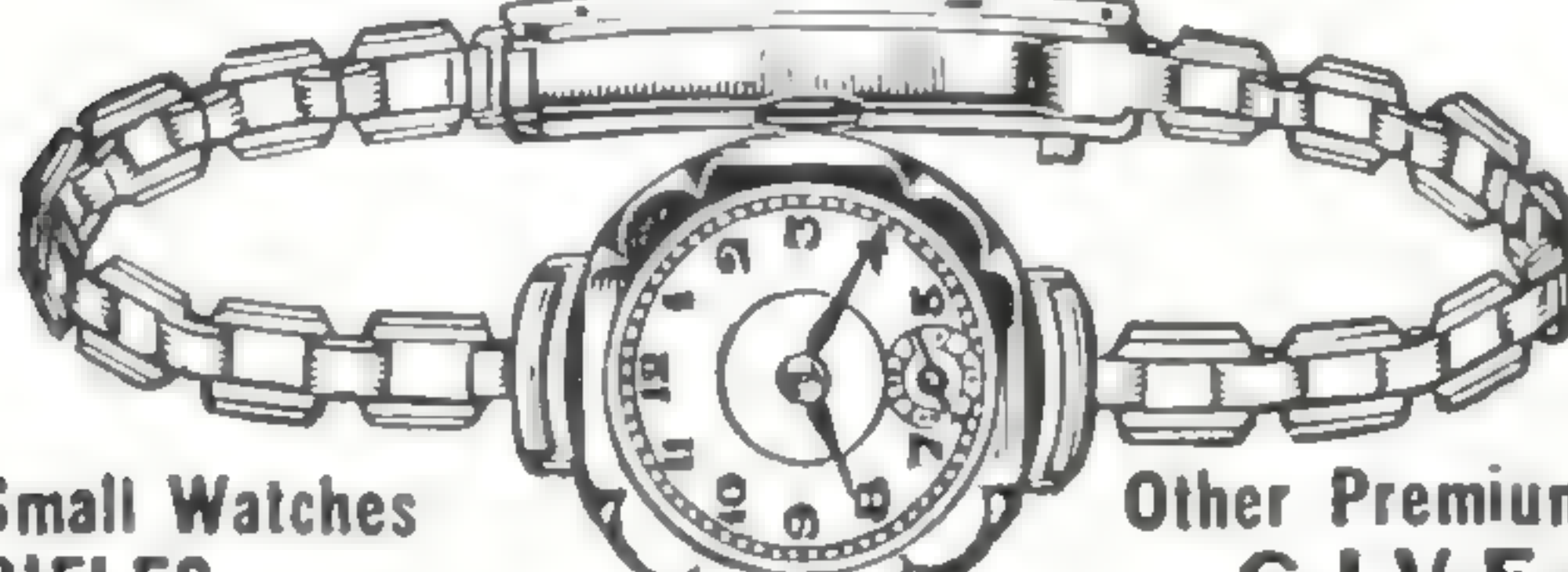
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about than is quite normal. Just remember that you probably seem as strange to them as they do to you.

However, my general impression of your problem is that you are looking too hard for either a fiance or a husband. I certainly don't believe you should be engaged to the boy in the Air Force if you do not love him.

Have you given much thought to the possibility that some of the difference in your position now and in former years is due to the war? As you are living in a Canadian city, there are obviously few eligible men around and those who are available are busy trying to help win the war.

Perhaps I am wrong, but it has occurred to me—reading between the lines of your letter—that there may be one boy in particular whom you like and who is not very interested in you. Perhaps you are telling yourself that you are unpopular in general, simply as a defense mechanism.

When you say that you don't want to bother your father and mother with your problems, I can't agree with you. I believe you should talk this over with them, as they are more interested in you than anyone else in the world and they are certainly more qualified than anyone to give you advice in this matter.

Yours sincerely,

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I have noticed in most of the motion pictures I have seen that the star's hair is so lustrous. I have tried everything known to mankind to achieve this, but alas! I brush my hair every night and wash it every other week with the best of shampoos. My hair is between blonde and brown and a difficult color to match.

What should I do to improve my hair?

Yours sincerely,

Adele D.

Dear Miss D:

Why shouldn't hair in motion pictures look lustrous and lovely? For instance, while I am making a picture Margaret Donovan, my hairdresser, washes my hair every other day. However, you should see some of us between pictures!

One thing you can do to improve the sheen of your hair is to wash it more often than every other week. I think it should be washed once or twice a week. It is not necessary to go to a beauty shop, as this would be too expensive for most of us. You can learn to wash it yourself, at home.

Also, strange as it seems, oil shampoos are beneficial if your hair is oily. (I checked with Miss Donovan.) I hope this will prove helpful to you.

Yours sincerely,

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I wish you could help me, but I am afraid that I can't tell you clearly enough what my trouble is for you to give an answer to my problem.

I'm not bad-looking—a little too thin. Five feet eight and one-half inches tall and weigh 120 pounds. When I go out, I know I look as well as other girls whose hair is sometimes messy and whose clothes are sloppy. I am always neat. Yet they will be laughing and happy and with a crowd and I will be alone.

I can always make conversation and I think I try to make it interesting. I say original things, yet nothing is ever appreciated. Everyone is always saying how clever or pretty or this or that, some person is, yet they pass up all my good

points. I want friends of my own age. The few I do have are at least fifteen years older than I. I am twenty-five. I want girls around to laugh and play and be silly once in a while instead of talking about such prosaic things as recipes money matters, husband trouble—and absent members.

I collect records of popular orchestras and make scrapbooks of bands. I would like to be able to talk bands or movies with someone. I also like to read classics as well as best-sellers.

My husband doesn't help any as he is very quiet and doesn't dance although. for my sake, he is now taking lessons. We have been married three years and I guess we will always be married. He is eleven years older than I and is good to me, but I want friends and laughter, happiness and good times. Sometimes I try to explain it to my husband, but he says, "Don't I give you everything you want?" I try to explain that it isn't money. It is just companionship. Walks in the fresh air, laughter and music, sharing good books, planning homey things together.

Miss Davis, should I wake up? Am I asleep? Am I groping for things that can't happen to girls like me? Is it true, as people tell me, that women have very few friends? Oh, please let me know some way to change myself so that I can have friends.

Thank you for everything,
ZELMA T.

Dear Mrs. T:

At the risk of being brutally frank, I must say that I think you are reading too many books and that you are living in a sort of dream world.

In "Old Acquaintance," the picture in which I am working at present, the character of Millie is this sort of person. She wants only what some other person has. In her case it ruins her life.

It seems to me that you will make yourself a very unhappy person if you don't start to count your personal blessings. After all, no one has everything. As a matter of fact, there are a good many people in the world whom I would choose to be in preference to myself; as far as that goes, I don't think I have ever met a completely happy person.

However, those who live successfully are those who take stock of themselves and make the best of what they have. Such people bring joy to those around them—which in turn makes them happy.

Your desire to have friends is paramount with everyone. I am sure you'll find that, if you start making those around you happy, friends will flock to you. In these times, particularly, we have such millions of things to be thankful for—we, Americans! We should radiate our good fortune to all we meet!

Sincerely,

Bette Davis.

The End

The most famous advice star of Hollywood, Bette Davis, now offers to answer your personal problem. Each month, from the letters sent to her in care of Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California, Miss Davis chooses the ones with the problems that seem to her most universal and answers them in this magazine. All names of persons are changed.

Hollywood—Beware in 1943!

(Continued from page 60) for Robert Taylor. His stars indicate that he will enlist or be in the service of the Government in some capacity, for the period between April and June suggests a long voyage to a foreign shore.

Bob Taylor would do well in administrative work and in connection with a hospital unit.

Due to Neptune, planet of intuition and research in his twelfth house, he would make a splendid research worker or investigator.

After the first of July he will be benefited by Jupiter transiting his own sign, so whatever he does he has the planet of good fortune on his side.

The whole world is going through the same experiences this year, you and I and our next-door neighbors. But cooperate with the stars to the best of your ability, dig in and work, keep cheerful no matter how tough the going gets and you will find that the experiences of this difficult year can teach us all lessons that will benefit us as long as we live.

Good luck for the world in 1943.

THE END

If you would like to have your own solar chart for 1943 write to Matilda Trotter, care of Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York City, for further information.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Next month

SIDNEY SKOLSKY,

one of Hollywood's most beloved columnists, says:

She calls herself the "get girl"

She sleeps in a bed so large that it had to be built inside her bedroom

She doesn't like to be called "dearie," "buddy" or "pal"

She didn't pay any attention to the man who was to be her husband until he danced

Her name is Gene Tierney and she is THE GIRL ON THE COVER for April!

Photoplay-Movie Mirror says (with pride):

Each month our readers are going to have a captivating inside glimpse of THE GIRL ON THE COVER from the popular pen of SIDNEY SKOLSKY

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MARCH, 1943

"The 'Little General' keeps my hands working overtime!"

No more red, weather-chapped hands since I've been using **Hinds**—that **Honey** of a lotion!

My hands get plenty of hot-water punishment. But I use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream *before* and *after* housework. Hinds skin-softeners help guard my hands against dryness, roughness. *After* work Hinds gives my hands a softer, whiter look.



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Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 7)

is Rudy's friend, Betty Hutton and Eddie Bracken add to the merriment and Sir Lancelot, the Calypso singer, is new and different. (Feb.)

✓✓ **HARD WAY, THE**—Warners: Ida Lupino plays her role of a relentlessly selfish woman who promotes her younger sister, Joan Leslie, to perfection. Equally fine is the performance of Jack Carson as the lovable but dumbish vaudevillian who marries Joan and rescues them both from their miserable surroundings. Dennis Morgan, Leona Maricle and Gladys Cooper are also good. (Dec.)

HELLO, ANNAPOLIS—Columbia: Jean Parker refuses to marry Tom Brown unless he enters Annapolis. When he attempts to trick her into marriage, Joan turns the tables and tricks him into Annapolis, where he gets the smart-aleckness taken out of him. (Dec.)

HENRY ALDRICH, EDITOR—Paramount: The irrepressible Henry is accused of arson when he hints of sabotage in his high-school paper and building after building is set afire. But of course he traps the real culprit. Jimmy Lydon as Henry, Charles Smith as Dizzy, and Rita Quigley as the girl friend are right in there pitching. (Jan.)

HIDDEN HAND, THE—Warners: Practically everybody gets killed in this potpourri of gore when an elderly woman fakes death and burial to test her dreadful relatives, and in the testing no less than five corpses litter up the story. Craig Stevens, Elizabeth Fraser and Ruth Ford are unfortunate enough to be cast in this one. (Jan.)

HIGHWAYS BY NIGHT—RKO-Radio: Richard Carlson as the millionaire playboy who gets taken by gangsters and ends up in the trucking business does very well with loosely knit material. Jane Randolph is fair as the girl, but Jane Darwell, Barton MacLane and Ray Collins are good. Average. (Dec.)

✓ **I MARRIED A WITCH**—The Cinema Guild-U.A.: Veronica Lake is the determined witch who returns with her father, Cecil Kellaway, to bedevil Fredric March, who's about to marry Susan Hayward and run for Governor. But Veronica falls in love with March, to the dismay of Kellaway, and the result's fantastic but fun. Robert Benchley is March's droll pal. (Jan.)

✓✓ **JOURNEY FOR MARGARET**—M-G-M: Robert Young is brilliant as the American correspondent in London who meets orphaned William Severn and Margaret O'Brien at the rescue home of Fay Bainter and takes them home to America. Both the children are wonderful, and the experiences of English children orphaned and homeless will touch your heart. (Jan.)

JUNGLE SIREN—P.R.C.: A silly, stupid little number, this one, concerning Nazi agents at work amongst jungle tribes in Africa. Buster Crabbe and Ann Corio, the former strip-teaser, are the leads, but neither has a chance to be very good. (Jan.)

JUST OFF BROADWAY—20th Century-Fox: When juror Michael Shayne, played as usual by Lloyd Nolan, sees the evidence piling up against the innocent defendant, he sets out on his own to uncover the guilty party. Girl reporter Marjorie Weaver, press cameraman Phil Silvers, attorney Richard Derr and singer Joan Valerie are all in on the excitement. (Dec.)

LADY FROM CHUNKING—P. R. C.: Anna May Wong pretends affection for a Jap general in order to obtain secret information which she relays to two American Flying Tigers, Rick Vallin and Paul Bryer, who use it to bring back other friends to annihilate the invading forces. It's pretty well done and Harold Huber's playing of a Jap scoundrel is outstanding. (Feb.)

✓✓ **LIFE BEGINS AT EIGHT-THIRTY**—20th Century-Fox: Ida Lupino is the crippled daughter of Monty Woolley, a has-been actor given to ineptitude, who needs her desperately. For years she's watched over him, sacrificing her life to his, until she meets musician Cornel Wilde, and must choose between him and her father and therein lies the terrific emotional struggle. (Feb.)

✓ **LOVES OF EDGAR ALLAN POE, THE**—20th Century-Fox: Depth and beauty characterize this tale of the great poet's life—his adoption as a child, his first boyhood love affair with Virginia Gilmore, his marriage to Linda Darnell and his slow disintegration due to alcoholism. John Shepherd seems an ideal Poe; Miss Gilmore and Miss Darnell give polished performances. (Dec.)

✓ **LUCKY JORDAN**—Paramount: Alan Ladd is again the tough but appealing guy who tries to "fix" his draft board but is inducted in the Army. He goes A.W.O.L., runs into a Fifth Column spy ring and aids in their capture. Helen Walker plays the Canteen waitress, and Marie MacDonald and Sheldon Leonard keep the action moving. (Feb.)

MAN IN THE TRUNK, THE—20th Century-Fox: When pretty Lynne Roberts, dancer, buys a trunk, she finds the remains of a body inside, and Attorney George Holmes tries to exonerate his



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convicted client by proving his innocence through the skeleton in the trunk, who obligingly comes back as a ghost to aid in the exposure of the real culprit. (Jan.)

MOONLIGHT IN HAVANA—Universal: Allan Jones is a discharged ball player who can sing only when he has a cold, and when a manager of a traveling group of entertainers hears him warbling he signs him up. From there on it's everybody's show, with pretty Jane Frazee and Marjorie Lord in a tussle for Jones's affections. (Jan.)

✓ **MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH**—Paramount: Fay Bainter plays *Mrs. Wiggs* and her brood of children are Carolyn Lee, Betty Brewer, Mary Thomas, Carl Switzer and Billy Lee. Vera Vague as *Miss Hazy* and Hugh Herbert, head of a matrimonial bureau, are priceless. You'll enjoy all the homey, laughable and tragic events of the Wiggs family. (Feb.)

MUMMY'S TOMB, THE—Universal: Lon Chaney's the mummy who's been kept alive through the ages and transported to America to kill archaeologists Dick Foran and Wally Ford who disturbed the mummy's tomb years before. John Hubbard and Elyse Knox are the romantic leads, and it's a scarey little number. (Jan.)

✓✓ **MY SISTER EILEEN**—Columbia: A howl from start to finish is this adaptation of the successful play about two sisters who come to New York to seek a career. Rosalind Russell is the older sister, Janet Blair her pretty sister *Eileen*; and George Tobias is their landlord. Brian Aherne, the editor, and reporter Allyn Joslyn join the throng who wander in and out of their basement apartment. (Dec.)

✓✓ **NAVY COMES THROUGH, THE**—R.K.O.-Radio: A swell service picture, this one, with George Murphy as the disgraced officer who enlists as a plain seaman under the command of Petty Officer Pat O'Brien. Max Baer and Jackie Cooper stand out as sailors, Desi Arnaz and Frank Jenks add pep to the maneuvers, and Jane Wyatt is very good as the nurse. Carl Esmond is a hit as the sailor-musician. (Jan.)

✓ **NIGHTMARE**—Universal: Murder and espionage in England, with Brian Donlevy as the American who renders a service to Englishwoman Diana Barrymore by taking a corpse out of her home and ends up in a country house fracas with Nazi spies. In spots it's excellent, and Gavin Muir is a smooth newcomer. Henry Daniell is the corpse. (Feb.)

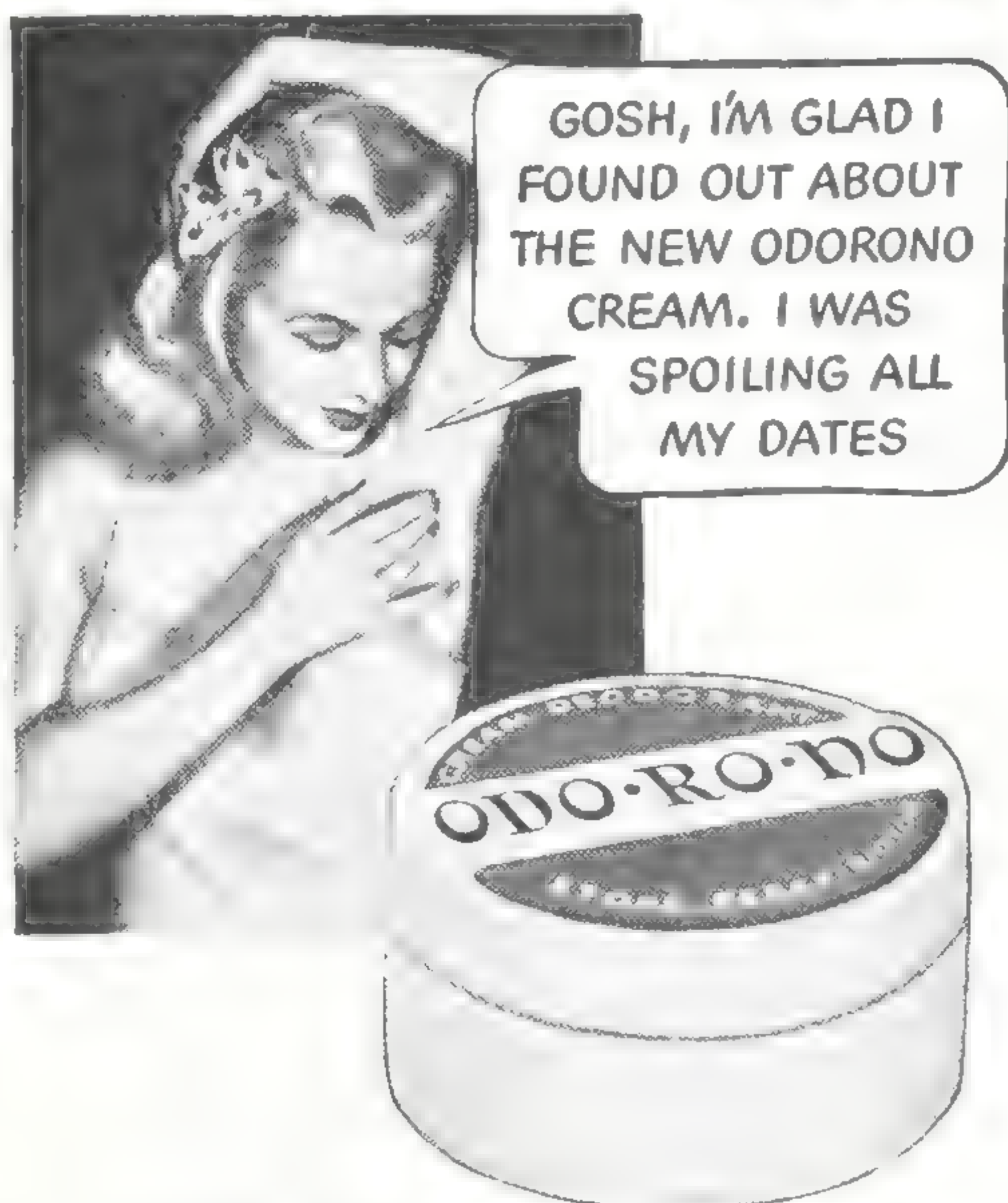
NIGHT MONSTER—Universal: Practically everyone gets killed when mystic, cosmic, yogi monkey business creeps over the estate of Ralph Morgan where scarey Bela Lugosi is the butler. Housekeeper Doris Lloyd, chauffeur Leif Erikson, Yogi Nils Asther and several doctors are all suspects.



A meet the missus scene backstage on the set of "A Night To Remember": Brian Aherne introduces wife Joan Fontaine to Director Dick Wallace



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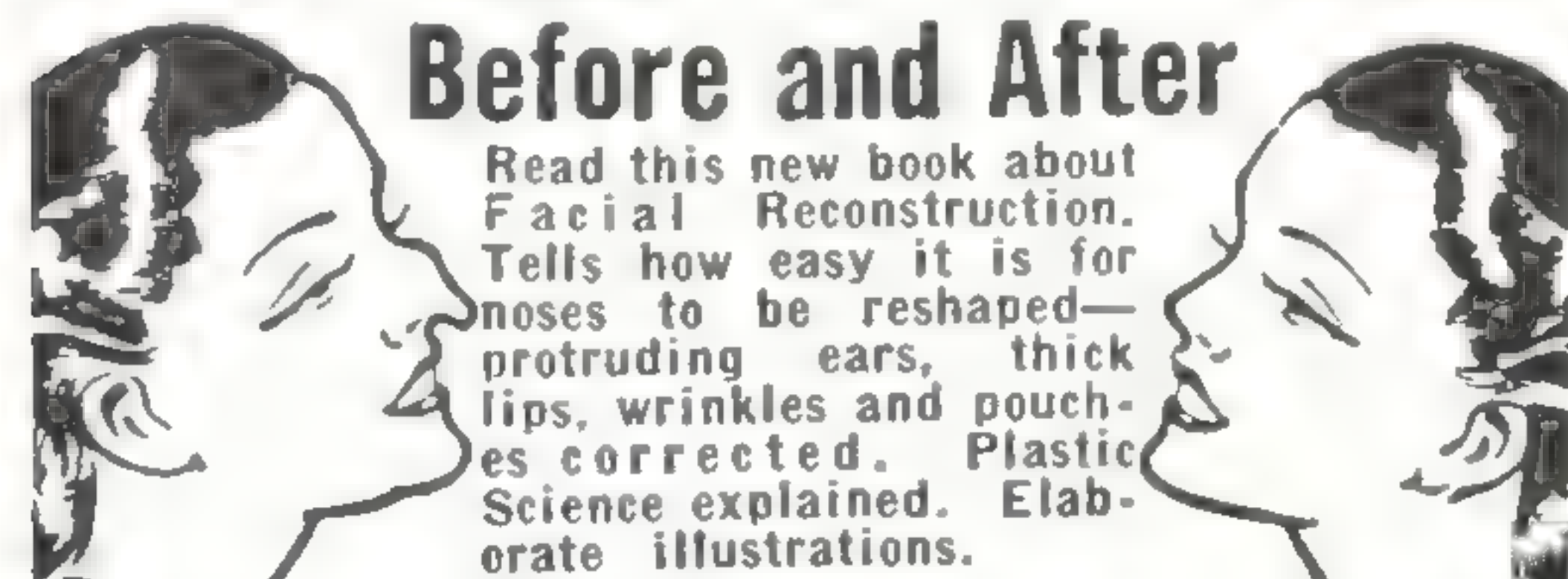
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Irene Hervey is the pretty psychiatrist, and Fay Helm the sister who thinks she's crazy. (Jan.)

NORTHWEST RANGERS—M-G-M: Jack Holt takes over the care of two boys orphaned by an Indian massacre. One grows up to be Bill Lundigan who becomes a North West mountie and the other turns out to be James Craig, a gambler and a baddie. When Pat Dane wins the love of both men, excitement pops in all directions. John Carradine is good as a rival gambler. (Feb.)

✓✓ **NOW, VOYAGER**—Warners: Another Bette Davis masterpiece is this story of a frustrated woman who finds release through the aid of psychiatrist Claude Rains. Paul Henreid, the man who brings her love that can never be realized in marriage, will create a stir among feminine fans. Gladys Cooper, Ilka Chase and Bonita Granville are on to the very high standard of the story. (Dec.)

✓✓ **ONCE UPON A HONEYMOON**—RKO-Radio: Ginger Rogers, ex-strip teaser posing as a socialite in Austria, marries Walter Slezak, Hitler's secret agent, and finds herself in one collapsing country after another. When American radio commentator Cary Grant convinces her that Slezak is a traitor, she runs away with Cary. Most of the film is terrific, but part of it drags; nevertheless you'll enjoy it. (Feb.)

✓✓ **ONE OF OUR AIRCRAFT IS MISSING**—United Artists: An honest, straightforward chronicle of six R.A.F. flyers who are forced to bail out over occupied Holland and are helped by the Dutch Underground to make their way back to England. The English players, unfamiliar on this side of the ocean, give performances which are as simple, convincing, and moving as the story itself. (Jan.)

✓✓ **OX-BOW INCIDENT, THE**—20th Century-Fox: A slice of life served raw is this story of what happens when man takes justice into his own hands. In a small Western town, a posse rides out to avenge murder and cattle stealing and hang Dana Andrews, Anthony Quinn and Chris Pin Martin, only to discover the lynching was an irredeemable error. Henry Fonda is the rancher who swerves to the side of justice. (Jan.)

✓✓ **RANDOM HARVEST**—M-G-M: The first half of this important picture is truly great and Ronald Colman as the war victim who escapes an asylum and is befriended by show-girl Greer Garson has never been finer, but the latter half becomes sadder. Miss Garson, of course, is magnificent, and Susan Peters and Philip Dorn register strongly. It's a screen event, so don't miss it. (Feb.)

✓✓ **REUNION**—M-G-M: Showing the life of the Nazis in Paris, this has Philip Dorn as the loyal Frenchman presumably pro-Nazi, and Joan Crawford his fiancée who leaves him when she thinks he's a Nazi. When she befriends RAF flyer John Wayne and tries to help him to escape, surprises pop all over the place. Reginald Owen and Albert Basserman add to the suspense. (Feb.)

✓✓ **ROAD TO MOROCCO**—Paramount: Another Bing Crosby and Bob Hope laugh riot, with the two boys stranded in Morocco where Bing sells Bob to a sheik, and then manages to locate him in Dorothy Lamour's boudoir. But Dorothy's sheik lover, Anthony Quinn, finds out about the boys, and from then on it's a series of calamities that will have you howling with laughter. (Jan.)

SCATTERGOOD SURVIVES A MURDER—RKO-Radio: John Archer, newspaper man, is accused of murdering two old lady recluses, and when more relatives are bumped off the ensuing commotion involves Margaret Hayes, reporter, Wally Ford, rival newsman, and *Scattergood*, played as usual by Guy Kibbee. It's not up to the usual standard of this series. (Jan.)

✓✓ **SECRETS OF A CO-ED**—P.R.C.: This tells the story of the secret racketeering operations of a respected attorney, Otto Kruger, that he reveals to a jury when his daughter, Tina Thayer, is on trial for killing her sweetheart, a gunman hired by Kruger. Rich Vallin, a newcomer, is a find; and the performances of Miss Thayer and Otto Kruger are outstanding. (Dec.)

✓✓ **SEVEN DAYS LEAVE**—RKO-Radio: Army private Vic Mature has seven days leave in which to meet and marry a certain girl, so he can collect his inheritance. Lucille Ball is the girl who spurns Vic's gall and then falls for it. Freddy Martin furnishes the swell music, Peter Hayes and Ginny Simms will wow you and the whole picture is a lot of fun. (Jan.)

SEVEN MILES FROM ALCATRAZ—RKO-Radio: Convicts James Craig and Frank Jenks escape from Alcatraz and take refuge in a lighthouse. When it dawns upon them that the keeper of the lighthouse is relaying messages to the Nazis, they manage to trap the heads of the spy ring, a procedure that's pretty exciting. Bonita Granville is the keeper's daughter and Cliff Edwards and George Cleveland do good jobs. (Feb.)

SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE VOICE OF TERROR—Universal: Basil Rathbone the indestructible Holmes with pal Doctor Watson Nigel Bruce, uncover a Nazi radio nest and prevent all sorts of German invasions. Evelyn Ankers is the pretty Linchouse girl who also helps Holmes. It's pretty average fare. (Dec.)

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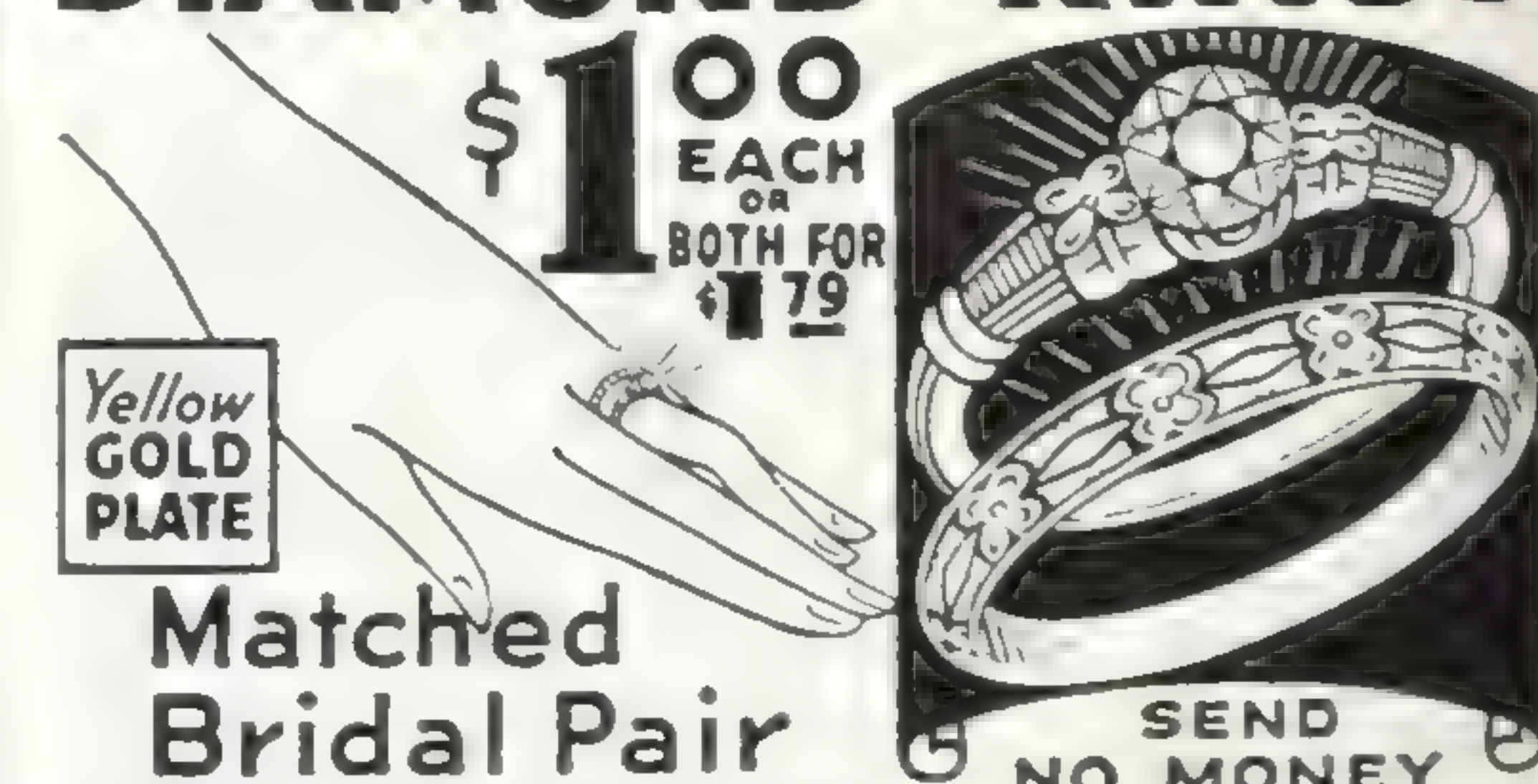


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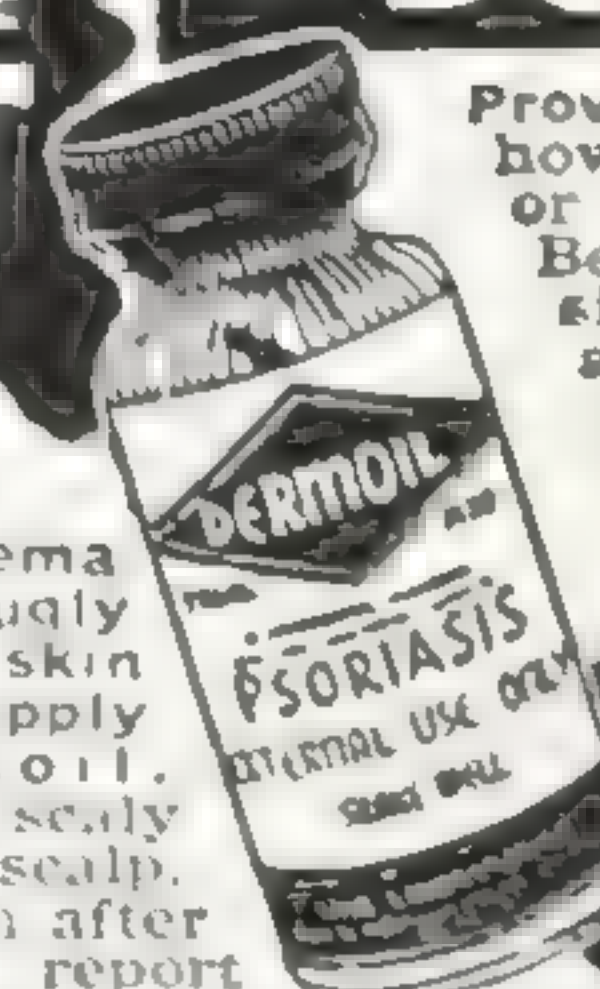


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✓ **SILVER QUEEN**—Sherman-U.A.: Priscilla Lane, who's engaged to a heel (Bruce Cabot) travels West to become a gambler in order to pay off the debts of her father (Eugene Pallette). She wins, but sends the money to Cabot, who crosses her up, leaving the whole mess to be straightened out by George Brent, who finally wins Priscilla. It's a good Western. (Feb.)

SIN TOWN—Universal: Bunco artists Constance Bennett and Brod Crawford arrive in a Western oil town looking for easy money which they find when Crawford declares himself partner in Ward Bond's saloon. Anne Gwynne and Patric Knowles provide the love interest and Andy Devine and Leo Carrillo romp around. The brawl between the two villains is really a lulu. (Dec.)

✓ **SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES**—20th Century-Fox: Betty Grable is in love with Broadway actor John Payne but when he misbehaves she pretends to love her new dancing partner Cesar Romero. From a New York stage play the group carry on their misunderstandings at Lake Louise. Carmen Miranda, Charlotte Greenwood and Edward Everett Horton aid in the mix-up in this Technicolor musical. (Dec.)

STREET OF CHANCE—Paramount: When Burgess Meredith gets hit on the head and wakes up to discover he's been an amnesia victim for over a year and is wanted for murder, he undertakes to unravel the mystery himself, with many surprising results. Claire Trevor plays a maid and Adeline deWalt Reynolds a paralytic. (Feb.)

STRICTLY IN THE GROOVE—Universal: A college jibe band moves out West to a dude ranch in this little number and finally manages to land a radio show. The music is hot, the kids hep, the songs lovely, and the dancing good. Among those present are Mary Healy, Richard Davies, Leon Errol, Grace McDonald, Ozzie Neelson and Shemp Howard. (Feb.)

THAT OTHER WOMAN—20th Century-Fox: Pretty secretary Virginia Gilmore pursues her architect boss, James Ellison, who intrigues her with his disinterest. When Grandma Alma Kruger advises Virginia how to trap Ellison, the scheme works but not in the way expected. Jania Carter is cute as the persistent huntress. (Jan.)

✓ **THUNDER BIRDS**—20th Century-Fox: Informative, entertaining and colorful is this story about the training of English, Chinese and Americans at a desert flying school. Preston Foster, the instructor, and English student John Sutton are both rivals for the affections of lovely Gene Tierney, but all the players take second place to the interesting flying sequences. (Jan.)

WHISTLING IN DIXIE—M-G-M: When Red Skelton, a radio crime detective, and his assistant, Ann Rutherford, go down to Georgia to help Diana Lewis, they find themselves involved in a phony murder mystery with one silly, ridiculous incident following another, leaving the audience wild with glee. Rags Ragland, George Bancroft and Guy Kibbee swarm over the place. (Feb.)

✓ **WHITE CARGO**—M-G-M: The trouble with this picture of white men and a tropical seductress is that the story has become repetitious through imitation, but the performance of Walter Pidgeon, veteran of the tropical isle, gives great stability to the play. Richard Carlson and Frank Morgan are very good and Hedy Lamarr is certainly the most gorgeous *Tondelayo*. (Dec.)

✓ **WHO DONE IT?**—Universal: Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, soda jerks who want to be radio writers, try out for a job at the radio station only to run headlong into a murder. Nazi agents horn in to mess things up and the boys' amateur sleuthing almost leads to their own arrest. The routines are bewhiskered and it's corny, but we dare you not to laugh. (Feb.)

WILDCAT—Paramount: Never a dull moment in this story, with Richard Arlen playing a wildcat oil man who goes into partnership with Elisha Cook, Jr., gets buffaloed by Arline Judge, Elisha's fake sister, and fights it out with his enemy oil driller Buster Crabbe. (Dec.)

WRECKING CREW—Paramount: All about the men who tear down buildings, with two friends, Richard Arlen and Chester Morris, taking on a job together and ending up on a wall ready to tumble to the ground six stories below and no way to get down. Jean Parker is the girl. (Feb.)

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE FOREVER—Warners: A remake of the Paul Muni picture, "Hi, Nellie," with George Brent, now playing the newspaper managing editor who uncovers a gang of racketeers operating behind a night-club front and a Lonely Hearts Club. Brenda Marshall is the girl reporter, Roscoe Karns the photographer, and Gene Lockhart and Edward Ciannelli the villains. (Dec.)

YOUTH ON PARADE—Republic: That college show is here again, with Tom Brown and Martha O'Driscoll leading the talent parade. Broadway actress Ruth Terry joins the campus scampers after they've played a trick on Professor John Hubbard, who plays his part to perfection. It's young and snappy. (Dec.)

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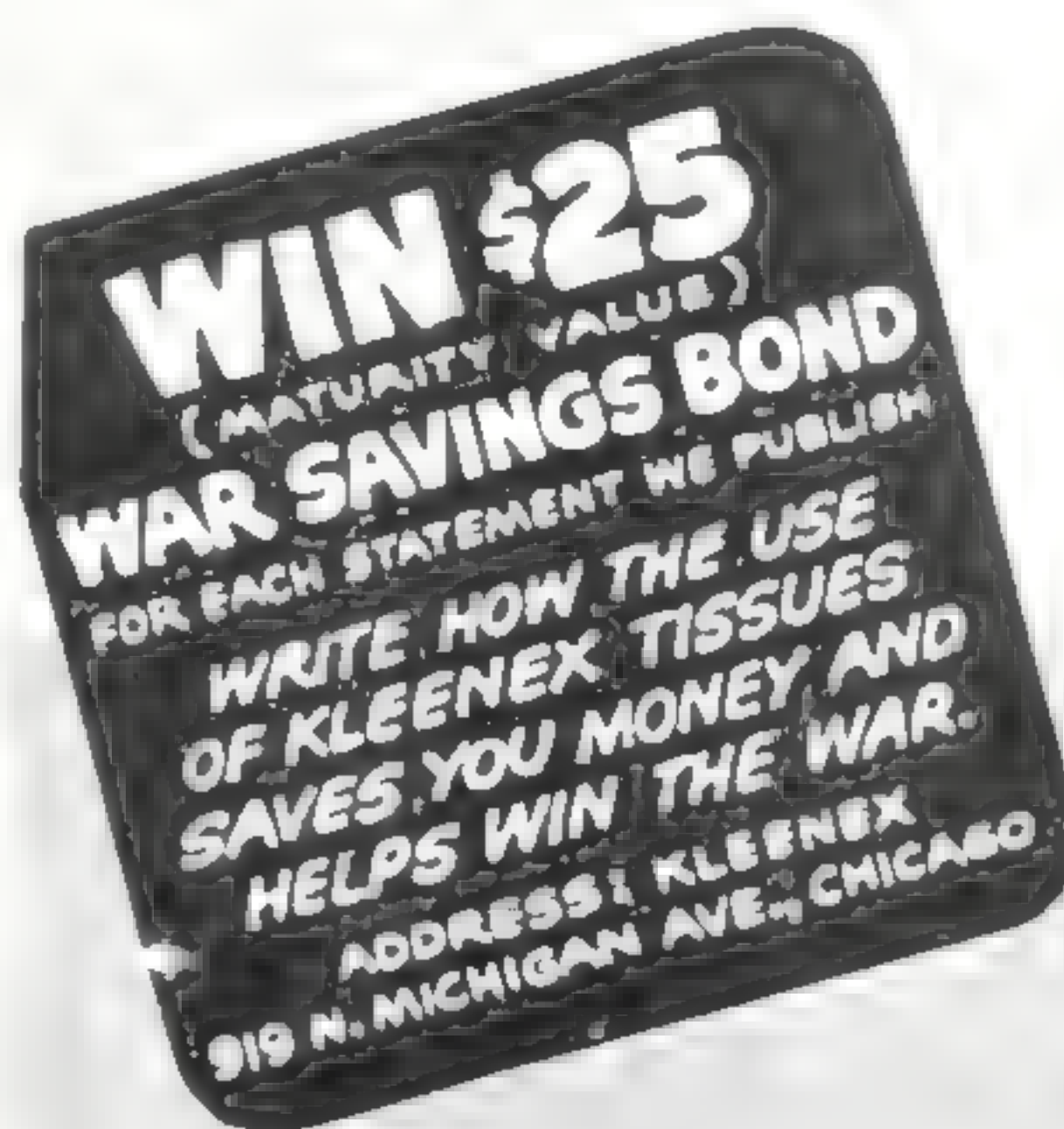


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AMERICAN EMPIRE—Harry Sherman-U.A.: Dan Taylor, Richard Dix; *Dominique Beauchard*, Leo Carrillo; *Paxton Bryce*, Preston Foster; *Abby Taylor*, Frances Gifford; *Crowder*, Robert H. Barrat; *Pierre*, Jack La Rue; *Sailaway*, Guinn Williams; *Runtz*, Cliff Edwards; *Paxton Bryce, Jr.*, Merrill Guy Rodin; *Augustin*, Chris Pin Martin; *Crane*, Richard Webb; *Louisiana Judge*, William Farnum; *Willa May*, Etta McDaniel; *Malone*, Hal Taliaferro.

ANDY HARDY'S DOUBLE LIFE—M-G-M: Judge Hardy, Lewis Stone; *Andy Hardy*, Mickey Rooney; *Marian Hardy*, Cecilia Parker; *Mrs. Hardy*, Fay Holden; *Polly Benedict*, Ann Rutherford; *Aunt Milly*, Sara Haden; *Sheila Brooks*, Esther Williams; *Jeff Willis*, William Lundigan; *"Botsy"*, Robert Pittard; *"Tooky"*, Bobby Blake; *Sue*, Susan Peters.

ARABIAN NIGHTS—Wanger-Universal: *Haroun-Al-Raschid*, Jon Hall; *Sherazade*, Maria Montez; *Ali Ben Ali*, Sabu; *Kamar*, Leif Erikson; *Ahmad*, Billy Gilbert; *Nadan*, Edgar Barrier; *Corporal*, Richard Lane; *Captain*, Turhan Bey; *Aladdin*, John Qualen; *Simbad*, Shemp Howard; *Valda*, William "Wee Willie" Davis; *Hakim*, Thomas Gomez; *Dresser*, Jeni Le Gon; *Eunuch*, Robert Greig; *Eunuch*, Charles Coleman; *Slaver*, Adia Kuznetsoff; *Harem Sentry*, Emory Parnell; *Blacksmith*, Harry Cording; *Slave Girl*, Robin Raymond; *Harem Girl*, Carmen D'Antonio.

BEHIND THE 8 BALL—Universal: *The Ritz Brothers*, Themselves; *Joan Barry*, Carol Bruce; *Bill Edwards*, Dick Foran; *Ted and his band*, Sonny Dunham; *Danny*, Johnny Downs; *Babs*, Grace McDonald; *McKenzie*, William Demarest; *Clay*, Richard Davies.

COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN—Columbia: *Eric Toresen*, Paul Muni; *Judith Bowen*, Anna Lee; *Mrs. Bergesen*, Lillian Gish; *Admiral Bowen*, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; *Robert Bowen*, Robert Coote; *Johan Bergesen*, Ray Collins; *Mrs. Arnesen*, Rosemary DeCamp; *German Captain*, Alexander Knox; *Anna Korstad*, Elizabeth Fraser; *Gunnar Korstad*, Richard Derr; *Garmo*, Erville Alderson; *Solveig*, Ann Carter; *Mrs. Olaf*, Barbara Everest; *Pastor*, Rod Cameron; *Arnesen*, Louis Jean Heydt; *Schoolteacher*, George Macready; *German Colonel*, Arthur Margetson; and *Captain V. S. Godfrey*, R.C.N.; *Commander C. M. Cree*, R.C.N.; *Brigadier R. A. Fraser*, C.R.A.; *Commander C. T. Beard*, R.C.N.; *Sergeant-Major L. E. Kemp*, C.R.A.; *Sergeant-Major Mickey Miquelon*, C.R.A.

GREAT IMPERSONATION, THE—Universal: *Sir Edward Dominey*, Baron von Ragenstein; *Ralph Bellamy*, Muriel, Evelyn Ankers; *Baroness Stephanie*, Kaaren Verne; *Seaman*, Henry Daniels; *Bardinet*, Edward Norris; *Sir Ronald*, Aubrey Mather; *Lady Leslie*, Mary Forbes.

HITLER'S CHILDREN—RKO-Radio: *Karl*, Tim Holt; *Anna*, Bonita Granville; *Nicky*, Kent Smith; *Col. Henkel*, Otto Kruger; *Bishop*, H. B. Warner; *Franz Erhardt*, Lloyd Corrigan; *Dr. Schmidt*, Erford Gage; *Dr. Graf*, Hans Conried; *Major*, Gavin Muir; *Brenda*, Nancy Gates.

ICE CAPEDES REVUE—Republic: *Ann*, Ellen Drew; *Jeff*, Richard Denning; *Theophilus*, Jerry Colonna; *Aunt Nellie*, Barbara Jo Allen; *(Vera Vague)*; *Duke Baldwin*, Harold Huber; *Bubbles*, Marilyn Hare; *Denny*, Bill Shirley; *Wiley Stone*, Pierre Watkin; *Homer*, Si Jenks; *Snake Eyes*, Sam Bernard; *Master of Ceremonies*, George Byron, and the Ice-cape Company.

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MADAM SPY—Universal: *Joan Bannister*, Constance Bennett; *David Bannister*, Don Porter; *Peter*, John Littel; *Mike Reese*, Ed Brophy; *Lt. Comdr. Drake*, Edmund MacDonald; *Carl Gordon*, John Eldredge.

MOUNTAIN RHYTHM—Republic: *Abner*, Leon Weaver; *Cicero*, Frank Weaver; *Elvira*, June Weaver; *Linda Weaver*, Lynn Merrick; *Dr. Elihu Prindle*, Frank M. Thomas; *Fanniebelle Weaver*, Sally Payne; *Darwood Gates Alton*, Dickie Jones; *Bill Burgess*, Joseph Allen, Jr.; *Humphrey Davidson Pepperfeld VI*, Billy Boy; *Forsythe*, Earle S. Dewey; *Pierce*, Sam Flint; *Alton*, Ben Erway.

NIGHT TO REMEMBER, A—Columbia: *Nancy Troy*, Loretta Young; *Jeff Troy*, Brian Aherne; *Anne Carstairs*, Jeff Donnell; *Scott Carstairs*, William Wright; *Inspector Hankins*, Sidney Toler; *Mrs. DeVoe*, Gale Sondergaard; *Bolling*, Donald MacBride; *Polly Franklin*, Lee Patrick; *Eddie Turner*, Don Costello; *Mrs. Salter*, Blanche Yurka; *Lingle*, Richard Gaines; *Pat Murphy*, James Burke.

PITTSBURG—Universal: *Josie (Hunky) Winters*, Marlene Dietrich; *Cash Evans*, Randolph Scott; *Pittsburgh Markham*, John Wayne; *"Doc" Powers*, Frank Craven; *Shannon Prentiss*, Louise Allbritton; *Joe Malneck*, Thomas Gomez; *Dr. Grastich*, Ludwig Stossel; *Shorty*, Shemp Howard;

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RHYTHM PARADE—Monogram: Sally, Gale Storm; Jimmy, Robert Lowery; Ophelia, Margaret Dumont; Speed, Chick Chandler; Rocks, Cliff Nazarro; Connie, Jan Wiley; Ted Fio Rito and Orchestra; Granny, Nils T. Granlund; Mills Brothers, Mills Brothers; Candy, Candy Candido; Sparkie, Julie Milton; Patsy, Sugar Geise; Jean Foreman, Jean Foreman; N.T.G. & Florentine Gardens Revue.

SILENT WITNESS — Monogram: Bruce Strong, Frank Albertson; Betty Higgins, Maris Wrixon; Holden, Bradley Page; Mrs. Roos, Evelyn Brent; Joe Manson, Milburn Stone; Lou Manson, Anthony Ward; Carlos, Jimmy Eagles; Mayor, Johnnie; Rancher, Joe Eggleston; Eastman, Lucien Littlefield; Jed Kelly, Jack Mulhall; Ace, By Himself.

STAND BY FOR ACTION—M-G-M: Lieut. Gregg Masterman, Robert Taylor; Lieut. Comdr. Martin J. Roberts, Brian Donlevy; Rear Admiral Stephen Thomas, Charles Laughton; Chief Yeoman Henry Johnson, Walter Brennan; Audrey Carr, Marilyn Maxwell; Comdr. Stone, M.C., Henry O'Neill; Mary Collins, Marta Linden; Chief Boatswain's Mate Jenks, Chill Wills; Captain Ludlow, Douglass Dumbrille; Ensign Lindsay, Richard Quine; Flag Lieut. Dudley, William Tannen; Ensign Martin, Douglas Fowley; Lieut. Tim Ryan, Tim Ryan; Lieut. (j.g.) Royce, Dick Simmons; Pharmacist's Mate "Doc" Miller, Byron Foulger; Carpenter's Mate "Chips", Hobart Cavanaugh; Susan Garrison, Inez Cooper; Chief Quartermaster Rankin, Ben Welden; Chief Signalman, Harry Fleischmann.

STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM—Paramount: Pop Webster, Victor Moore; Polly Judson, Betty Hutton; Jimmy Webster, Eddie Bracken; Frisbee, Walter Abel; Sarah, Anne Revere; Mimi, Cass Daley; Hi-Pockets, Gil Lamb; Mr. Freemont, Edward Fielding; Mac, Edgar Dearing; Himself, Eddie "Rochester" Anderson; Dancer, Katherine Dunham; Specialty Act, Walter Dare Wahl and Co.; Duffy, William Haade; Sailors, Maynard Holmes, James Millican; Tommy, Eddie Johnson; Themselves, Slim and Slam; Girls, Louise La Planche, Lorraine Miller; Comics, Walter Catlett, Sterling Holloway, Arthur Treacher; Marshall, Arthur Loft; New Hampshire Farmer, Irving Bacon; Lady from Iowa, Virginia Brissac; Man from Brooklyn, Matt McHugh; Heavy in "Old Glory", Edward J. Marr; Georgia Boy, Peter Potter; Tommy, Eddie Johnson; Motorcycle Chauffeur for Rochester, Woodrow Wilson Strodo; Themselves, Paulette Goddard, Bing Crosby, Dick Powell, Dorothy Lamour, Veronica Lake, Gary Crosby, Bob Hope; Appearing in "Finale", Albert Dekker, James Lydon, Frances Gifford, Charles Smith, Marjorie Reynolds, Cecil Kellaway, Lynne Overman, Alan Ladd, Susanna Foster, Eva Gabor, Louise La Planche, Donivee Lee; 1st Girl, Dorothy Granger; 2nd Girl, Barbara Pepper; 3rd Girl, Joan Phillips; 4th Girl, Lynda Grey; Hitler, Tom Dugan; Mussolini, Paul Porcasi; Hirohito, Richard Loo; Herself, Mary Martin; Themselves, Golden Gate Quartette; Capt. Kingsley, Boyd Davis; "Swing Shift" number, Marjorie Reynolds, Donna Drake, Betty Rhodes, Don Castle, Fred Henry, Louise La Planche, Lorraine Miller, Lynda Grey, Donivee Lee, Katharine Booth, Gladys Blake; Man with Sturges, Frank Moran; Petty Officer, Rod Cameron; Sentry, John Shay; Himself, Barney Dean; Himself, Jack Hope; Square Dance Caller, Sherman Sanders.

TRAITOR WITHIN, THE—Republic: Sam Starr, Donald M. Barry; Molly, Jean Parker; Pop Bets, George Cleveland; John Scott Ryder, Ralph Morgan; Mrs. Ryder, Jessica Newcombe; Al McGonigle, Bradley Page; Otis, Dick Wessel; Carter, Emmett Vogan; Davis, Edward Keane; Tommy, Eddie Acuff; Melrose, Sam McDaniel; Louie, Eddie Johnson; June, Marjorie Cooley.

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME—Universal: Johnny Kovacs, Allan Jones; Diana Wellman, Maria Shelton; Marilyn, Gloria Jean; Joyce, Jane Frazee; Frankie, Donald O'Connor; Dusty, Peggy Ryan; Trullers, Olin Howland; Maj. Donaldson, Selmer Jackson; Lt. Com. Bridges, Richard Davies; Gardner Wellman, Clyde Fillmore; Ma Flanagan, Emma Dunn; and Spitalny's All-Girl Orchestra, and the Stepp Brothers.

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Don't be Old Fashioned

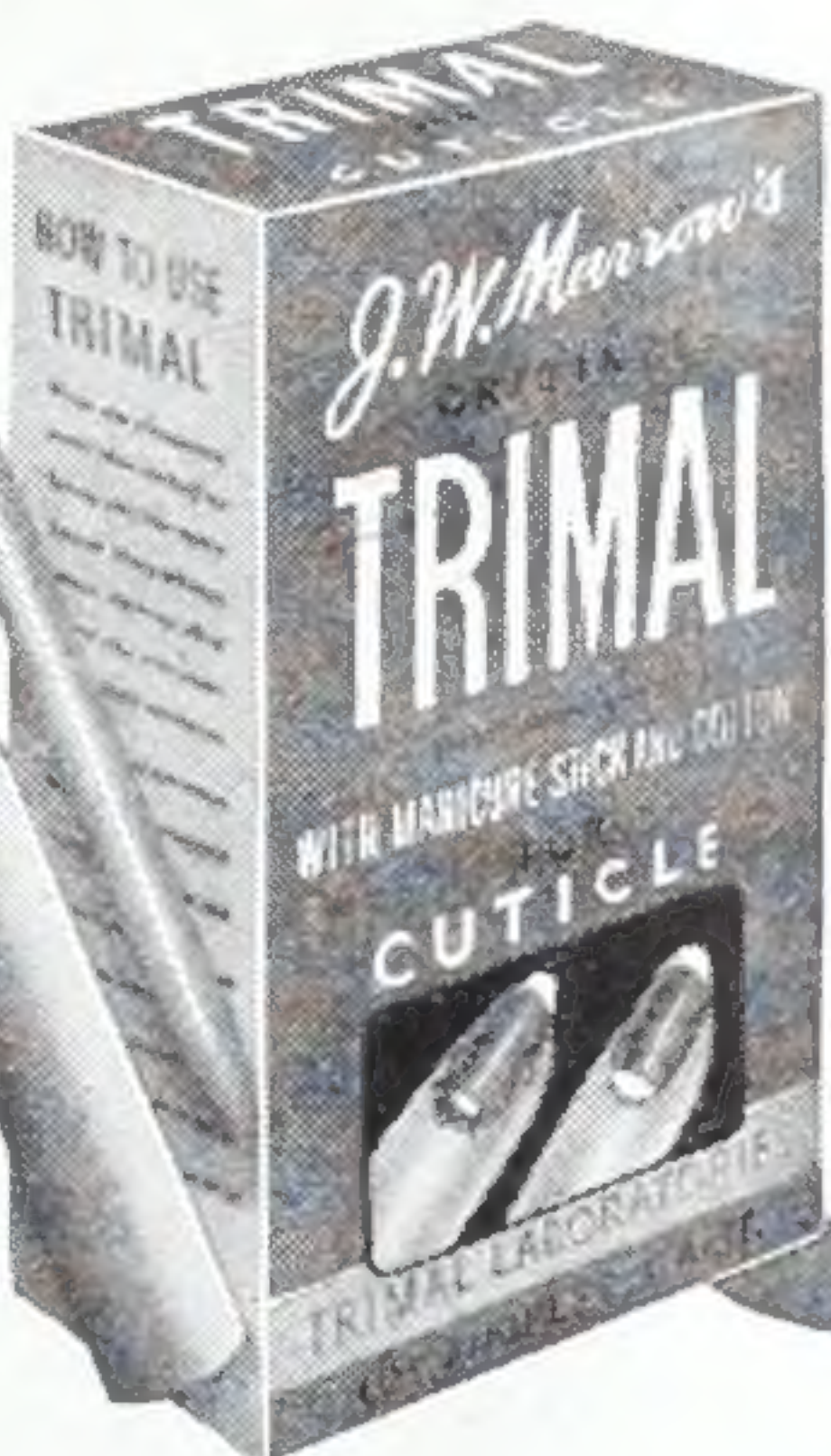
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Glamorous movie star, praises Charm-Kurl. This actual photograph shows her gorgeous Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave.

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Charm-Kurl is easy and safe to use; no experience required; contains no harmful chemicals or ammonia; requires no machines or dryers, heat or electricity. Desirable for both women and children.

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"I have used Charm-Kurl before and it is really wonderful. My last Charm-Kurl permanent lasted nine months and my hair is still very curly. I wouldn't change a Charm-Kurl permanent for a ten dollar permanent," Miss Ruth Henry, Ohio.

MAKES HAIR LOOK NATURAL CURLY

"I would ten times rather have a Charm-Kurl permanent because it makes your hair look like natural curly, and soft," Carolyn Fleet, Penn.

CHARM-KURL IS WONDERFUL

"I am sending for my Charm-Kurl kit. I have already bought one and I think Charm-Kurl is wonderful," Miss Betty Johnson, Ohio.

PERMANENT FAR ABOVE EXPECTATIONS

"The permanent which I gave my little girl was far above expectations and her hair which is soft and fine was not harmed in the least but looked like a natural wave," Mrs. W. E. Williams, Maryland.

THRILLED WITH CHARM-KURL

"I have tried the Charm-Kurl and was greatly thrilled with its results," Phyllis Schwensen, Neb.

DELIGHTED WITH RESULTS

"I am more than delighted with the results of my Charm-Kurl permanent. It is soft and fluffy and it was the most 'painless' permanent I ever had," Mrs. W. J. Stites, Utah.

PRETTIEST PERMANENT I EVER HAD

"I was delighted with my Charm-Kurl permanent. It left my hair soft and lovely and gave me the prettiest permanent I've ever had regardless of the cost," Miss Betty Moulthrop, Washington.



FAY McKENZIE

starring in "Remember Pearl Harbor," a Republic Production, is delighted with her lovely Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave, pictured above.

EACH KIT CONTAINS 40 CURLERS SHAMPOO & WAVE SET also included

There is nothing else to buy. Shampoo and wave set are included in each Charm-Kurl Kit. With Charm-Kurl it is easy to give yourself a thrilling machineless permanent wave in the privacy of your own home that should last as long as any professional permanent wave. You do not have to have any experience in waving hair. Just follow the simple instructions.

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Prove to yourself as thousands of others have done, without risking one penny, that you, too, can give yourself a thrilling permanent at home the Charm-Kurl way. Just follow the simple, easy directions and after your permanent wave is in, let your mirror and your friends be the judge. If you do not honestly feel that your Charm-Kurl permanent is the equal of any permanent you may have paid up to \$5.00 for, you get your money back.

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In addition to the wave set included with the kit, you will receive with each kit an extra supply, sufficient for 16 oz. of the finest quality wave set that would ordinarily cost up to \$1.00 . . . enough for up to 12 to 16 hair sets.

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Just fill in coupon below. Don't send a penny. Your complete Charm-Kurl Home Permanent Wave Kit will be rushed to you. On arrival deposit 59c plus postage (or \$1.00 plus postage for two kits) with your postman with the understanding if you are not thrilled and delighted with results, your money will be cheerfully refunded on request. We pay postage if remittance is enclosed with order. You have nothing to risk and a beautiful permanent to gain so take advantage of this special offer. Send today!

Charm-Kurl Co., Dept. 347, 2459 University Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

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You may send me a Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave Kit complete with 40 curlers, Shampoo and Wave Set. On arrival I will deposit 59c plus postage with my postman, with the understanding that if for any reason I am not satisfied, you guarantee to refund the purchase price immediately. I am to receive FREE with each kit an extra supply of material, sufficient for 16 oz. of wave set.

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